

CRUISING IN THE CASCADES
AND OTHER
HUNTING · ADVENTURES



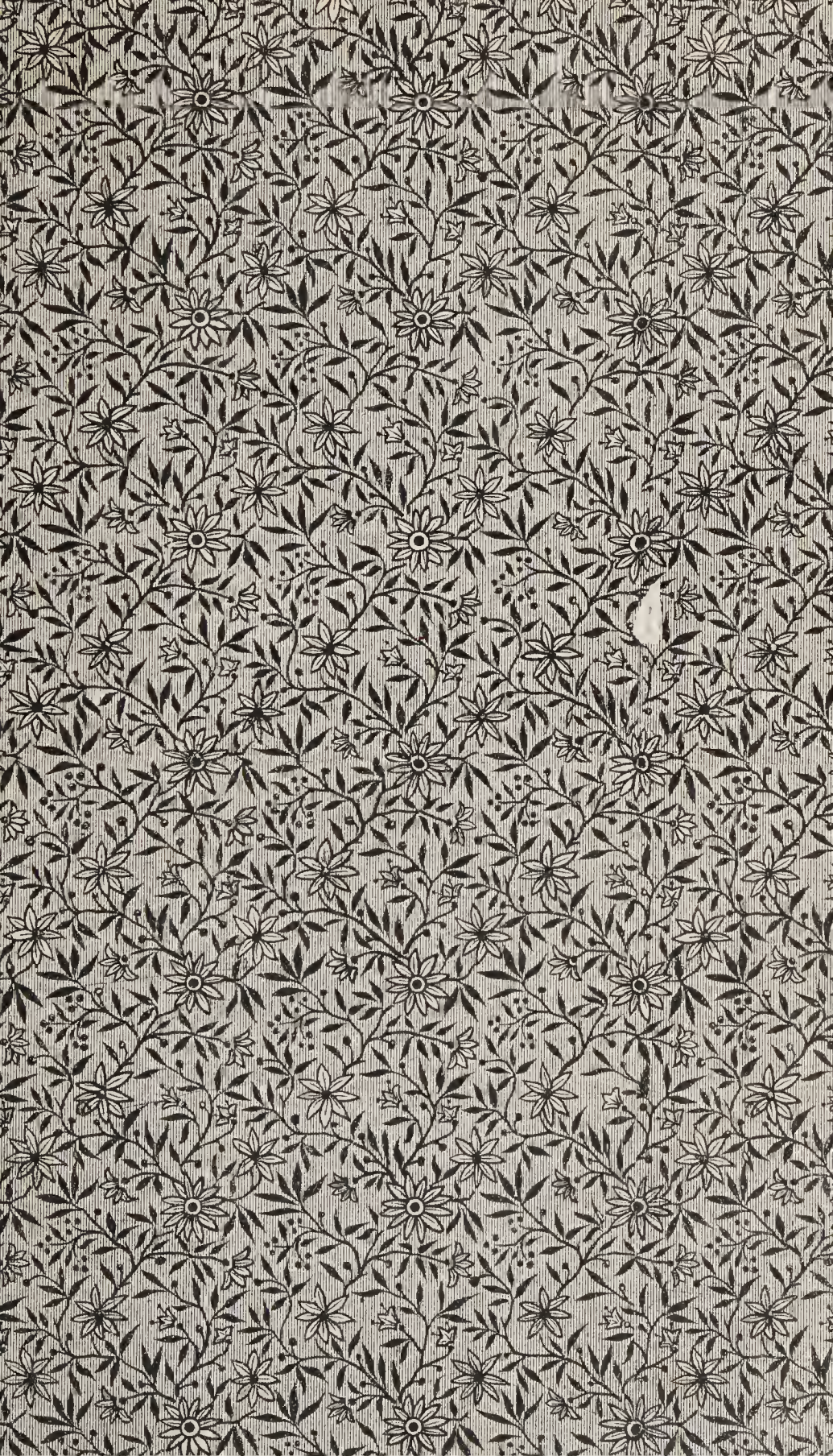
G. O. SHIELDS

(COQUINA)

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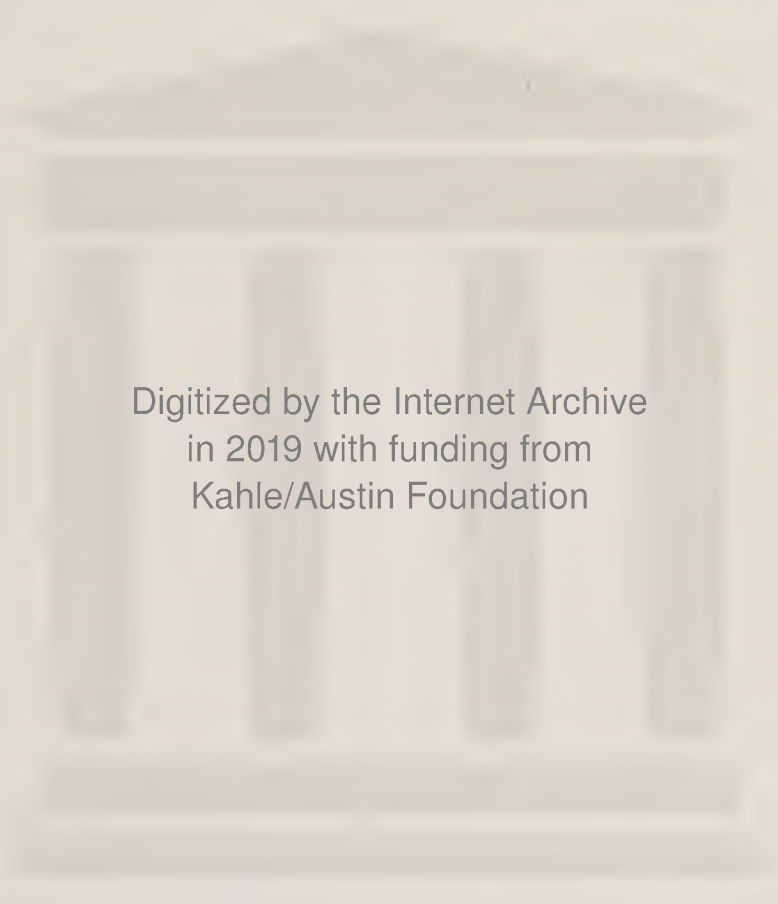


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CRUISING IN THE CASCADES.

A NARRATIVE OF

Travel, Exploration, Amateur Photography,
Hunting, and Fishing,

WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR, THE BUFFALO, ELK, ANTELOPE,
ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT, AND DEER; ALSO ON TROUTING IN
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS; ON A MONTANA ROUND-UP;
LIFE AMONG THE COWBOYS, ETC.

BY G. O. SHIELDS,
(“COQUINA”)

AUTHOR OF “RUSTLINGS IN THE ROCKIES,” “HUNTING IN THE GREAT
WEST,” “THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE,” ETC.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:

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“Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yield.”

—*Marlowe.*

“Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains,
and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around to see if the Judge of the World comes not.”

—*Longfellow.*

PREFACE.

And now, how can I suitably apologize for having inflicted another book on the reading public? I would not attempt it but that it is the custom among authors. And, come to think of it, I guess I won't attempt it anyway. I will merely say, by way of excuse, that my former literary efforts, especially my "Rustlings in the Rockies," have brought me in sundry dollars, in good and lawful money, which I have found very useful things to have about the house. If this volume shall meet with an equally kind reception at the hands of book buyers, I shall feel that, after all, I am not to blame for having written it.

THE AUTHOR.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1889.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

- The Benefits, Mental and Physical, of Mountain Climbing—A Never-failing Means of Obtaining Sound Sleep and a Good Appetite—The Work to be in Proportion to the Strength of the Climber—People Who Would Like to See, but are Too Lazy to Climb—How the Photograph Camera May Enhance the Pleasures and Benefits of Mountain Climbing—Valuable Souvenirs of Each Ascent—How “These Things are Done in Europe”—An Effective Cure for Egotism. 17

CHAPTER II.

- The Cascade Mountains Compared with the Rockies—Characteristics and Landmarks of the Former—The Proper Season for Cruising in the Cascades—Grand Scenery of the Columbia—Viewing Mount Tacoma from the City of Tacoma—Men Who Have Ascended this Mysterious Peak—Indian Legends Concerning the Mountain—Evil Spirits, Who Dwell in Yawning Caverns—The View from the Mountain—Crater Lake and the Glaciers—Nine Water-falls in Sight from One Point. 25

CHAPTER III.

- The City of Seattle—A Booming Western Town—Lumbering and Salmon Canning—Extensive Hop Ranches—Rich Coal and Iron Mines—Timber Resources of Puget Sound—Giant Firs and Cedars—A Hollow Tree for a House—Big Timber Shipped to England—A Million Feet of Lumber from an Acre of Land—Novel Method of Logging—No Snow in Theirs—A World's Supply of Timber for a Thousand Years. 35

CHAPTER IV.

- Length, Breadth, and Depth of Puget Sound—Natural Resources of the Surrounding Country—Flora and Fauna of the Region—Great Variety of Game Birds and Animals—Large Variety of Game and Food Fishes—A Paradise for Sportsman or Naturalist—A Sail Through the Sound—Grand Mountains in Every Direction—The Home of the Elk, Bear, Deer, and Salmon—Sca Gulls as Fellow Passengers—Photographed on the Wing—Wild Cattle on Whidby Island—Deception Pass; its Fierce Current and Wierd Surroundings—Victoria, B. C.—A Quaint Old, English-looking Town. 42

CHAPTER V.

- Through English Bay—Water Fowls that Seem Never to Have Been Hunted—Rifle Practice that was Soon Interrupted—Peculiarities of Burrard Inlet—Vancouver and Port Moody—A Stage Ride to Westminster—A Stranger in a Strange Land—Hunting for a Guide—"Douglass Bill" Found and Employed—An Indian Funeral Delays the Expedition. 53

CHAPTER VI.

- The Voyage up the Frazier—Delicious Peaches Growing in Sight of Glaciers—The Detective Camera Again to the Front—Good Views from the Moving Steamer—A Night in an Indian Hut—The Sleeping Bag a Refuge from Vermin—The Indian as a Stamping Ground for Insects—He Heeds Not Their Ravages. 59

CHAPTER VII.

- A Breakfast with the Baehclor—Up Harrison River in a Canoe—Dead Salmon Everywhere—Their Stench Nauseating—The Water Poisoned with Carrion—A Good Goose Spoiled with an Express Bullet—Lively Salmon on the Falls—Strange Instinct of this Noble Fish—Life Sacrificed in the Effort to Reach its Spawning Grounds—Ranchmen Fishing with Pitchforks, and Indians with Sharp Sticks—Salmon Fed to Hogs, and Used as Fertilizers; the Prey of Bears, Cougars, Wild Cats, Lynxes, Minks, Martins, Hawks, and Eagles. 66

CHAPTER VIII.

- The River Above the Rapids—A Lake Within Basaltic Walls—Many Beautiful Waterfalls—Mount Douglas and its Glaciers—A Trading Post of the Hudson Bay Fur Company—The Hot Springs; an Ancient Indian Sanitarium—Anxiously Waiting for “Douglass Bill”—Novel Method of Photographing Big Trees. 75

CHAPTER IX.

- An Early Morning Climb—A Thousand Feet Above the Lake—Fresh Deer Signs in Sight of the Hotel—Three Indians Bring in Three Deer—“Douglass Bill” Proves as Big a Liar as Other Indians—Heading off a Flock of Canvas Backs—A Goodly Bag of these Toothsome Birds—A Siwash Hut—A Revolting Picture of Dirt, Filth, Nakedness, and Decayed Fish—Another Guide Employed—Ready on Short Notice—Off for the Mountain. 82

CHAPTER X.

- Characteristics of the Flathead Indians—Canoeists and Packers by Birth and Education—A Skillful Canoe Builder—Freighting Canoes—Fishing Canoes—Traveling Canoes—Two Cords of Wood for a Cargo, and Four Tons of Merchandise for Another—Dress of the Coast Indians. 89

CHAPTER XI.

- Climbing the Mountain in a Rainstorm—Pean's Dirty Blankets—His Careful Treatment of His Old Musket—A Novel Charge for Big Game—The Chatter of the Pine Squirrel—A Shot Through the Brush—Venison for Supper—A Lame Conversation: English on the One Side, Chinook on the Other—The Winchester Express Staggers the Natives—Peculiarities of the Columbia Black Tail Deer. 97

CHAPTER XII.

- The Chinook Jargon; an Odd Conglomeration of Words; the Court Language of the Northwest; a Specimen Conversation—A Camp on the Mountain Side—How the Indian Tried

to Sleep Warm—The Importance of a Good Bed when Camping—Peen is taken Ill—His Fall Down a Mountain— Unable to go Further, We Turn Back—Bitter Disappoint- ment.	102
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Return to the Village—Two New Guides Employed—Off for the Mountains Once More—The Tramp up Ski-ik-kul Creek Through Jungles, Gulches, and Cañons—And Still it Rains —Ravages of Forest Fires—A Bed of Mountain Feathers— Description of a Sleeping Bag; an Indispensable Lux- ury in Camp Life; an Indian Opinion of It.	107
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Meditations by a Camp Fire—Suspicious as to the Honesty of My Guides; at Their Mercy in Case of Stealthy Attack—A Frightful Fall—Broken Bones and Intense Suffering—A Painful and Tedious Journey Home—A Painful Surgical Operation—A Happy Denouement.	113
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

The Beauties of Ski-ik-kul Creek; a Raging Mountain Torrent; Rapids and Waterfalls Everywhere; Picturesque Tribu- taries—Above the Tree Tops—The Pleasure of Quenching Thirst—A Novel Spear—A Fifteen-Pound Salmon for Sup- per—The Indians' Midnight Lunch—A Grand Camp Fire— At Peace with All Men.	118
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Seymour Advises a Late Start for Goat Hunting; but His Council is Disregarded—We Start at Sunrise—A Queer Craft—Navi- gating Ski-ik-kul Lake—A "Straight-up" Shot at a Goat— Both Horns Broken Off in the Fall—More Rain and Less Fun—A Doe and Kid—Successful Trout Fishing—Peenliar- ities of the Skowlitz Tongue; Grunts, Groans and Whistles —John has Traveled—Seymour's Pretended Ignorance of English.	125
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

- En Route to the Village Again—A Water-Soaked Country—"Oh, What a Fall was There, My Countrymen!"—Walking on Slippery Logs—More Rain—Wet Indians—"Semo He Spile de Grouse"—A Frugal Breakfast—High Living at Home—A Bear He did a Fishing Go; but He was Caught Instead of the Fish, and His Skin is Bartered to the Unwashed Siwash.

132

CHAPTER XVIII.

- John and His Family "At Home"—An Interesting Picture of Domestic Economy—Rifle Practice on Gulls and Grebes—Puzzled Natives—"Phwat Kind of Burds is Them?"—A day on the Columbia—The Pallisades from a Steamer—Photographing Bad Lands from a Moving Train.

142

CHAPTER XIX.

- Deer Hunting at Spokane Falls—Ruin Wrought by an Overloaded Shotgun: A Tattered Vest and a Wrecked Watch—Billy's Bear Story—The Poorest Hunter Makes the Biggest Score—A Claw in Evidence—A Disgusted Party.

146

CHAPTER XX.

- A Fusilade on the Mule Deer—Two Does as the Result—A Good Shot Spoiled—View from the Top of Blue Grouse Mountain—A Grand Panorama; Lakes, Mountains, Prairies and Forests—Johnston's Story—Rounding Up Wild Hogs—A Trick on the Dutchman—A Bucking Mule and a Balking Cayuse—Falls of the Spokane River.

153

CHAPTER XXI.

- Hunting the Grizzly Bear—Habitat and Characteristics—A Camp Kettle as a Weapon of Defense—To the Rescue with a Winchester—Best Localities for Hunting the Grizzly—Baiting and Still-Hunting—A Surprise Party in the Trail—Two Bull-eyes and a Miss—Fresh Meat and Revelry in Camp.

164

CHAPTER XXII.

- Elk Hunting in the Rocky Mountains—Characteristics of the Elk—His Mode of Travel—A Stampede in a Thicket—The Whistle of the Elk, the Hunter's Sweetest Music—Measurements of a Pair of Antlers—Saved by Following an Elk Trail—The Work of Exterminators—The Elk Doomed. . . 181

CHAPTER XXIII.

- Antelope Hunting in Montana—A Red Letter Day on Flat Willow—Initiating a Pilgrim—Sample Shots—Flagging and Fanning—Catching Wounded Antelopes on Horseback—Four Mule-Loads of Meat. 194

CHAPTER XXIV.

- Buffalo Hunting on the Texas Plains—A "Bull Train" Loaded with Skins—A Sensation in Fort Worth—En Route to the Range—Red River Frank's Mission—A Stand on the Herd—Deluged with Buffalo Blood—A Wild Run by Indians—Tossed into the Air and Trampled into the Earth. . . 213

CHAPTER XXV.

- Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat—Technical Description of the Animal—Its Limited Range—Dangers Incurred in Hunting It—An Army Officer's Experience—A Perilous Shot—A Long and Dangerous Pursuit—Successful at Last—Carrying the Trophies to Camp—Wading up Lost Horse Creek—Numerous Baths in Icy Water—An Indian's Fatal Fall—Horses Stampeded by a Bear—Seven Days on Foot and Alone—Home at Last. 236

CHAPTER XXVI.

- Trouting in the Mountains—Gameness of the Mountain Trout—A Red Letter Day on the Bitter Root—Frontier Tackle and Orthodox Bait—How a Private Soldier Gets to the Front as an Angler—A Coot Interrupts the Sport, and a Roek Interrupts the Coot—Colonel Gibson takes a Nine-Pounder—A Native Fly Fisherman—Grand Sport on Big Spring Creek—How Captain Hathaway does the Honors—Where Grand Sport may be Found. 257

CHAPTER XXVII.

Deer Hunting in Northern Wisconsin—On the Range at Daylight—The Woods Full of Game—Missing a Standing “Broadside” at Thirty Yards—Several Easy Shots in Rapid Succession; the only Fruits Shame and Chagrin—Nervousness and Excitement Finally Give Way to Coolness and Deliberation—A Big Buck at Long Range—A Steady Aim and a Ruptured Throat—A Blind Run Through Brush and Fallen Trees—Down at Last—A Noble Specimen—His Head as a Trophy. 280

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Among the Pines—A Picture of Autumnal Loveliness—Cordial Welcome to a Logging Camp—A Successful Shot—The Music of the Dinner Horn—A Throat Cut and a Leg Broken—A Stump for a Watch-Tower—The Raven Homeward Bound—A Suspicious Buck—A Mysterious Presence—Dead Beside His Mate—Three Shots and Three Deer. 288

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Typical Woodsman—Model Home in the Great Pine Forest—A Lifetime in the Wilderness—A Deer in a Natural Trap—Disappointment and Despondency—“What, You Killed a Buck!”—Sunrise in the Woods—An Unexpected Shot—A Free Circus and a Small Audience—A Buck as a Buck—More Venison. 296

CHAPTER XXX.

Cowboy Life—The Boys that Become Good Range Riders—Peculiar Tastes and Talents Required for the Ranch—Wages Paid to Cowboys—Abuse and Misrepresentation to which They are Subjected—The “Fresh Kid,” and the Long-Haired “Greaser”—The Stranger Always Welcome at the Ranch—A Dude Insulted—A Plaid Ulster, a Green Umbrella, and a Cranky Disposition—Making a Train Crew Dance—An Uncomplimentary Concert—No Sneak Thieves on the Plains—Leather Breeches, Big Spurs, and a Six-Shooter in a Sleeping Car—Fear Gives Way to Admiration—The Slang of the

Range—The “Bueker,” and the “Buster”—The Good Cow- Horse—Roping for Prizes—Snaking a Bear with a Lariat— A Good School for Boys—Communion with Nature Makes Honest Men.	304
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.


A Montana Roundup—Ranges and Ranches on Powder River; Once the Home of the Buffalo, the Elk, the Antelope; now the Home of the Texas Steer and the Cowboy—The Great Plains in Spring Attire—A Gathering of Rustlers—“Chuck Outfits” to the Front—Early Risers—Taming an “Alecky” Steer—A Red-Hot Device—Branding and Slitting—The Run on the Mess Wagon—“Cutting Out” and “Throwing Over”—A Cruel Process.	327
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CRUISING IN THE CASCADES.

CHAPTER I.

“Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery.”

—RUSKIN.



FOR anyone who has the courage, the hardihood, and the physical strength to endure the exercise, there is no form of recreation or amusement known to mankind that can yield such grand results as mountain climbing. I mean from a mental as well as from a physical standpoint; and, in fact, it is the mind that receives the greater benefit. The exertion of the muscular forces in climbing a high mountain is necessarily severe; in fact, it is more than most persons unused to it can readily endure; and were it not for the inspiration which the mind derives from the experience when the ascent is made it would be better that the subject should essay some milder form of exercise. But if one's strength be sufficient to endure the labor of ascending a grand mountain peak, that extends to or above timber line, to the regions of perpetual snow and ice, or even to a height that gives a general view of the surrounding country, the compensation



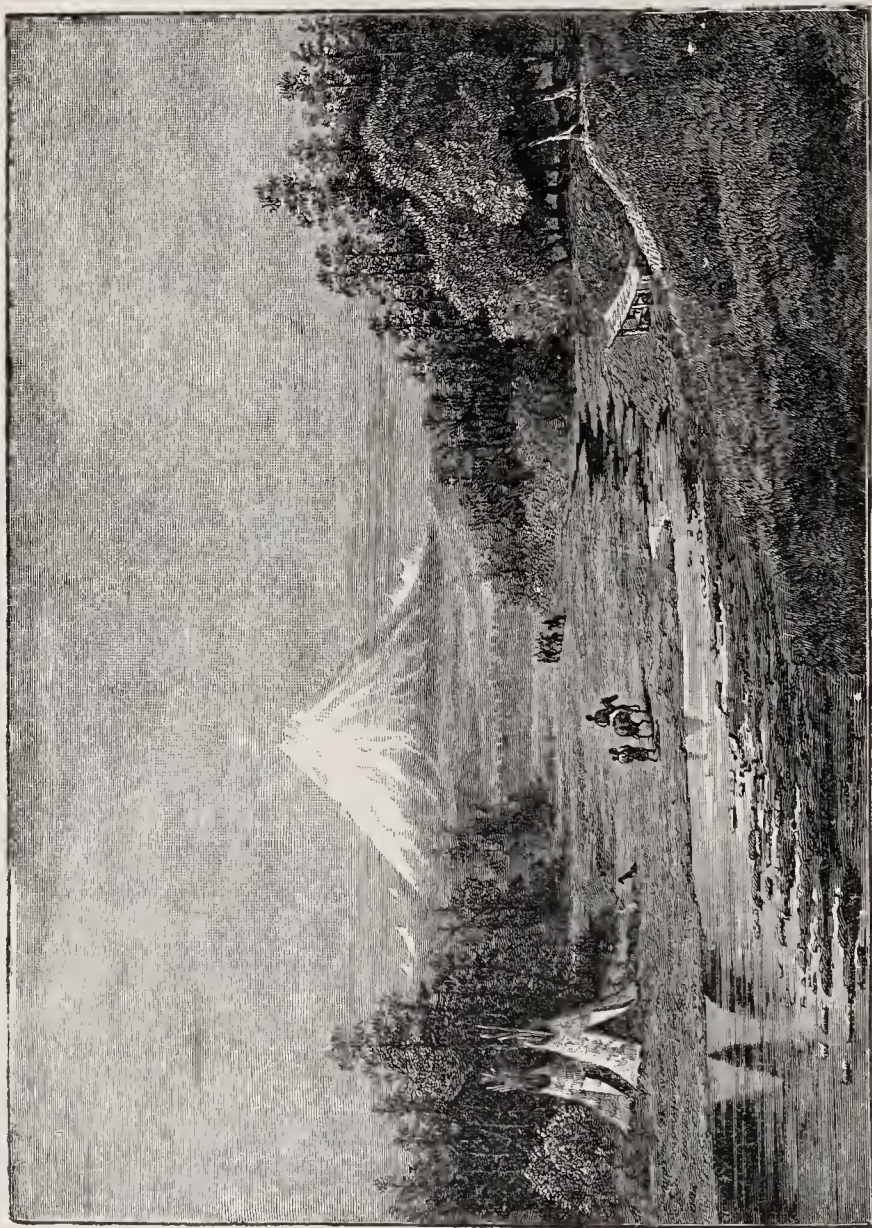
MOUNT HOOD.

must be ample if one have an eye for the beauties of nature, or any appreciation of the grandeur of the Creator's greatest works.

Vain, self-loving man is wont to consider himself the noblest work of God, but let him go to the top of one of these lofty mountains, surrounded by other towering peaks, and if he be a sane man he will soon be convinced that his place in the scale of creation is far from the top. Let him stand, for instance, on the summit of Mount Hood, Mount Tacoma, or Mount Baker, thousands of feet above all surrounding peaks, hills, and valleys, where he may gaze into space hundreds of miles in every direction, with naught to obstruct his view, face to face with his Creator, and if he have aught of the love of nature in his soul, or of appreciation of the sublime in his mental composition, he will be moved to exclaim with the Apostle, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" He will feel his littleness, his insignificance, his utter lack of importance, more forcibly perhaps than ever before. It seems almost incredible that there should be men in the world who could care so little for the grandest, the sublimest sights their native land affords, as to be unwilling to perform the labor necessary to see them to the best possible advantage; and yet it is so, for I have frequently heard them say:

"I should like very much to see these grand sights you describe, but I never could afford to climb those high mountains for that pleasure; it is too hard work for me."

And, after all, the benefits to be derived from mountain climbing are not wholly of an intellectual



MOUNT TACOMA

character ; the physical system may be benefited by it as well. It is a kind of exercise that in turn brings into use almost every muscle in the body, those of the legs being of course taxed most severely, but those of the back do their full share of the work, while the arms are called into action almost constantly, as the climber grasps bushes or rocks by which to aid himself in the ascent. The lungs expand and contract like bellows as they inhale and exhale the rarified atmosphere, and the heart beats like a trip-hammer as it pumps the invigorated blood through the system. The liver is shaken loose from the ribs to which it has perchance grown fast, and the stomach is aroused to such a state of activity as it has probably not experienced for years. Let any man, especially one of sedentary habits, climb a mountain 5,000 feet high, on a bright, pleasant day, when

“ Night’s candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

There let him breathe the rare, pure atmosphere, fresh from the portals of heaven, and my word for it he will have a better appetite, will eat heartier, sleep sounder, and awake next morning feeling more refreshed than since the days of his boyhood.

Although the labor be severe it can and should be modulated to the strength and capabilities of the person undertaking the task. No one should climb faster than is compatible with his strength, and halts should be made every five or ten minutes, if need be, to allow the system ample rest. In this manner a vast amount of work may be accomplished

in a day, even by one who has had no previous experience in climbing.

The benefits and pleasures of mountain climbing are much better understood and appreciated in

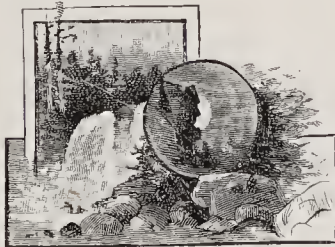


ON THE COLUMBIA.

Europe than in this country. Nearly every city of England, France, Spain, Germany, and other European countries has an Alpine, Pyrenese, or Himalayan club. The members of these clubs spend their

summer outings in scaling the great peaks of the mountains after which the societies are named, or other ranges, and the winter evenings in recounting to each other their experiences; and many a man, by his association with the clubs and by indulgence in this invigorating pastime develops from a delicate youth into a muscular, sturdy, athletic man in a few years.


The possible value of mountain climbing as a recreation and as a means of gaining knowledge, has been greatly enhanced, of late years, by the introduction of the dry-plate system in photography, and since the small, light, compact cameras have been constructed, which may be easily and conveniently carried wherever a man can pack his blankets and a day's supply of food. With one of these instruments fine views can be taken of all interesting objects and bits of scenery on the mountain, and of the surrounding country. The views are interesting and instructive to friends and to the public in general, and as souvenirs are invaluable to the author. And from the negatives thus secured lantern slides may be made, and from these, by the aid of the calcium light, pictures projected on a screen that can only be excelled in their beauty and attractiveness by nature herself.





GLACIERS ON MOUNT TACOMA.

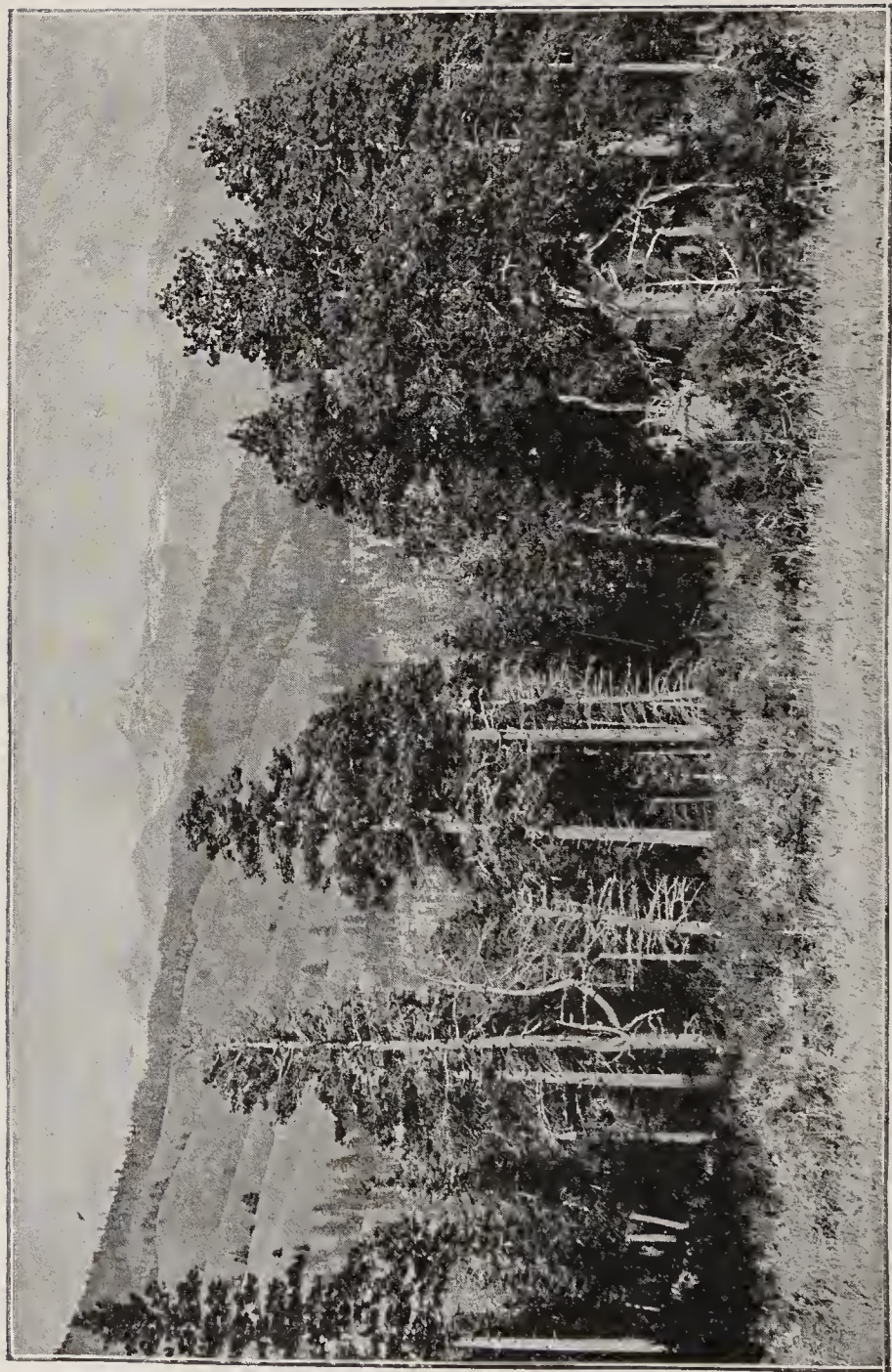
CHAPTER II.



LATELY succeeding autumn, for years past, has found me in some range of mountains, camping, hunting, fishing, climbing, and taking views. The benefits I have derived from these expeditions, in the way of health, strength, and vigor, are incalculable, and the pleasures inexpressible. My last outing was in the Cascade Range, in Oregon and Washington Territory, where I spent a month in these delightful occupations, and it is with a view of encouraging and promoting a love for these modes of recreation that this record is written.

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture."

The Cascade Range of mountains extends from Southern Oregon through Washington Territory, away to the northward in British Columbia. In width, from east to west, it varies from fifty to one hundred miles. It is the most densely-timbered range on the continent, and yet is one of the highest and most rugged. It may not possess so many ragged, shapeless crags and dark cañons as the Rocky Range, and yet everyone who has ever traversed both accords to the



A VIEW IN THE CASCADES.

Cascades the distinction of being the equal, in picturesqueness and grandeur, of the Rockies, or, in fact, of any other range in the country. As continental landmarks, Mounts Pitt, Union, Thielson, Jefferson, Hood, Adams, St. Helens, Tacoma, Baker, Stuart, Chiam, Douglass, and others are unsurpassed. Their hoary crests tower to such majestic heights as to be visible, in some instances, hundreds of miles, and their many glaciers feed mighty rivers upon whose bosoms the commerce of nations is borne. Mount Jefferson is 9,020 feet high; Mount Adams, 9,570; Mount St. Helens, 9,750; Mount Baker, 10,800, Mount Hood, 11,025, and Mount Tacoma, 14,444. There are many other peaks that rise to altitudes of 7,000 to 9,000 feet, and from these figures one may readily form something of an idea of the general height and beauty of the Cascade Range. The foot-hills are generally high, rolling, and picturesque, and so heavily timbered that in many places one can not see a hundred yards in any direction. Higher up the range, however, this heavy timber is replaced by smaller trees, that stand farther apart, and the growth of underbrush is not so dense; consequently, the labor of travel is lightened and the range of vision is extended. The geological formation in the Cascades is varied. Igneous rock abounds; extensive basaltic cliffs and large bodies of granite, limestone, sandstone, etc., are frequently met with, and nearly all the tablelands, in and about the foot-hills, are composed of gravel drift, covered with vegetable mold. The Cascades may be explored with comfort later in the fall than the Rockies or other more eastern ranges, the winter setting in on the former much later than



ONEONTA GORGE, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

on the latter, although the winter rains usually come in November. September and October are the most pleasant months for an outing in the Cascades.

* * * It was late in October when my wife and I started from Chicago for a tour of a month among the bristling peaks of the Cascades and the picturesque islands of Puget Sound. A pleasant ride of fifteen hours on the Wisconsin Central Railroad to St. Paul, and another of three days and nights on the grand old Northern Pacific, brought us face to face with the glittering crests and beetling cliffs that were the objects of our pilgrimage. As the tourist goes west, the first view of the range is obtained at the Dalles of the Columbia river, from whence old Mount Hood, thirty-five miles distant, rears its majestic head high into the ethereal vault of heaven, and neighboring peaks, of lesser magnitude, unfold themselves to the enraptured vision. As the train whirls down the broad Columbia river, every curve, around which we swing with dazzling speed, reveals to our bewildered gaze new forms of beauty and new objects of wonder. So many descriptions of the scenery along this mystic stream have been written, that every reading man, woman, and child in the land must be familiar with it, and I will not repeat or attempt to improve upon any of them. To say the most extravagant representations are not exaggerated, is to speak truly, and no one can know how beautiful some of these towers and cliffs are until he has seen them.

The train arrived at Portland, that old and far-famed metropolis of the North Pacific coast, at half past ten o'clock in the morning, and after twenty-

four hours pleasantly spent in viewing its many points of interest and the snow-covered mountains thereabouts, we again boarded the Northern Pacific train and sped toward Tacoma, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening. Here we passed another day in looking over a booming Western city, whose future prosperity and greatness have been assured by its having been chosen as the tide-water terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway. Tacoma is situated on Commencement Bay, an arm of Puget Sound, and has a harbor navigable for the largest ocean steamships. The vast forests of pine, fir, and cedar, with which it is surrounded, give Tacoma great commercial importance as a lumbering town, and the rich agricultural valleys thereabout assure home production of breadstuffs, vegetables, meats, etc., sufficient to feed its army of workingmen. Rich coal fields, in the immediate neighborhood, furnish fuel for domestic and manufacturing purposes at merely nominal prices. All the waters hereabouts abound in salmon, several varieties of trout and other food-fishes, while in the woods and mountains adjacent, elk, deer, and bears are numerous; so the place will always be a popular resort for the sportsman and the tourist. The chief attraction of the city, however, for the traveler, will always be the fine view it affords of Mount Tacoma. This grand old pinnacle of the Cascade Range, forty-five miles distant, lifts its snow-mantled form far above its neighbors, which are themselves great mountains, while its glacier-crowned summit rises, towers, and struggles aloft 'til—

“Round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head;”

and its crown is almost lost in the limitless regions of the deep blue sky.

From the verandas of the Tacoma House one may view Mount Tacoma until wearied with gazing. The Northern Pacific Railway runs within fifteen miles of the base of it, and from the nearest point a trail has been made, at a cost of some thousands of dollars, by which tourists may ascend the mountain on horseback, to an altitude of about 10,000 feet, with comparative comfort; but he who goes above that height must work his passage. There are several men who claim the distinction of being the only white man that has ever been to the top of this mountain. Others declare that it has been ascended only twice; but we have authentic information of at least three successful and complete ascents having been made. Indian legends people the mountain with evil spirits, which are said to dwell in boiling caldrons and yawning caverns—

“Calling shapes, and beck’ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men’s names.”

Tradition says their wild shrieks and groans may be heard therein at all times; and no Indians are known ever to have gone any great distance up Mount Rainier, as they call it. White men have tried to employ the native red men as guides and packers for the ascent, but no amount of money can tempt them to invade the mysterious cañons and cliffs with which the marvelous pile is surrounded. They say that all attempts to do so, by either white or red men, must result in certain destruction. Undoubtedly the first ascent was made about thirty years ago, by General (then Lieutenant) Kautz, and

Lieutenant Slaughter, of the United States Army, who were then stationed at Steilacoom, Washington Territory. They took pack animals, and with an escort of several men ascended as far as the animals could go. There they left them and continued the climb on foot. They were gone nine days, from the time of leaving their mules until they returned to the animals, and claimed, no doubt justly, to have gone to the top of Liberty Cap, the highest of the three distinct summits that form the triplex corona; the others being known as the Summit and the Dome. The next ascent, so far as known, was made in 1876 by Mr. Hazard Stevens, who gave an account of his experiences in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, of that year. In 1882, Messrs. Van Trump and Smith, of San Francisco, made a successful ascent, and in the same year an Austrian tourist who attempted to ascend the mountain, got within three hundred feet of the top, when his progress was arrested by an avalanche, and he came very near losing his life. Mr. L. L. Holden, of Boston, went to within about six hundred feet of the summit in 1883, and Mr. J. R. Hitchcock claims to have reached it in 1885.

From the point gained by the trail above mentioned, the tourist may look down upon the glaciers of the North Fork of the Puyallup River, 3,000 feet below, while on the other hand, the glaciers of the cañon of the Carbon may be seen 4,000 feet beneath him. Away to the north, glimmering and glinting under the effulgent rays of the noonday sun, stretches that labyrinth of waters known as Puget Sound—

“Whose breezy waves toss up their silvery spray.”

while the many islands therein, draped in their evergreen foliage, look like emeralds set in a sheet of silver. Many prominent landmarks in British Columbia are seen, while to the north and south stretches the Cascade Range, to the west the Olympic, and to the southwest the Coast Range. All these are spread out before the eye of the tourist in a grand panorama unsurpassed for loveliness. Crater Lake forms one of the mysteries of Mount Tacoma. About its ragged, ice-bound and rock-ribbed shores are many dark caverns, from which the Indians conceived their superstitious fears of this mysterious pile. An explorer says of one of these chambers:

“Its roof is a dome of brilliant green, with long icicles pendant therefrom; while its floor is composed of the rocks and débris that formed the side of the crater, worn smooth by the action of water and heated by a natural register, from which issue clouds of steam.”

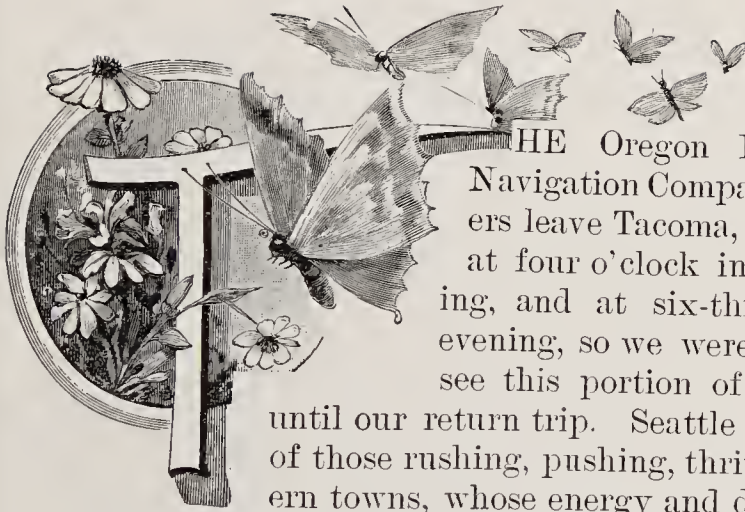
The grand cañon of the Puyallup is two and a half miles wide, and from its head may be seen the great glacier, 300 feet in thickness, which supplies the great volume of water that flows through the Puyallup river. From here no less than nine different waterfalls, varying in height from 500 to 1,500 feet, are visible; and visitors are sometimes thrilled with the magnificent spectacle of an avalanche of thousands of tons of overhanging ice falling with an overwhelming crash into the cañon, roaring and reverberating in a way that almost makes the great mountain tremble. Fed by the lake, torrents pour over the edge of the cliff, and the foaming waters, forming a perpetual veil of seemingly silver lace,

fall with a fearful leap into the arms of the surging waves below. Mount Tacoma will be the future resort of the continent, and many of its wondrous beauties yet remain to be explored.



VIEW ON GREEN RIVER NEAR MOUNT TACOMA.

CHAPTER III.



THE Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's steamers leave Tacoma, for Seattle, at four o'clock in the morning, and at six-thirty in the evening, so we were unable to see this portion of the sound until our return trip. Seattle is another of those rushing, pushing, thriving, Western towns, whose energy and dash always surprise Eastern people. The population of the city is 15,000 souls; it has gas-works, water-works, and a street railway, and does more business, and handles more money each year than many an Eastern city of 50,000 or more.

The annual lumber shipments alone aggregate over a million dollars, from ten saw-mills that cost over four millions, and the value of the salmon-canning product is nearly a million more. The soil of the valleys adjacent to Seattle is peculiarly adapted to hop-raising, and that industry is extensively carried on by a large number of farmers. Some of the largest and finest hop-ranches in the world are located in the vicinity, and their product is shipped to

various American and European ports, over 100,000 tons having been shipped in 1888, bringing the growers the handsome sum of \$560,327.

During the fifteen years since the beginning of this important cultivation, the hop crop is said never to have failed, nor has it been attacked by disease, nor deteriorated by reason of the roots being kept on the same land without replanting. It is believed that the Dwamish, the White River, and the Puyallup Valleys could easily produce as many hops as are now raised in the United States, if labor could be obtained to pick them. Indians have been mainly relied upon to do the picking, and they have flocked to the Sound from nearly all parts of the Territory, even from beyond the mountains. Many have come in canoes from regions near the outlet of the Sound, from British Columbia, and even from far off Alaska, to engage temporarily in this occupation; then to purchase goods and return to their wigwams. They excel the whites in their skill as pickers, and, as a rule, conduct themselves peaceably.

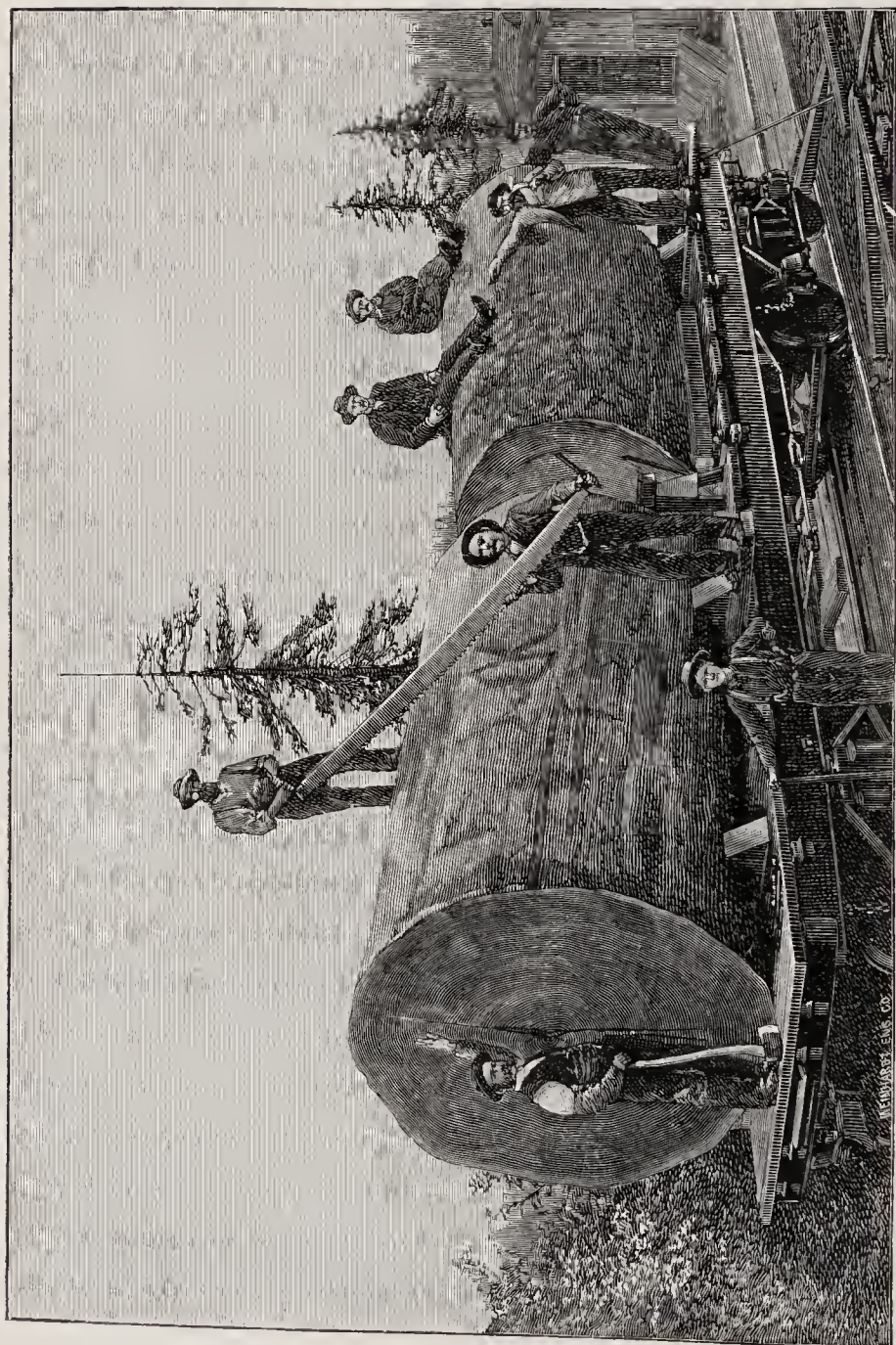
Elliot Bay, on which Seattle is built, affords a fine harbor and good anchorage, while Lakes Union and Washington, large bodies of fresh water—the former eleven and the latter eighteen feet above tide level—lie just outside the city limits, opposite. There are rich coal mines at hand, which produce nearly a million dollars worth each year. Large fertile tracts of agricultural lands, in the near vicinity, produce grain, vegetables, and fruits of many varieties, and in great luxuriance. Iron ore of an excellent quality abounds in the hills and

mountains back of the city, and with all these natural resources and advantages at her command, Seattle is sure to become a great metropolis in the near future. The climate of the Puget Sound country is temperate; snow seldom falls before Christmas, never to a greater depth than a few inches in the valleys and lowlands, and seldom lies more than a few days at a time. My friend, Mr. W. A. Perry, of Seattle, in a letter dated December 6, says:

“The weather, since your departure, has been very beautiful. The morning of your arrival was the coldest day we have had this autumn. Flowers are now blooming in the gardens, and yesterday a friend who lives at Lake Washington sent me a box of delicious strawberries, picked from the vines in his garden in the open air on December 4, while you, poor fellow, were shivering, wrapped up in numberless coats and furs, in the arctic regions of Chicago. Why don't you emigrate? There's lots of room for you on the Sumas, where the flowers are ever blooming, where the summer never dies, where the good Lord sends the *tyee* (great) salmon to your very door; and where, if you want to shoot, you have your choice from the tiny jacksnipe to the cultus bear or the lordly elk.”

There are thousands of acres of natural cranberry marshes on the shores of the sound, where this fruit grows wild, of good quality, and in great abundance. It has not been cultivated there yet, but fortunes will be made in that industry in the near future.

But the crowning glory of Puget Sound, and its greatest source of wealth, are the vast forests of



PUGET SOUND SAW-LOGS.

timber. It is scarcely advisable to tell the truth concerning the size to which some of the giant firs and cedars grow in this country, lest I be accused of exaggeration; but, for proof of what I say, it will only be necessary to inquire of any resident of the Sound country. There are hundreds of fir and cedar trees in these woods twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter, above the spur roots, and over three hundred feet high. A cube was cut from a fir tree, near Vanconver, and shipped to the Colonial Exhibition in London in 1886, that measured nine feet and eight inches in thickness each way. The bark of this tree was fourteen inches thick. Another tree was cut, trimmed to a length of three hundred and two feet, and sent to the same destination, but this one, I am told, was only six feet through at the butt.

From one tree cut near Seattle six saw-logs were taken, five of which were thirty feet long, each, and the other was twenty-four feet in length. This tree was only five feet in diameter at the base, and the first limb grew at a height of two feet above where the last log was cut off, or over one hundred and seventy feet from the ground. A red cedar was cut in the same neighborhood that measured eighteen feet in diameter six feet above the ground; and there is a well-authenticated case of a man, named Hepburn, having lived in one of these cedars for over a year, while clearing up a farm. The tree was hollow at the ground, the cavity measuring twenty-two feet in the clear and running up to a knot hole about forty feet above. The homesteader laid a floor in the hollow, seven or eight feet above the ground, and

placed a ladder against the wall by which to go up and down. On the floor he built a stone fireplace, and from it to the knot hole above a stick and clay chimney. He lived ups'airs and kept his horse and cow downstairs. It may be well to explain that he was a bachelor, and thus save the reader any anxiety as to how his wife and children liked the situation.

The "Sumas Sapling" stands near Sumas Lake, northeast of Seattle. It is a hollow cedar, twenty-three feet in the clear, on the ground, and is estimated to be fifteen feet in diameter twenty feet above the ground. I have, in several instances, counted more than a hundred of these mammoth trees on an acre of land, and am informed that one tract has been cut off that yielded over 1,000,000 feet of lumber per acre. In this case the trees stood so close together that many of the stumps had to be dug out, after the trees had been felled, before the logs could be gotten out. The system of logging in vogue here differs widely from that practiced in Wisconsin, Michigan, Maine, and elsewhere. No snow or ice are required here, and, in fact, if snow falls to any considerable depth while crews are in the woods a halt is called until it goes off.

Corduroy roads are built into the timber as fast as required, on which the teams travel, so that it is not necessary that the ground should be even frozen. Skids, twelve to eighteen inches thick, are laid across these roads, about nine feet apart, and sunk into the ground so as to project about six inches above the surface; the bark is peeled off the top, they are kept greased, and the logs are "snaked" over them with four to seven yoke of cattle, as may be required.

The wealthier operators use steam locomotives and cars, building tracks into the timber as fast and as far as needed. This great timber belt is co-extensive with Puget Sound, the Straits of Georgia, and the Cascade Mountains. I believe that at the present rate at which lumber is being consumed, there is fir, pine, and cedar enough in Washington Territory and British Columbia to last the world a thousand years.





CHAPTER IV.

PUGET SOUND is a great inland sea, extending nearly 200 miles from the ocean, having a surface of about 2,000 square miles, and a shore line of 1,594 miles, indented with numerous bays, harbors, and inlets, each with its peculiar name ; and it contains numerous islands inhabited by farmers, lumbermen, herds-men, and those engaged in quarrying lime and building stone. Nothing can surpass the beauty of these waters and their safety. Not a shoal exists within the Sound, the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Bay, Hood's Canal, or the Straits of Georgia, that would in any way interrupt their navigation by a seventy-four-gun ship. There is no country in the world that possesses waters equal to these. The shores of all the inlets and bays are remarkably bold, so much so that a ship's side would touch the shore before her keel would touch the ground. The country by which these waters are surrounded has a remarkably salubrious climate.

The region affords every advantage for the accommodation of a vast commercial and military marine, with conveniences for docks, and there are a great many sites for towns and cities, which at all times would be well supplied with water, and the surrounding country, which is well adapted to agricult-

ure, would supply all the wants of a large population. No part of the world affords finer islands, sounds, or a greater number of harbors than are found within these waters. They are capable of receiving the largest class of vessels, and are without a single hidden danger. From the rise and fall of the tide (18 feet), every facility is afforded for the erection of works for a great maritime nation. The rivers also furnish hundreds of sites for water-power for manufacturing purposes. On this Sound are already situated many thriving towns and cities, besides those already mentioned, bidding for the commerce of the world.

The flora of the Sound region is varied and interesting. A saturated atmosphere, constantly in contact with the Coast Range system of upheaval, together with the warm temperature, induces a growth of vegetation almost tropical in its luxuriance. On the better soils, the shot-clay hills and uplands, and on the alluvial plains and river bottoms, grow the great trees, already mentioned, and many other species of almost equal beauty, though of no commercial value.

“The characteristic shrubs are the cornels and the spiræas, many species. These, with the low thickets of salal (*Gaultheria shallon*), Oregon grape (berries), and fern (chiefly *pteris*, which is the most abundant), and the tangle of the trailing blackberry (*Rubus pedatus*) make the forests almost impenetrable save where the ax or the wild beast or the wilder fire have left their trails.

“The dense shade of the forest gives little opportunity for the growth of the more lowly herbs.



VIEWS ON PUGET SOUND.

Where the fire has opened these shades to the light the almost universal fireweed (*epilobium*) and the lovely brown fire-moss (*funaria*) abound. In swamps and lowlands the combustion of decay, almost as quick and effective as fire itself, opens large spaces to the light; and here abound chiefly the skunk cabbage of the Pacific coast (*lysichiton*) and many forms of the loveliest mosses, grown beyond belief save by those who have looked upon their tropical congeners. *Hypnum*s and *Mnium*s make the great mass which meet the eye; and among the many less obvious forms a careful search will reveal many species characteristic of this coast alone. The lower forms of the cryptogams, the lichens and the fungi, abound in greatest profusion as might be expected. The chief interest in these, in the present state of our knowledge of them, springs from their disposition to invade the more valuable forms of vegetation which follow advancing civilization."

I measured one fungus, which I found growing upon the decaying trunk of a mammoth fir, that was thirteen inches thick and thirty-four inches wide. I have frequently seen mosses growing on rotten logs, in the deep shades of these lonely forests, that were twelve to sixteen inches deep, and others hanging from branches overhead three feet or more in length. There are places in these dense forests where the trees stand so close and their branches are so intertwined that the sun's rays never reach the ground, and have not, perhaps for centuries; and it is but natural that these shade and moisture loving plants should grow to great size in such places.

The fauna of this Territory includes the elk, black-

tailed deer, *Cervus columbianus*; the mule-deer, *Cervus macrotus*; the Virginia deer, *Cervus virginianus*; the caribou, the Rocky Mountain goat, Rocky Mountain sheep, the grizzly and black bear. Among the smaller mammals there are the raccoon, the cougar, wild cat, gray wolf, black wolf, prairie wolf or coyote, gray and red fox, fisher, mink, martin, beaver, otter, sea otter, red squirrel, ermine, muskrat, sea lion, fur and hair seals, wolverine, skunk, badger, porcupine, marmot, swamp hare, jack-rabbit, etc. Of birds and wild fowls there is a long list, among which may be mentioned several varieties of geese and brant, including the rare and toothsome black brant, which in season hovers in black clouds about the sand spits; the canvas back, red head, blue bill, teal, widgeon, shoveler, and various other ducks; ruffed, pinnated, and blue grouse; various snipes and plovers; eagles, hawks, owls, woodpeckers, jays, magpies, nuthatches, warblers, sparrows, etc. There are many varieties of game and food fishes in the Sound and its tributaries, in addition to the salmon and trout already mentioned. In short, this whole country is a paradise for the sportsman and the naturalist, whatever the specialty of either.

We left Seattle, *en route* for Victoria, at seven o'clock on a bright, crisp November morning. The air was still, the bay was like a sheet of glass, and only long, low swells were running outside. We had a charming view of the Cascade Mountains to the east and the Olympics to the west, all day. The higher peaks were covered with snow, and the sunlight glinted and shimmered across them in playful,

cheery mood. Deep shadows fell athwart dark cañons, in whose gloomy depths we felt sure herds of elk and deer were nipping the tender herbage, and along whose raging rivers sundry bears were doubtless breakfasting on salmon straight. Old Mount Baker's majestic head, rising 10,800 feet above us and only fifty miles away, was the most prominent object in the gorgeous landscape, and one on which we never tired of gazing. We had only to cast our eyes from the grand scene ashore to that at our feet, and *vice versa*, to—

“ See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves elasp one another.”

A large colony of gulls followed the steamer, with ceaseless beat of downy wings, from daylight till dark, and after the first hour they seemed to regard us as old friends. They hovered about the deck like winged spirits around a lost child. Strange bird thus to poise with tireless wing over this watery waste day after day! Near the route of the vessel one of the poor creatures lay dead, drifting sadly and alone on the cold waves. Mysterious creature, with—

“ Lack lustre eye, and idle wing,
And smirched breast that skims no more,
Hast thou not even a grave
Upon the dreary shore,
Forlorn, forsaken thing?”

Our feathered fellow-passengers greeted us with plaintive cries whenever we stepped out of the cabin, dropping into the water in pursuit of every stray bit of food that was thrown overboard from the cook-room. My wife begged several plates of stale bread

from the steward, and, breaking it into small pieces, threw handfuls at a time into the water.

Twenty or thirty of the birds would drop in a bunch where the bread fell, and a lively scramble would ensue for the coveted food. The lucky ones would quickly corral it, however, when the whole flight,



OUR FEATHERED FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

rising again, would follow and soon overtake the vessel. Then they would cluster around their patron, cooing, and coaxing for more of the welcome bounty. I took out my detective camera and made a number of exposures on the gulls, which resulted very satisfactorily. Many of the prints show them sadly out of focus, but this was unavoidable, as I focused at

twenty feet, and of course all that were nearer or farther away, at the instant of exposure, are not sharp. Many, however, that were on wing at the time of making the exposure, and at the proper distance from the lens, are clearly and sharply cut.

These pictures form a most interesting study for artists, anatomists, naturalists, and others, the wings being shown in every position assumed by the birds in flight. The shutter worked at so high a pressure that only one or two birds in the entire series show any movement at all, and they are but very slightly blurred. When we consider that the steamer, as well as the gulls, was in motion—running ten miles an hour—trembling and vibrating from stem to stern, and that, in many cases, the birds were going in an opposite direction from that of the vessel, the results obtained are certainly marvelous. It may interest some of my readers to know that I used an Anthony detective camera, making a four-by-five-inch picture, to which is fitted a roll holder, and in all the work done on this trip, I used negative paper. I also obtained, *en route*, several good views of various islands, and points of interest on the mainland, while the boat was in motion.

There are many beautiful scenes in and about the Sound; many charming islands, clothed in evergreen foliage, from whose interiors issue clear, sparkling brooks of fresh water; while the mainland shores rise abruptly, in places, to several hundreds of feet, bearing their burdens of giant trees. There are perpendicular cut banks on many of the islands and the mainland shores, thirty, forty, or fifty feet high,

DECEPTION PASS, PUGET SOUND.

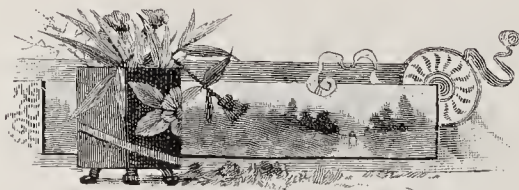


almost perpendicular, made so by the hungry waves having eaten away their foundations, and the earth having fallen into the brine, leaving exposed bare walls of sand and gravel. On Whidby Island, one of the largest in the Sound, there was, up to a few years ago, a herd of wild cattle, to which no one made claim of ownership, and which were, consequently, considered legitimate game for anyone who cared to hunt them. They were wary and cunning in the extreme. The elk or deer, native and to the manor born, could not be more so. But, alas, these cattle were not to be the prey of true, conscientious sportsmen; for the greed of the market hunter and the skin hunter exceeded the natural cunning of the noble animals, and they have been nearly exterminated; only ten or twelve remain, and they will soon have to yield up their lives to the insatiable greed of those infamous butchers.

One of the most curious and interesting points in the sound is Deception Pass. This is a narrow channel or passage between two islands, only fifty yards wide, and about two hundred yards long. On either side rise abrupt and towering columns of basaltic rock, and during both ebb and flow the tide runs through it, between Padilla and Dugalla Bays, with all the wild fury and bewildering speed of the maelstrom. This pass takes its name from the fact of there being three coves near—on the west coast of Whidby Island—that look so much like Deception that they are often mistaken for it at night or during foggy weather, even by experienced navigators. All the skill and care of the best pilots are required to make the pass in safety, and the bravest of them

heave a sigh of relief when once its beetling cliffs and seething abysses are far astern. Gulls hover about this weird place, and eagles soar above it at all hours, as if admiring its pristine beauties, yet in superstitious awe of the dark depths. Mount Erie, two miles away, rising to a height of 1,300 feet, casting its deep shadows across the pass and surrounding waters, completes a picture of rare beauty and grandeur.

We reached Victoria, that quaint, old, aristocratic, ultra-English town, just as the sun was sinking beneath the waves, that rolled restlessly on the surface of Juan de Fuca Strait. We were surprised to see so substantial and well-built a town as this, and one possessing so much of the air of age and independence, so far north and west. One might readily imagine, from the exterior appearance of the city and its surroundings, that he were in the province of Quebec instead of that of British Columbia. My wife felt that she must not remain longer away from home at present, and we were to part here; therefore, in the early morning she embarked for home, while I transferred my effects and self to the steamer *Princess Louise*, bound for Burrard Inlet.



CHAPTER V.



At daylight in the morning we entered English Bay, having crossed the strait during the night. The sun climbed up over the snow-mantled mountains into a cloudless sky, and his rays were reflected from the limpid, tranquil surface of the bay:

“Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

as if from the face of a mirror. A few miles to the east, the triple-mouthed Frazer empties its great volume of fresh, cold, glacier-tinted fluid into the briny inland sea, and its delta, level as a floor, stretches back many miles on either side of the river to the foot-hills of the Cascades. Thousands of ducks sat idly and lazily in the water, sunning themselves, pruning their feathers, and eyeing us curiously but fearlessly, as we passed, sometimes within twenty-five or thirty yards of them. A few geese crossed hither and thither, in low, long, dark lines, uttering their familiar honk, honk; but they were more wary than their lesser cousins, and kept well out of range. I asked the purser if there was any rule against shooting on board, and he said no; to go down on the after main deck, and shoot until I was tired. I took my Winchester express from the case, went below and opened on the ducks. They at once found

it necessary to get out of the country, and their motion, and that of the vessel combined, caused me to score several close misses, but I finally found the bull's-eye, so to speak, and killed three in rapid succession. Then the mate came down and said:

"We don't allow no one to be firin' off guns on board."

"I have the purser's permission," I said.

"Well," he replied, "the captain's better authority than the purser on this here boat," whereupon he returned to the cabin deck, and so did I. I was not seriously disappointed, however, for I cared little for the duck shooting; I was in quest of larger game, and only wanted to practice a little, to renew acquaintance and familiarity with my weapon. Early in the day we entered Burrard Inlet, a narrow, crooked, and peculiarly shaped arm of the salt water, that winds and threads its way many miles back into the mountains, so narrow in places, that a boy may cast a stone across it, and yet so deep as to be navigable for the largest ocean steamship. The inlet is so narrow and crooked that a stranger, sailing into it for the first time, would pronounce it a great river coming down from the mountains. Through this picturesque body of water our good boat cleft the shadows of the overhanging mountains until nearly noon, when we landed at Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In consequence of this important selection, the place is a busy mart of trade. The clang of saw and hammer, the rattle of wheels, the general din of a building boom, are such as to tire one's nerves in a few hours. Later in the day we reached Port Moody. This town was origi-

nally designated as the tide-water terminus of the road, and had its brief era of prosperity and speculation in consequence; but now that the plan has been changed it has been reduced to a mere way station, and has relapsed into the dulllest kind of dullness.

From here I staged across the divide to New Westminster, on the Frazer river, the home of Mr. J. C. Hughs, who had invited me there to hunt Rocky Mountain goats with him. I was grieved beyond measure, however, to learn on my arrival that he was dangerously ill, and went at once to his house, but he was unable to see me. He sank rapidly from the date of his first illness, died two days after my arrival, and I therefore found myself in a strange land, with no friend or acquaintance to whom I could go for information or advice.

My first object, therefore, was to find a guide to take me into the mountains, and although I found several pretended sportsmen, I could hear of no one who had ever killed a goat, except poor Hughs, and a Mr. Fannin, who had formerly lived there, but had lately moved away, so of course no one knew where I could get a guide. Several business men, of whom I asked information, inquired at once where I was from, and on learning that I was an American, simply said "I don't know," and were, or at least pretended to be, too busy to talk with me. They seemed to have no use for people from this side of the boundary line, and this same ill-feeling toward my Nation (with a big N) was shown me in other places, and on various occasions, while in the province. I found, however, one gracious exception, in New Westminster, in the

person of Mr. C. G. Major, a merchant, who, the moment I made known to him my wish, replied:

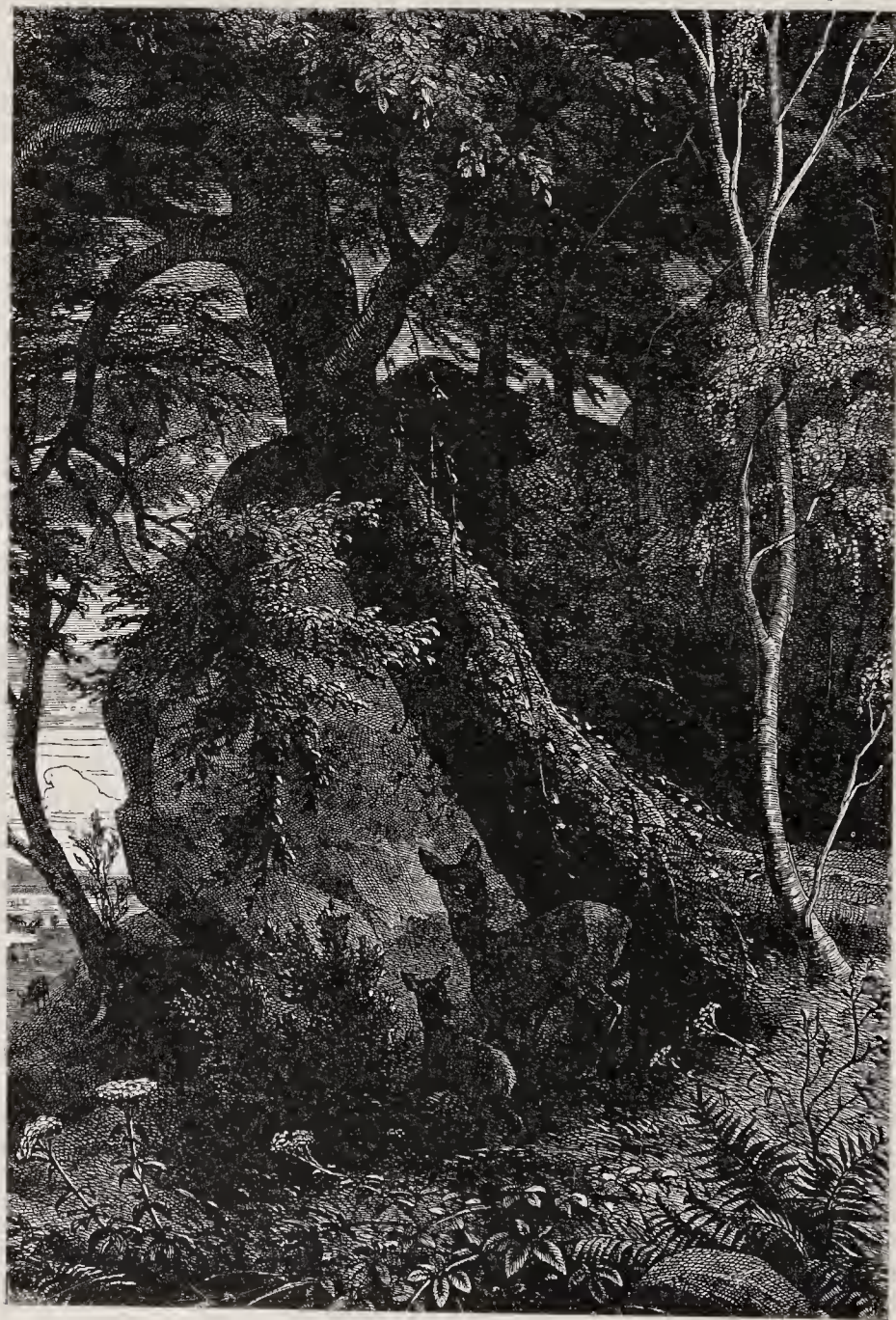
“Well, sir, the best guide and the best hunter in British Columbia left here not three minutes ago. He is an Indian who lives on Douglass Lake, and I think I can get him for you. If I can, you are fixed for a good and successful hunt.”

This news, and the frank, manly, cordial greeting that came with it, were surprising to me, after the treatment I had been receiving. Mr. Major invited me into his private office, gave me a chair by the fire, and sent out a messenger to look for “Douglass Bill,” the Indian of whom he had spoken. This important personage soon came in. Mr. Major told him what I wanted, and it took but a few minutes to make a bargain. He was a solid, well-built Indian, had an intelligent face, spoke fair English, and had the reputation of being, as Mr. Major had said, an excellent hunter. Mr. Major further said he considered Bill one of the most honest, truthful Indians he had ever known, and that I could trust him as implicitly as I could any white man in the country.

This arrangement was made on Saturday night, but Bill said he could not start on the hunt until Wednesday morning, as his mother-in-law had just died, and he must go and help to bury her on Tuesday. The funeral was to take place on the Chilukweyuk river, a tributary of the Frazer, about fifty miles above New Westminster, and it was arranged that I should go up on the steamer, and meet him at the mouth of Harrison river, another tributary stream, on Wednesday morning. We were then to go up the Harrison to the hunting grounds. I was

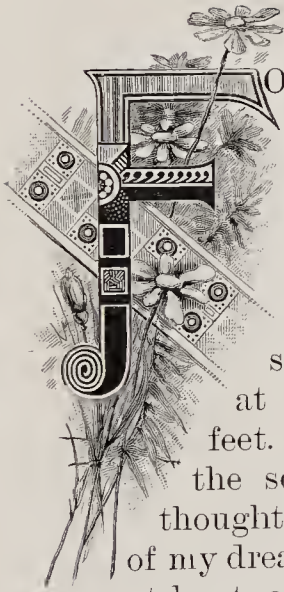
delighted at the prospect of a successful hunt, with so good a guide, and cheerfully consented to wait the necessary three days for the red man to perform the last sad rites of his tribe over the remains of the departed *kloochman*, but I was doomed to disappointment.





A VIEW ON THE FRAZER.

CHAPTER VI.



FOR many years I had read, heard, and dreamed of the Frazer, that mysterious stream which flows out from among the icy fastnesses of the Cascades, in the far-off confines of British Columbia. For many years had I longed to see with my own eyes some of the grand scenery of the region it drains, and now, at last, that mighty stream flowed at my feet. How eagerly I drank in the beauty of the scene! How my heart thrilled at the thought that I stood face to face with this land of my dreams and was about to explore a portion, at least, of the country in which this great river rises. The beautiful lines penned by Maria Brooks, on the occasion of her first visit to the St. Lawrence, came vividly to my mind :

“The first time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
How pure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heaved;
What feelings rushed upon my heart! a gleam
As of another life my kindling soul received.”

I left New Westminster at seven o'clock Monday morning on the steamer *Adelaide*, for the mouth of Harrison river, sixty miles up the Frazer. There were over twenty Indians on board, going up to the mouth of the Chilukweyuk, to attend the funeral of Douglass Bill's deceased relative. As soon as I

learned their destination I inquired if he were among them, but they said he was not. He had come aboard before we left, but for some reason had decided to go on another boat that left half an hour ahead of the *Adelaide*. The voyage proved intensely interesting. The Frazer is from a quarter to half a mile wide, and is navigable for large steamers for a hundred miles above its mouth. There are portions of the valley that are fertile, thickly settled, and well cultivated. The valleys of some of its tributaries are also good farming districts, and grain, fruits, and vegetables of various kinds grow in abundance. At the mouth of the Chilukweyuk I saw fine peaches that had grown in the valley, within ten miles of perpetual snow. The river became very crooked as we neared the mountains, and finally we entered the gorge, or cañon, where the rocky-faced mountains rise, sheer from the water's edge, to heights of many hundreds of feet, and just back of them tower great peaks, clad in eternal snows. The little camera was again brought into requisition and, as we rounded some of these picturesque bends and traversed some of the beautiful reaches, I secured many good views, though the day was cloudy and lowery. The boat being in motion, I was, of course, compelled to make the shortest possible exposures, and was, therefore, unable to get fine details in the shadows; yet many of the prints turned out fairly well.

We saw several seals in the river on the way up, and the captain informed me that at certain seasons they were quite plentiful in the Frazer and all the larger streams in the neighborhood. They go up

the Frazer to the head of navigation and he could not say how much farther. He said that on one occasion a female seal and her young were seen sporting in the water ahead of the steamer, and that when the vessel came within about fifty yards they dove. Nothing more was seen of the puppy, and the captain thought it must have been caught in the wheel and killed, for the mother followed the vessel several miles, whining, looking longingly, pitifully, and beseechingly at the passengers and crew. She would swim around and around the steamer, coming close up, showing no fear for her own safety, whatever, but seeming to beg them to give back her baby. She appeared to have lost sight of it entirely, whatever its fate, and to think it had been captured and taken on board. Her moaning and begging, her intense grief, were pitiable in the extreme, and brought tears to the eyes of stout, brawny men. Finally she seemed completely exhausted with anguish and her exertions and gradually sank out of sight. My informant said he hoped never to witness another such sight.

We arrived at the mouth of Harrison river at six o'clock in the evening. There is a little Indian village there called by the same name as the river, and Mr. J. Barker keeps a trading post on the reservation, he being the only white man living there. He made me welcome to the best accommodations his bachelor quarters afforded, but said the only sleeping-room he had was full, as two friends from down the river were stopping with him for the night, and that I would have to lodge with one of the Indian families. He said there was one *kloochman* (the

Chinook word for squaw) who was a remarkably neat, cleanly housekeeper, who had a spare room, and who usually kept any strangers that wished to stop over night in the village. While we were talking the squaw in question came in and Mr. Barker said to her:

“Mary, yah-kwa Boston man tik-elh moo-sum me-si-ka house po-lak-le.” (Here is an American who would like to sleep in your house to-night.) To which she replied:

“Yak-ka hy-ak” (he can come), and the bargain was closed.

I remained at the store and talked with Mr. Barker and his friends until ten o'clock, when he took a lantern and piloted me over to the Indian rancherie, where I was to lodge. I took my sleeping-bag with me and thanked my stars that I did, for notwithstanding the assurances given me by good Mr. Barker that the Indian woman was as good a housekeeper as the average white woman, I was afraid of vermin. I have never known an Indian to be without the hemipterous little insect, *Pediculus (humanus) capitis*. Possibly there may be some Indians who do not wear them; I simply say I have never had the pleasure of knowing one, and I have known a great many, too. I seriously doubt if one has ever yet lived many days at a time devoid of the companionship of these pestiferous little creatures. In fact, an Indian and a louse are natural allies—boon companions—and are as inseparable as the boarding-house bed and the bedbug. The red man is so inured to the ravages of his parasitic companion, so accustomed to have him rustling

around on his person and foraging for grub, that he pays little or no attention to the insect, and seems hardly to feel its bite.

You will rarely see an Indian scratch his head or, in fact, any portion of his person, as a white man does when he gets a bite. Lo gives forth no outward sign that he is thickly settled, and it is only when he sits or lies down in the hot sun that the inhabitants of his hair and clothing come to the front; then you may see them crawling about like roaches in a hotel kitchen. Or, when he has lain down on a board, or your tent canvas, or any light-colored substance and got up and gone away, leaving some of his neighbors behind, then you know he is—like others of his race—the home of a large colony of insects.

When Mary and her husband, George, saw my roll of bedding, which they supposed to be simply blankets, they protested to Mr. Barker that I would not need them, that there was “hy-iu mit-lite passe-se” (plenty of covering on the bed). I told them, however, that I could sleep better in my own blankets and preferred to use them. I took the bundle into my room, spread the sleeping-bag on the bed and crawled into it. The outer covering of the bag being of thick, hard canvas, I hoped it would prove an effectual barrier against the assaults of the vermin, and that they might not find the portal by which I entered, and so it proved.

George and Mary live in a very well-built, comfortable, one-story frame cottage, divided into two rooms; the kitchen, dining-room, parlor and family sleeping-room all in one, and the spare room being the other.

The house has four windows and one door, a shingle roof and a board floor. They have a cooking-stove, several chairs, a table, cupboard, etc. The bedstead on which I slept was homemade, but neat and substantial. It was furnished with a white cotton tick,



GEORGE AND MARY.

filled with straw, feather pillows, several clean-looking blankets, and a pair of moderately clean cotton sheets. I have slept in much worse-looking beds in hotels kept by white people.

This Indian village, Harrison river, or Skowlitz, as the Indians call both the river and the village, is composed of about twenty families, living in houses

of about the same class and of the same general design as the one described, although some are slightly larger and better, while others are not quite so good. All have been built by white carpenters, or the greater part of the work was done by them, and the lumber and other materials were manufactured by white men. None of the dwellings have ever been painted inside or out, but there is a neat mission church in the village that has been honored with a coat of white paint. There are a few log shacks standing near, that look very much as if they had been built by native industry. The frame houses, I am informed, were erected by the Government and the church by the Catholic Missionary Society.



CHAPTER VII.

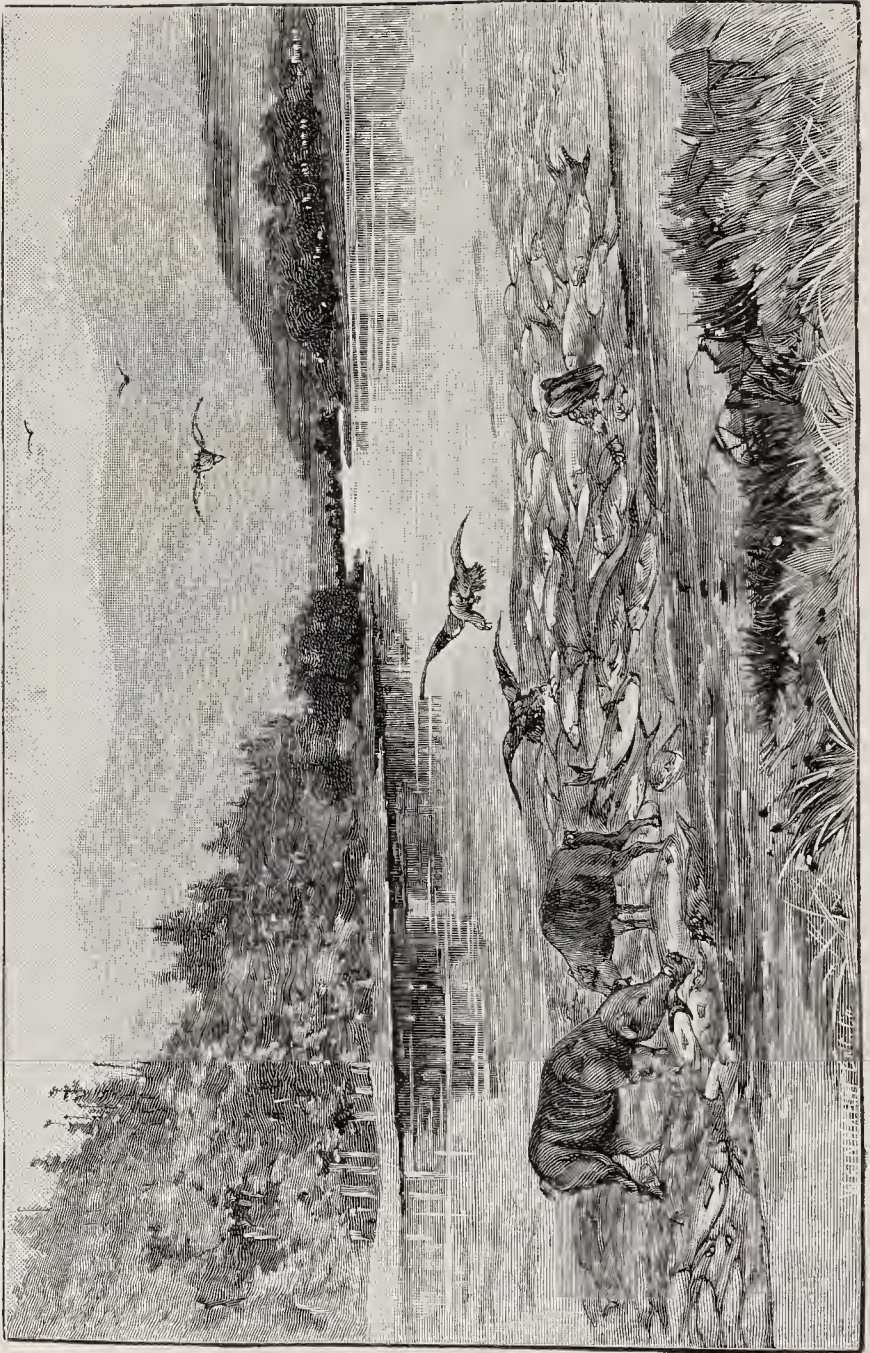


I was not compelled to eat with George and Mary, for Mr. Barker had kindly invited me to breakfast with him, and when I reached his store, at the breakfast hour in the morning, I found a neat inviting-looking table in the room back of the store, loaded with broiled ham, baked potatoes, good bread and butter, a pot of steaming coffee, etc.; all of which we enjoyed intensely. Mr. Barker informed me there was a cluster of hot springs ten miles up the river, at the foot of Harrison Lake, the source of Harrison river, near which a large hotel had lately been built. Upon inquiry as to a means of getting up there, I learned that he had employed a couple of Indians to take some freight up that morning in a canoe, and that I could probably secure a passage with them. As Harrison Lake, or rather the mountains surrounding it, were the hunting-grounds which Douglass Bill had selected, and as we would have to pass these hot springs en route, I decided to go there and wait for him. I therefore arranged with Barker to send him up to the springs, when he should call for me at the store, and took passage in the freight canoe.

The Harrison river is a large stream that cuts its way through high, rugged mountains, and the water

has a pronounced milky tinge imparted by the glaciers from which its feeders come, away back in the Cascades. It is a famous salmon stream, and thousands of these noble fishes, of mammoth size, that had lately gone up the river and into the small creeks to spawn, having died from disease, or having been killed in the terrible rapids they had to encounter, were lying dead on every sand bar, lodged against every stick of driftwood, or were slowly floating in the current. Their carcasses lined the shore all along the lower portion of the river, and the hogs, of which the Indians have large numbers, were feasting on the putrid masses as voraciously as if they had been ears of new, sweet corn. The stench emitted by these festering bodies was nauseating in the extreme; and the water, ordinarily so pure and palatable, was now totally unfit for use. I counted over one hundred of these dead fishes on a single sand bar of less than half an acre in extent. Cruising amid such surroundings was anything but pleasant, and I was glad the current was slow here so that, though going up stream, we were able to make good progress, and soon got away from this nauseating sight.

About a mile above the village we rounded a bend in the river, where it spread out to nearly a quarter of a mile in width, and on a sand bar in the middle of the stream, sat a flock of geese. I picked up my rifle and took a shot at them, but the ball cut a ditch in the water nearly fifty yards this side, and went singing over their heads into the woods beyond. They did not seem to enjoy such music, and taking wing started for some safer feeding-ground, carrying



DEAD SALMON ON HARRISON RIVER.

on a lively conversation in goose Latin, probably about any fool who would try to kill geese at that distance. I turned loose on them again, and in about a second after pulling the trigger one of them seemed to explode, as if hit by a dynamite bomb. For a few seconds the air was full of fragments of goose, which rained down into the water like a shower of autumn leaves. My red companions enjoyed the result of this shot hugely, and a canoe load of Indians from up river, who were passing at the time, set up a regular war whoop. We pulled over and got what was left of the goose, and found that my express bullet had carried away all his stern rigging, his rudder, one of his paddles, and a considerable portion of his hull. The water was covered with fragments of sail, provisions of various kinds, and sundry bits of cargo and hull. Charlie picked up so much of the wreck as hung together, and said in his broken, laconic English:

“Dat no good goose gun. Shoot him too much away.”

There were plenty of ducks, coots, grebes, and gulls on the river, and I had fine sport with them whenever I cared to shoot.

A mile above where I killed the goose we entered a long reach of shoal rapids, where all the brawn and skill of the Indians were required to stem the powerful current and the immense volume of water. The rapids are over a mile long, and it took us nearly two hours to reach their head. As soon as we were well into them we came among large numbers of live, healthy salmon. Many of them were running down the stream, some up, while others seemed not to be



WRECKED BY AN EXPRESS BULLET.

going anywhere in particular, but just loafing around, enjoying themselves. They were wild, but, owing to the water being so rough and rapid, we frequently got within two or three feet of them before they saw us, and the Indians killed two large ones with their canoe poles. Occasionally we would corner a whole school of them in some little pocket, where the water was so shallow that their dorsal fins would stick out, and where there was no exit but by passing close to the canoe. When alarmed they would cavort around like a herd of wild mustangs in a corral, until they would churn the water into a foam; then, emboldened by their peril, they would flash out past us with the velocity of an arrow. They were doing a great deal of jumping; frequently a large fish, two or three feet long, would start across the stream, and make four or five long, high leaps out of the water, in rapid succession, only remaining in the water long enough after each jump to gain momentum for the next. I asked Charlie why they were doing this, if they were sick, or if something was biting them.

“No,” he said. “Play. All same drunk—raise hell!”

These salmon run up the rivers and creeks to deposit their spawn, and seem possessed of an insane desire to get as far up into the small brooks as they possibly can. They frequently pursue their mad course up over boiling, foaming, roaring rapids, and abrupt, perpendicular falls, where it would seem impossible for any living creature to go—regardless of their own safety or comfort. They are often found in dense schools in little creeks away up near their

sources, where there is not water enough to cover their bodies, and where they become an easy prey to man, or to wild beasts. In such cases, Indians kill them with spears and sharp sticks, or even catch and throw them out with their hands.

Or if their journeyings take them among farms or ranches, as is often the case, the people throw them out on the banks with pitch-forks, and after supplying their household necessities, they cart the noble fish away and feed them to their hogs, or even use them to fertilize their fields. I have seen salmon wedged into some of the small streams until you could almost walk on them. The banks of many creeks, far up in the foot-hills, are almost wholly composed of the bones of salmon. In traveling through dense woods I have often heard, at some distance ahead, a loud splashing and general commotion in water, as if of a dozen small boys in bathing. This would, perhaps, be the first intimation I had that I was near water, and, on approaching the source of the noise, I have found it to have been made by a school of these lordly salmon, wedged into one of the little streams, thrashing the creek into suds in their efforts to get to its head.

After depositing their spawn the poor creatures, already half dead from bruises and exhaustion incurred in their perilous voyage up stream, begin to drift down. But how different, now, from the bright, silvery creatures that once darted like rays of living light through the sea. Unable to control their movements in the descent, even as well as in the ascent, they drift at the cruel mercy of the stream. They are driven against rough bowlders, submerged logs

and snags, or through raging rapids by the fury of the torrent, until hundreds, yes thousands, of them are killed outright, and thousands more die from sheer exhaustion.

I have seen salmon with their noses broken and torn off; others with a lower jaw torn away; some with sides, backs, or bellies bruised and bleeding; others with their tails whipped and split into shreds, and still others with their entrails torn out by snags. In this sad plight they are beset at every turn in the river by their natural enemies. Bears, cougars, minks, wild cats, fishers, eagles, hawks, and worst and most destructive of all, men, await them everywhere, and it would be strange, indeed, if one in each thousand that left the salt water should live to return. The few that do so, are, of course, so weak that they fall an easy prey to the seals, sharks, and other enemies, that wait with open mouths to engulf them. So, all the leaping, rushing multitude that entered the river a few months ago, have, ere this, gone to their doom, but their seed is planted in the icy brook, far away in the mountains, and their young will soon come forth to take the place of the parents that have passed away. The instinct of reproduction must, indeed, be an absorbing passion in poor dumb creatures, when they will thus sacrifice life in the effort to deposit their ova where the offspring may best be brought into being.





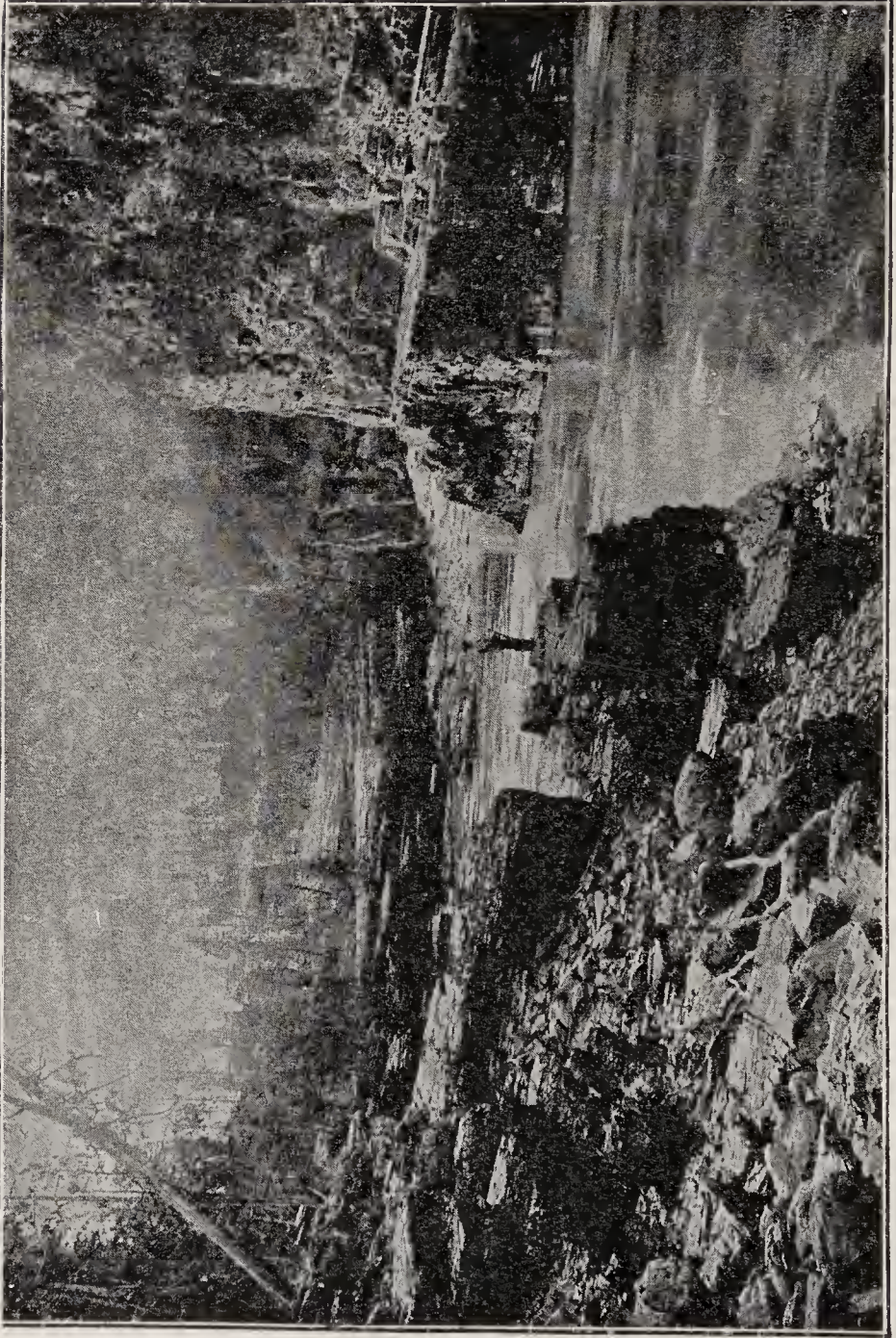
INDIAN SPEARING SALMON.

CHAPTER VIII.



ABOVE the rapids we had a lovely reach of river, from a quarter to half a mile wide, with no perceptible current. Impelled by our united efforts, our light cedar canoe shot over the water as lightly and almost as swiftly as the gulls above us sped through the air. I took one of the poles and used it while the Indians plied their paddles, and for a distance of nearly two miles the depth of water did not vary two inches from four and a half feet. The bottom was composed of a hard, white sand, into which the pole, with my weight on it, sunk less than an inch; in fact, the current is so slight, the width of the river so great, and the general character of the water such, that it might all be termed a lake above the falls; though the foot of the lake, as designated on the map, has a still greater widening five miles above the head of the falls.

Abrupt basaltic walls, 500 to 1,000 feet high and nearly perpendicular, rise from the water's edge on either side. On the more sloping faces of these, vegetation has obtained root-room, little bunches of soil have formed, and various evergreens, alders, water hazels, etc., grow vigorously.



A TRIBUTARY OF THE HARRISON.

Half a foot of snow had lately fallen on the tops of these mountains, and a warm, southwest wind and the bright sun were now sending it down into the river in numerous plunging streams of crystal fluid. For thousands of years these miniature torrents have, at frequent intervals, tumbled down here, and in all that time have worn but slight notches in the rocky walls.

Shrubs have grown up along and over these small waterways, and as the little rivulets come coursing down, dodging hither and thither under overhanging clumps of green foliage, leaping from crag to crag and curving from right to left and from left to right, around and among frowning projections of invulnerable rock, glinting and sparkling in the sunlight, they remind one of silvery satin ribbons, tossed by a summer breeze, among the brown tresses of some winsome maiden. I took several views of these little waterfalls, but their transcendent beauty can not be intelligently expressed on a little four-by-five silver print.

Several larger streams also put into the Harrison, that come from remote fastnesses, and seem to carve their way through great mountains of granite. Their shores are lined with dense growths of conifers, and afford choice retreats for deer, bears, and other wild animals.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we rounded a high point of rocks that jutted out into the river, and another beautiful picture—another surprise, in this land of surprises—lay before us. Harrison Lake, nestling among snowy peaks and dotted with basaltic islands, reflected in its peaceful depths the

surrounding mountains as clearly as though its placid surface had been covered with quicksilver. This lake is about forty miles long, is fed by the Lillooet river and numerous smaller streams. Silver creek, which comes in on the west side, twenty miles north of the hot springs, is a beautiful mountain stream of considerable size. A quarter of a mile above its mouth, it makes a perpendicular fall of over sixty feet. It is one of the most beautiful falls in the country. Near the head of the lake, and in full view from the springs, old Mount Douglass, clad in perpetual snow and glacial ice, towers into the blue sky until its brilliancy almost dazzles one's eyes. Though forty miles away, one who did not know would estimate the distance at not more than five, so clearly are all the details of the grand picture shown. It is said that from the glaciers on this peak come the streams whose waters give their peculiar milky cast to Harrison Lake and Harrison river. Near the base of Mount Douglass is an Indian village of the same name, and the Hudson Bay Fur Company formerly had a trading post in the neighborhood, which they called Fort Douglass. This Indian village is the home of my prospective guide, and from it he has adopted his unpoetic cognomen.

Half a mile to the right of where we entered the lake, the famous hot springs, already mentioned, boil out from under the foot of a mountain, and discharge their steaming fluid into the lake. The curative power of these waters has been known to the natives for ages past, and the sick have come from all directions, and from villages many miles away, to bathe in the waters and be healed. All about the

place are remains of Indian encampments, medicine lodges, etc. The tribes in this vicinity are greatly exercised over the fact of the white man having lately asserted ownership of their great sanitarium, and having assumed its control. Mr. J. R. Brown has erected over the springs a large bath-house, and near that a commodious hotel. He has cut a road through a pass in the mountains to Agassiz station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, five miles distant, so that the springs may now be easily reached by invalids wishing to test their curative properties. Soon after my arrival at the springs, I climbed the mountain to the east of the hotel, and passed the time pleasantly, until sunset, viewing the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood.

On the following morning I took a boat and rowed up the east shore of the lake, in hope of getting a shot at a deer, but though I saw plenty of fresh signs all along the shore no game was visible. I spent the afternoon looking anxiously for my promised guide, but he came not. I again amused myself, however, taking views of the scenery, but found on developing the negatives that I had not been eminently successful with either Mount Douglass or Mount Chiam. Snowy mountains are about the most difficult objects in all nature to photograph, especially if you attempt to include anything beside the snowy peaks in the picture; for they are so intensely white, and the sky or even clouds that form the background are so light and afford so slight contrast, that it is next to impossible to get good sharp pictures of them. The landscape about the mountains is sure to offer some dark objects, perhaps deep shadows, and even the mountain itself

nearly always has bare rocks and dark, gloomy cañons, and to get these and the dazzling whiteness of the snow and ice on the same plate is decidedly difficult. Of course we see many fine photographs of snow-covered mountains, but if taken with a clear sky or with light clouds for background, there is generally more or less retouching necessary, and more or less doctoring in printing, with tissue paper, glass screens, etc., in order to obtain the results we see in the prints. I made some fair views of both these peaks, but not such as an enthusiastic amateur might wish. Of the lower mountains, where at that time there was no snow, of the lake, the islands, etc., I got very satisfactory pictures. I went up the road, toward the railway station, a mile or more, where it passes through one of those grand forests for which this country is so famous, where—

“Those green-robed senators of mighty woods
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.”

There I made views of some of the giant cedars, the dense moss-hung jungles, the great fir trees, etc. In these dark, densely-shaded woods I had to take off the flying shutter and make time exposures. I gave three to five seconds to each plate. In the prints the trees and other objects nearest to the lens are of course over-exposed, but the details in the shadows and objects in the extreme distance are clearly and beautifully brought out. For these time exposures I placed the camera on some convenient log, stump, or stone, in lieu of a tripod. In two instances I seated the rear end of the instrument on the ground, with the lens bearing up through the tops of the trees. The whitened trunk and broken, straggling arms of

one great old dead fir—one that has flourished in this rich soil and drawn sustenance from the moist, ozone-laden atmosphere of these mountains for hundreds of years, but has lived out his time and is now going the way of all things earthly—forms the subject of one of the best and most interesting pictures of the whole series. The tops of several other trees—birch, maple, etc., that stood near the fir—are also shown in the picture. It can best be seen and appreciated by holding it above your head, looking up at it, and imagining yourself there in the forest, looking up through the tops of the giant trees into the blue ethereal dome of heaven.



CHAPTER IX.



IN the morning I got up early to look for Douglass Bill, thinking and hoping he might have landed during the night, but no one had seen him and there was no strange canoe in the harbor. After breakfast, in order to kill time, I climbed the mountain east of the hotel to a height of about a thousand feet. It is heavily timbered, and I found plenty of fresh deer-signs within plain sound of the hammers wielded by the carpenters at work on the hotel, but failed to get a shot. I returned at eleven o'clock, but Bill had not yet shown up. Three other Indians were there, however, with three deer in their canoe, which they had killed on the opposite side of the lake the day before. I now concluded that Mr. Major's confidence in Bill was misplaced; that he was not going to keep his contract, and was, in short, as treacherous, as unreliable, and as consummate a liar as other Indians; so I entered into negotiations with these three Indians to get one or two of them to go with me. But they had planned a trip to New Westminster, to sell their venison, and I could not induce any one of them to go, though I offered big wages, and a premium on each head of game I might kill, besides. They said that if I wished they would take me to their village—

which is five miles down the river—and that there were several good goat hunters there whom I could get. I accepted their offer of transportation, stepped into the canoe, and we pulled out. As we entered the shoal water in the river I asked for a pole, and impelled by it and the three paddles we sped down the stream at a rapid rate.

There was a cold, disagreeable rain falling and a chilly north wind blowing. This storm had brought clouds of ducks into the river, among them several flocks of canvas backs. The Indians, who were using smooth-bore muskets, killed several of these toothsome fowls. One flock rose ahead of us and started directly down the river, but by some kind of native intuition the Indians seemed to know that they would come back up the opposite shore. They dropped their guns, caught up the paddles and plied them with such force that every stroke fairly lifted the light cedar canoe out of the water, and we shot across the river with the speed of a deer. Sure enough, after flying a hundred yards down stream the ducks turned and, hugging the shore, undertook to pass up the river on the other side, but we cut them off, so that they had to pass over our heads. At this juncture the two muskets carried by the two young men cracked and three canvas backs dropped, limp and lifeless, into the water within a few feet of us.

We arrived at the hut occupied by this family at noon. It stands on the bank of the river, half a mile above the village of Chehalis, and as we pulled up, two old and two young squaws and nine small Indians, some of them mere papooses in arms (but not

in long clothes—in fact, not in any clothes worth mentioning), came swarming out to meet us. Their abode was a shanty about twelve feet square, made by setting four corner posts into the ground, nailing cross-ribs on, and over these clapboards riven from the native cedars, and the roof was of the same material. The adult members of this social alliance had been engaged in catching and drying salmon during the recent run; the heads, entrails and backbones of which had been dumped into the river at their very door. There being no current near the shore they had sunk in barely enough water to cover them, and lay there rotting and polluting the water used by the family for drinking and cooking. Cart-loads of this offal were also lying about the dooryard, and had been trampled into and mixed up with the mud until the whole outfit stunk like a tanyard.

Within was a picture of filth and squalor that beggars description. The floor of the hut was of mother earth. A couple of logs with two clapboards laid across them formed the only seats. On one side was a pile of brush, hay, and dirty, filthy blankets, indiscriminately mixed, on which the entire three families slept, presumably in the same fashion. Near the centre of the hut a small fire struggled for existence, and that portion of the smoke that was not absorbed by the people, the drying fish and other objects in the room, escaped through a hole in the centre of the roof. The children, barefooted and half-naked, came in out of the rain, mud, and fish carrion, in which they had been tramping about, and sat or lay on the ground about the fire, looking as happy as a litter of pigs in a mud hole. On poles, attached

by cedar withes to the rafters, were hung several hundred salmon, absorbing smoke, carbonic acid gas from the lungs of the human beings beneath, and steam from the cooking that was going on. It is understood that after this process has been prolonged for some weeks these once noble fishes will be fit for the winter food of the Siwash.

Some of the houses in Chehalis are neat frame cottages; in fact, it is a better-built town, on the whole, than the village of Harrison River already described; but these better houses all stand back about a quarter of a mile from the river, and the inhabitants have left them and gone into the "fish-houses," the clapboard structures, on the immediate river bank. Some of these shanties are much larger than the one mentioned above, and in some cases four, five, or even six families hole up in one of these filthy dens during the fish-curing season.

As a matter of fact, there are salmon of one variety or another in these larger rivers nearly all the year, but sometimes the weather is too cold, too wet, or otherwise too disagreeable in winter for the noble red man to fish with comfort, and hence all these preparations for a rainy day. After the fishes are cured they are hung up in big out-houses set on posts, or in some cases built high up in the branches of trees, in order to be entirely out of the reach of rats, minks, or other vermin, and the members of the commune draw from the stock at will. The coast Indians live almost wholly on fish, and seem perfectly happy without flesh, vegetables, or bread, if such be not at hand, though they can eat plenty of all these when set before them. If one of them kills a deer he sel-

dom or never eats more of it than the liver, heart, lungs, etc. He sells the carcass, if within a three days' voyage of a white man who will buy venison.

One of the young men already mentioned went with



SALMON BOXES IN TREES.

me down to one of the big fish-houses and called out Pean, a man about fifty years of age, who he said was a good goat hunter and a good guide. They held a hurried conversation in their native tongue, at the

close of which the young man said Pean would go with me for two dollars a day. I asked Pean if he could talk English, and he said "yes," but this proved, in after experience, to be about the only English word he could speak. He rushed into the hut, and in about three or four minutes returned with his gun, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, pipe, and a small roll of blankets, and was ready for a journey into the mountains of, he knew not how many days. His canoe was on the river bank near us, and as we were stepping into it I asked him a few questions which he tried to answer in English, but made a poor stagger at it, and slid off into Chinook.

Just then another old Indian came up with a canoe-load of wood. I asked him if he could speak English—"wah-wah King George"; and he said "Yes."

I then told him I had hired this other man to go hunting with me and asked him if he knew him.

"Oh, yes," he said; "me chief here. All dese house my house. All dese people my people. No other chief here." I said I was delighted to know him, shook hands with him, gave him a cigar, and inquired his name.

"Captain George," he said; "me chief here."

"Is he a good hunter?" pointing to Pean.

"Yes, Pean good hunter; good man. He kill plenty sheep, deer, bear." With this additional certificate of efficiency and good character I felt more confidence in Pean, and stepping into the canoe was once more *en route* to the mountains.

Still, I felt some misgivings, for my past experience with the fish eaters had taught me not to place implicit faith in their statements or pretensions, and the sequel will show how well grounded these fears were.



CHAPTER X.



THE Flathead nation, to which nearly all the Puget Sound Indians belong, may almost be termed amphibians; for though they can, and do in some cases, live inland exclusively, they are never happy when away from the water. They are canoeists by birth and education. A coast Indian is as helpless and miserable without a canoe as a plains Indian without a horse, and the Siwash (Chinook for coast Indian) is as expert in the use of the canoe as the Sioux, Crow, or Arapahoe in the use and control of his cayuse. Almost the sole means of travel, of intercommunication among these people, and between themselves and the whites, is the canoe.

There are very few horses owned in any of the coast tribes, and these are rarely ridden. When a Siwash attempts to ride a horse he climbs onto it kicking and grunting with the effort, much as an Alabama negro mounts his mule, and sits him about as gracefully. But let the Siwash step into his canoe, and he fears no rapid, whirlpool, nor stormy billow. He faces the most perilous water and sends



AN OCCIDENTAL GONDOLA.

his frail cedar shell into it with a skill and a consciousness of mastery that would put to the blush any of the prize winners in our Eastern canoe-club regattas. The canoes are models of nautical architecture. They are cut and carved from the cedar trees which bounteous Nature, in wise provision for the wants of Her children, has caused to grow so plentifully and to such prodigious size in the Sound country. They are of various sizes and lengths, owing to the uses for which they are intended. If for spearing salmon or for light traveling, they are cut from a tree twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter, and are not more than twelve to fifteen feet long. If for attending nets and bringing in the catch, they are generally longer, and if for freighting and long-distance traveling, they are of immense size and capable of carrying great burdens. A tree of the size wanted is selected, perfectly sound and free from knots, and a log of the desired length cut off. The log is hollowed, carved out to the desired shape, then trimmed and tapered outside until it is a mere shell, scarcely more than an inch thick anywhere.

It is then filled with water, a fire is built near in which rocks are heated and thrown into the canoe until the water boils. This is continued until the wood is thoroughly cooked and softened, when the water is turned out, the canoe is spread at the centre, braced out to nearly twice its natural width or diameter, and left to dry. This gives it "sheer" and enables it to ride a heavy sea like a lifeboat. Handsomely carved figureheads are attached to some of the large canoes, and the entire craft is painted, striped, and decorated in gay colors. I

measured one of these cedar canoes that was thirty-four feet long and five and a half feet beam, and was told by its owner that he had carried in it four tons of freight on one trip, and two cords of green wood on another. It would carry fifty men comfortably and safely. There are not many of the Indians that can make the larger and better grade of canoes, and the trade is one that but few master.

There is one famous old canoe builder near Vancouver, to whom Indians go from distances of a hundred miles or more when they want an extra fine, large, light canoe. For some specimens of his handiwork he gets as high as \$80 to \$100. The Indians throughout Washington Territory and British Columbia do considerable freighting for whites, on streams not navigable for steamers, and they take freight up over some of the rapids where no white man could run an empty canoe.

Some of these Flatheads are industrious and are employed by the whites in salmon canneries, lumbering and logging operations, farming, etc. Steamboat men employ them almost exclusively for deck hands, and they make the best ones to be had in the country; better than either whites or Chinamen. They are excellent packers by education. In this densely-timbered country horses can not, as a rule, be used for packing, and the Indians, in going across country where there is no watercourse, pack all their plunder on their backs. Whites traveling in the woods also depend on Indians to pack their luggage; consequently it is not strange that the latter become experts at the business, and it is this schooling that makes them valuable as deck hands.

They are not large men, but are tough, sinewy, and muscular. An average Siwash will pick up a barrel of flour or pork, a case of dry goods, or other heavy freight weighing three hundred pounds or more, roll it onto his back, and walk up a gang-plank or a steep river-bank as easily as a white man would with a barrel of crackers.

No work is too dirty or too hard for them. They are obedient to orders and submissive to discipline, but their weak point, like that of all Indians, is their inordinate love of whisky. Quite frequently, after working a few weeks or months, they quit and go on a drunken debauch that ends only when their money is gone. Their dress is much the same, in general, as that of the whites in this region, with the exception that the Indians wear moccasins when hunting. This footgear is little in favor here with white hunters, owing to there being so much rainfall, and so much wading to do. Rubber boots are indispensable for hunting in most seasons, and a rubber coat should also be included in every hunter's outfit. I found the Hannaford ventilated rubber boot the most comfortable and perfect footgear I have ever worn. You can scarcely walk a mile in any direction in this country at any time of year, on mountains or lowlands, without encountering water. Moccasins soon become soaked, and are then the most uncomfortable things imaginable. I asked one of my guides why he did not wear rubber boots instead of moccasins, and he replied:

“O, I dunno. De moxicans cheaper, mebbe. I mek him myself. Can't mek de boots.”

This is about the only use the Indians make of

buckskin. It is not popular with them as a material for clothing, on account of the vast amount of rainy weather.

It has been said they make cloth from the wool of the goat, but, so far as I could learn, they make very little, if any of it, of late years. I saw some blankets that Indians had woven from this wool, but they were very coarse. They have no machinery for spinning; the yarn is merely twisted by hand, and is so coarse and loose that it would not hold together a week if made into a garment and worn in the woods. Of course, a fair article of yarn, and even cloth, may be, and has been, made entirely by hand, but these people have neither the skill, the taste, nor the industry to enable them to do such work. A coarse hair grows with the wool on the goat, and the squaws do not even take the trouble to separate it, but work both up together, making a very uncouth-looking fabric, even if thick, warm, and serviceable.

As a class, these Indians appear to be strictly honest, toward each other at least. They leave their canoes, guns, game, or in fact, any kind of property, anywhere they choose, without the slightest effort at concealment, and always feel perfectly sure of finding it on their return. About the only case of pilfering I ever heard of while among them (and I took special pains to investigate) was when John asked me for some fish-hooks, and said in explanation:

“I had plenty hooks, but I reckon Seemo he steal all my hooks.”

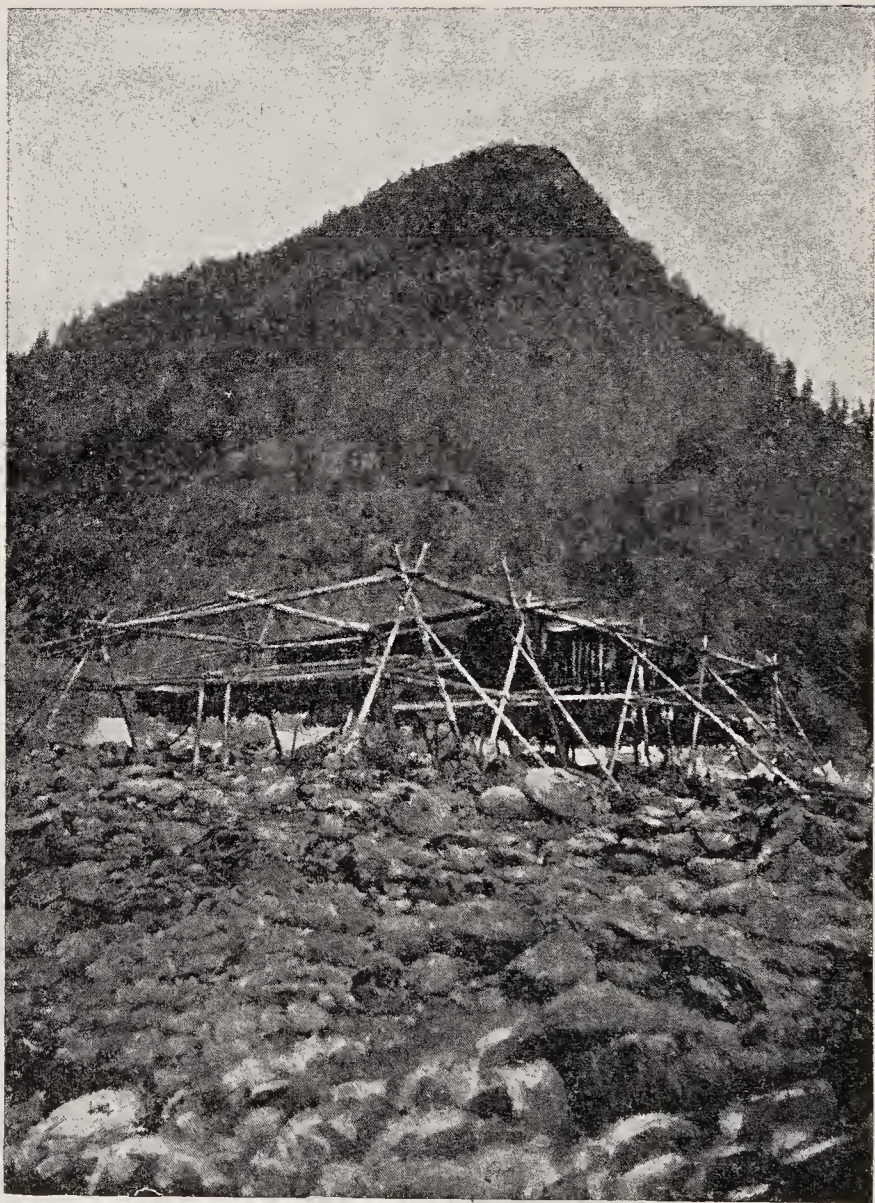
“Why, does Seymour steal?” I inquired. He

looked all around to see if Seymour was within hearing, and not seeing him, replied:

“You bet. He steal my hooks, too.”



A SIWASH AND HIS MORNING'S CATCH.



AN INDIAN SALMON FISHERY.

CHAPTER XI.



IHAD left my bedding at the Hot Springs Hotel, and returning to get it staid there all night. Early next morning (Friday, November 12) we crossed Harrison Lake, in a drenching rain, to the foot of a high mountain, about two miles from the springs, on which Pean, Captain George, and other Indians said there were plenty of goats. We beached our canoe, and made up packs for the climb up the mountain. The outfit consisted of our guns, my sleeping-bag, Pean's gun and blankets, a few sea biscuits, a piece of bacon, and some salt.

My sleeping-bag was wrapped up in a piece of canvas, and when I handed it to Pean, he commenced to unroll it to put his blankets in with it, but I objected. Visions of the insects with which I knew his bedding was inhabited rose up before me. I thought of the rotary drill, key-hole saw, and suction pump with which they are said to be armed, and I did not want any of them in my bag. So I unrolled the canvas only a part of its length, laid his blankets in and rolled it up again, hoping the remaining folds might prevent the vermin from finding their way in, and my reckoning proved correct. One of his blankets had been white in its day, but had long since lost its grip on that color, and was

now about as pronounced a brunette as its owner. The other blanket was gray, but even through this sombre shade, as well as through the rank odor it emitted, gave evidence that it had not been washed for many years. Pean brought with him a cotton bedspread that had also once been white, but left this with the canoe. In my pack I carried the grub, and an extra coat for use on the mountain, where we expected to encounter colder weather.

We started up the mountain at ten o'clock in the forenoon. For the first two miles we skirted its base to the eastward, through dense timber, crossing several deep, dark jungles and swamps. Then we began the ascent proper, and as soon as we got up a few hundred feet on the mountain side, we found numerous fresh deer-signs. We halted to rest, when Pean took from its case his gun, which up to this time he had kept covered, and which I naturally supposed to be a good, modern weapon. It proved, however, an old smooth bore, muzzle-loading, percussion-lock musket, of .65 calibre, with a barrel about fifty inches long. He drew out the wiping stick, on the end of which was a wormer, pulled a wad of paper from the gun and poured a charge of shot out into his hand. This he put carefully into his shot-bag. Then he took from another pouch a No. 1 buckshot, and dropped it into the muzzle of his musket. It rolled down onto the powder, when he again inserted the bunch of paper, rammed it home with the rod, put on a cap, and was loaded for bear, deer, or whatever else he might encounter. He then replaced the musket in its seal-

skin cover as carefully as if it had been a \$300 breech-loader.

Nearly all these Indians use just such old muskets, bought from the Hudson Bay Company, and yet they keep them in covers made of the skin of the seal, which they kill in the rivers hereabout, or of deer or other animals. They take excellent care of their guns in this respect, but I have never seen one of them clean or oil his weapon, and several of them told me they seldom do so.

My Winchester express, with fancy stock, Lyman sight, etc., was a curiosity to them. None of them had ever seen anything like it, and one of them asked me what kind of a rifle it was. When told it was a Winchester, he said:

“I didn’t know Winchester so big like dat. Didn’t know he had stock like dat.” He had only seen the little .44 Winchester, with a plain stock, and innocently supposed it was the only kind made.

Pean and I had a hard day’s work toiling up the mountain through fallen timber, over and around great ledges of jutting rock, across deep, rugged cañons and gulches, and through dense jungles of underbrush. About two o’clock in the afternoon we halted, lay down for a rest, and had been there but a few minutes when I heard the sharp, familiar chatter of the little pine squirrel. I looked around quickly, expecting to see one within a few feet of me, but instead saw Pean lying close to the ground, beckoning to me and pointing excitedly up the game trail in which we had been walking. Looking through the thick, intervening brush, I saw two

deer, a buck and a doe, looking toward us. They had not seen nor scented us, but had merely heard the chatter of the little squirrel, as they supposed, and, though apparently as completely deceived by it as I had been, they had stopped to listen, as they do at almost every sound they hear in the woods. But there was no squirrel there. Pean had taken this method of calling my attention, and had imitated the cry of the familiar little cone-eater so perfectly that even the deer had been deceived by it.

I cautiously and slowly drew my rifle to my shoulder, and taking aim at the breast of the buck, fired. Both deer bounded away into thicker brush, and were out of sight in an instant. Pean sprang after them, and in a few minutes I heard the dull, muffled report of his musket. He shouted to me, and going to him I found the buck dead and the Indian engaged in butchering it. My bullet had gone a little farther to the left than I intended, breaking its shoulder, and had passed out through the ribs on the same side. The deer had fallen after going but a few yards, but was not quite dead when Pean came up and shot it through the head. We took out the entrails, cut a choice roast of the meat for our supper and breakfast, and hurried on our way.

We camped at four o'clock on a small bench of the mountain, and you may rest assured, gentle reader, that our conversation in front of the camp fire that night was novel. Pean, you will remember, could not speak half a dozen words of English. He spoke entirely in Chinook, and I knew but a few words of that jargon. I had a Chinook dictionary

with me, however, and by its aid was able to pick out the few words necessary in what little talking I had to do, and to translate enough of Pean's answers to my questions to get along fairly well. The great trouble with him seemed to be that he was wound up to talk, and whenever I made a remark or asked a question in his adopted language he turned loose, and talked until I shut him off with "Halo kum-tucks" (I don't understand). No matter how often I repeated this he seemed soon to forget it, and would open on me again whenever he got a cue. He was a fluent talker, and if I had only been well up in the jargon, I could have got lots of pointers from him.

The deer of this region is the true black-tail (*Cervus columbianus*), not the mule-deer (*Cervus macrotis*), that is so often miscalled the black-tail. The black-tail is smaller than the mule-deer, and its ears, though not so large as those of the latter, are larger than those of the Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*). Its tail is white underneath, dark outside, shading to black at the lower end, and while longer than that of the mule-deer, is not so long as that of the Virginia deer.





CHAPTER XII.

CHINOOK is a queer jargon. It is said to have been manufactured many years ago by an employé of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, who taught the principal chiefs of various Indian tribes to speak it in order to facilitate traffic with them. From that time it has grown and spread until almost every Indian of the North Pacific Coast, and many inland tribes of Washington, British Columbia, and Oregon speak it. White men of all nations who live in this country speak it, and even the almond-eyed Chinaman learns it soon after locating here. In short, it is the court language of the Northwest, as the sign language is of the plains. It is made up from various Indian tongues, with a few English, or rather pigeon-English, French, and Spanish words intermixed. There are only about 1,500 words in the language and it is very easy to learn. Of course, it is woefully lacking in strength and beauty. You will often want to say something that can not be said in Chinook, because there are no words in that jargon with which to say it. But it is made to answer the purposes of trade, travel, and barter, in common forms. For instance:

“Kah-tah si-ah ko-pa Frazer chuck?” would be,
“How far is it to the Frazer river?”

“Yutes kut klat-a-wa la-pe-a,” “Only a short

walk." If you wish to say good-morning or good-evening to an Indian you say:

"Kla-how-ya, six."

"Chah-co yah-wa" is "Come here."

"Mi-ka tik-eh mam-ook?" "Do you want to work?"

"Ik-ta mi-ka mam-ook?" "At what?"

"Mam-ook stick." "Cut some wood."

"Na-wit-ka." "Certainly."

"Kon-si dat-la spouse mi-ka mam-ook kon-a-way o-koke stick?" "What do you want for cutting that lot of wood?"

"Ikt dol la." "One dollar."

The numerals are ikt (one), mox (two), klone (three), lock-it (four), kwin-num (five), tagh-kum (six), sin-na mox (seven), sto te-kin (eight), twaist (nine), tah-tlum (ten), tah-tlum pee-ikt (eleven), tah-tlum pee-mox (twelve), mox-tah tlum (twenty), klone tah-tlum (thirty), ikt tah-kamo-nux (one hundred), tah-tlum to-ka mo-mik (one thousand), etc. It is often difficult to get accurate information from these Indians as to distances or time, as they have little idea of English miles or of the measurements of time, and very few of them own or know how to read a watch or clock. Under Pean's tutelage I learned rapidly, and was soon able to carry on quite an interesting conversation by the aid of the little dictionary.

By the light of a rousing camp-fire I cut a large quantity of cedar boughs and made for myself a bed a foot deep. On this I spread my sleeping-bag, crawled into it and slept the sleep of the weary hunter. Pean cut only a handful of boughs, spread

them near the fire, threw his coat over them, and lay down. Then he folded his two blankets and spread them over him, mostly on the side away from the fire, leaving that part of his body next to the fire exposed so as to catch its heat direct. During the night, whenever he turned over, he would shift his blankets so as to keep them where most needed. At frequent intervals he would get up and replenish the fire from the large supply of dry wood we had provided. The night was bitter cold, at this high altitude, and snow fell at frequent intervals. A raw wind blew, and the old man must have suffered from the cold to which he exposed himself.

There are few of these savages that understand and appreciate fully the value of a good bed when camping. In fact, many white hunters and mountaineers go on long camping trips with insufficient bedding, simply because they are too lazy to carry enough to keep them comfortable. I would rather get into a good warm, soft bed at night without my supper, than eat a feast and then sleep on the hard ground, without covering enough to keep me warm. After a hard day's work a good bed is absolutely necessary to prepare one for the labor and fatigue of the following day.

“ In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach, a bed may show,
Of human bliss to human woe.”

Any able-bodied man may endure a few nights of cold, comfortless sleep, but it will tell on him sooner or later; while if he sleep comfortably and eat

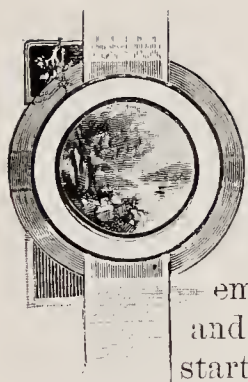
heartily, he may endure an incredible amount of labor and hardship of other kinds. You may tramp all day with your feet wet, and all your clothing wet, if need be, but be sure you crawl into a good, warm, dry bed at night.

Old Pean complained of feeling unwell during the evening, and in the morning when we got up said he was sick. I prepared a good breakfast, but he could not, or at least would not, eat. Then he told me that he had once fallen down a mountain; that his breast-bone had been crushed in by striking on a sharp rock, and that it always hurt him since when doing any hard work. He said the climb up the mountain with the pack was too hard for him and he was played out, that he could go no farther.

Here was another bitter disappointment, as we were yet two miles from the top of the mountain, and in going that distance a perpendicular ascent of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet must be made. I deliberated, therefore, as to whether I should go up the mountain alone and let Pean go back, but decided it would be useless. I could not carry more load than my sleeping-bag, gun, etc., and therefore could bring no game down with me if I killed it, not even a head or skin. Beside, if he went back he would take his canoe, and I would be left with no means of crossing the lake. So the only thing to be done was to pack up and retrace our steps. On our way down we stopped and took the head and skin off of the deer killed the day before, and I carried them to the canoe. Arriving at the lake, we pulled again for Chehalis in a cold, disagreeable rain. I stopped

at the hot springs on my way down, and took my leave of my host, Mr. Brown, who had been so kind to me, and who regretted my ill luck almost as much as I did.





CHAPTER XIII.

ON our return to Chehalis—that town of unsavory odors and salmon-drying, salmon-smoking Siwashes—I at once employed two other Indians, named John and Seymour, and, on the following day we started up Ski-ik-kul Creek, to a lake of the same name, in which it heads ten miles back in the mountains. The Indians claimed that goats, or sheep, as they call them, were plentiful on the cliffs surrounding this lake, and that we could kill plenty of them from a raft while floating up and down along the shores. Seymour claimed to have killed twenty-three in March last, just after the winter snows had gone off, and a party of seven Siwashes from Chehalis had killed ten about two weeks previous to the date of my visit.

Such glowing accounts as these built up my hopes again to such a height as to banish from my mind all recollection of the bitter disappointment in which the former expedition had ended, and, although the rain continued to fall heavily at short intervals, so that the underbrush reeked with dampness and drenching showers fell from every bush we touched, I trudged cheerily along regardless of all discomforts.

The first two miles up the creek, we had a good, open trail, but at the end of this we climbed a steep,

rocky bluff, about 500 feet high, and made the greater portion of the remaining distance at an average of about this height above the stream. There was a blind Indian trail all the way to the lake, but it led over the roughest, most tortuous, outlandish country that ever any fool of a goat hunter attempted to traverse. There are marshes and morasses away up among these mountains, where alders and water beeches, manzanitas, and other shrubs grow so thick that their branches intertwine to nearly their full length. Many of these have fallen down in various directions, and their trunks are as inextricably mixed as their branches, forming altogether a labyrinthine mass, through which it was with the utmost difficulty we could walk at all.

There were numberless little creeks coming down from the mountain into the main stream, and each had in time cut its deep, narrow gulch, or cañon, lined on both sides with rough, shapeless masses of rock, and all these we were obliged to cross. In many cases, they were so close together that only a sharp hog-back lay between them, and we merely climbed out of one gulch 300 or 400 feet deep, to go at once down into another still deeper, and so on. Fire had run through a large tract of this country, killing out all the large timber, and many trees have since rotted away and fallen, while the blackened and barkless trunks of others, with here and there a craggy limb, still stand as mute monuments to the glory of the forest before the dread element laid it waste.

We camped that night at the base of one of these great dead firs around which lay a cord or more

of old dry bark that had fallen from it, and which, with a few dry logs we gathered, furnished fuel for a rousing, all-night fire. Within a few feet of our camp, a clear, ice-cold little rivulet threaded its serpentine way down among rocks and ferns, and made sweet music to lull us to sleep. After supper, I made for myself the usual bed of mountain feathers (cedar boughs), on which to spread my sleeping-bag.

This old companion of so many rough jaunts, over plains and mountains, has become as necessary a part of my outfit for such voyages as my rifle. Whether it journey by day, on the hurricane deck of a mule, in the hatchway of a canoe, on my shoulder blades or those of a Siwash, it always rounds up at night to house me against the bleak wind, the driving snow, or pouring rain. I have learned to prize it so highly that I can appreciate the sentiments of the fallen monarch, Napoleon, on the lonely island of St. Helena, when he wrote:

“The bed has become a place of luxury to me. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.”

These Indians, like Pean, and, in fact, all others who have seen the bag, are greatly interested in it. They had never seen anything like it, and watched with undisguised interest the unfolding and preparing of the article, and when I had crawled into it, and stowed myself snugly away, they looked at each other, grunted and uttered a few of their peculiar guttural sounds, which I imagined would be, if translated:

“Well, I’ll be doggoned if that ain’t about the sleekest trick I ever saw. Eh?”

“ You bet it’s nice to sleep in, but heavy to carry.”

By the way, some of my readers may never have seen one of these valuable camp appendages, and a description of it may interest them. The outer bag is made of heavy, brown, waterproof canvas, six feet long, three feet wide in the centre, tapered to two

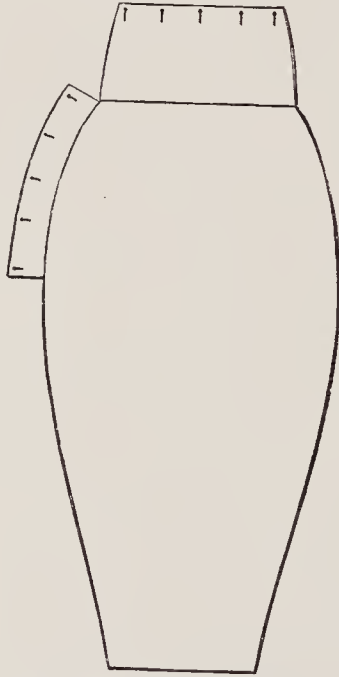


DIAGRAM OF SLEEPING-BAG.

feet at the head and sixteen inches at the foot. Above the head of the bag proper, flaps project a foot farther, with which the occupant’s head may be completely covered, if desired. These are provided with buttons and button-holes, so that they may be buttoned clear across, for stormy or very cold weather. The bag is left open, from the head down one edge, two feet, and a flap is provided to lap over

this opening. Buttons are sewed on the bag, and there are button-holes in the flaps so it may also be buttoned up tightly. Inside of this canvas bag is another of the same size and shape, less the head flaps. This is made of lamb skin with the wool on, and is lined with ordinary sheeting, to keep the wool from coming in direct contact with the person or clothing. One or more pairs of blankets may be folded and inserted in this, as may be necessary, for any temperature in which it is to be used.

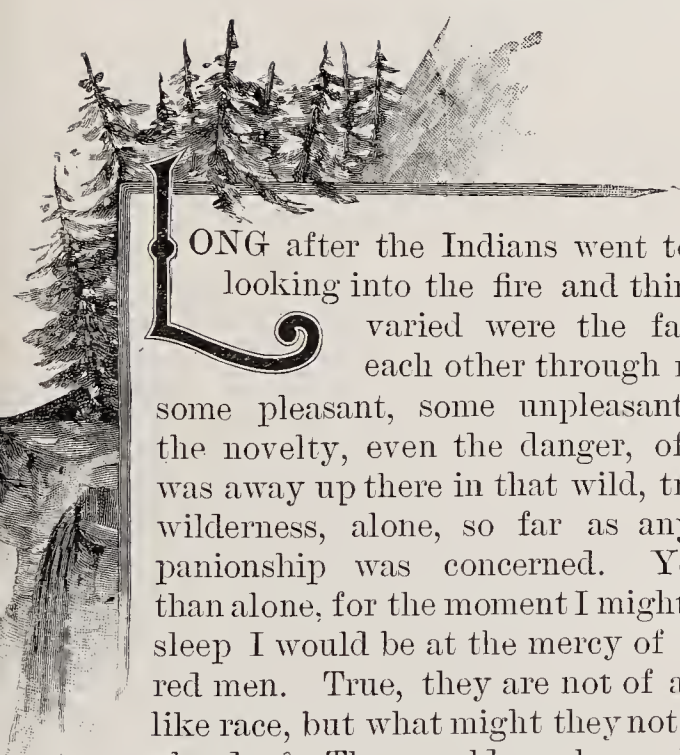
If the weather be warm, so that not all this covering is needed over the sleeper, he may shift it to suit the weather and his taste, crawling in on top of as much of it as he may wish, and the less he has over him the more he will have under him, and the softer will be his bed. Beside being waterproof, the canvas is windproof, and one can button himself up in this house, leaving only an air-hole at the end of his nose, and sleep as soundly, and almost as comfortably in a snowdrift on the prairie as in a tent or house. In short, he may be absolutely at home, and comfortable, wherever night finds him, and no matter what horrid nightmares he may have, he can not roll out of bed or kick off the covers.

Nor will he catch a draft of cold air along the north edge of his spine every time he turns over, as he is liable to do when sleeping in blankets. Nor will his feet crawl out from under the cover and catch chilblains, as they are liable to do in the old-fashioned way. In fact, this sleeping-bag is one of the greatest luxuries I ever took into camp, and if

any brother sportsman who may read this wants one, and can not find an architect in his neighborhood capable of building one, let him communicate with me and I will tell him where mine was made.



CHAPTER XIV.



LONG after the Indians went to sleep I lay there, looking into the fire and thinking. Many and varied were the fancies that chased each other through my restless brain—some pleasant, some unpleasant. I pondered on the novelty, even the danger, of my situation. I was away up there in that wild, trackless, mountain wilderness, alone, so far as any congenial companionship was concerned. Yes, I was worse than alone, for the moment I might close my eyes and sleep I would be at the mercy of these two reckless red men. True, they are not of a courageous, war-like race, but what might they not do for the sake of plunder? They could crush my skull at a blow and conceal my body beyond all possibility of discovery; or they could leave it and, saying I had killed myself by a fall, reveal its resting place to anyone who might care to go in search of me. I had some property with me, especially my rifle, sleeping-bag, and a small sum of money, that I knew they coveted, and I reflected that they might already have concocted some foul scheme for disposing of me and getting possession of my effects.

In their native tongue of strange, weird gutturals, hisses, and aspirations, they had conversed all the evening of—I knew not what. John had rather an honest, frank face, that I thought bespoke a good heart, but Seymour had a dark, repulsive countenance that plainly indicated a treacherous nature. From the first I had made up my mind that he was a thief, if nothing worse. He pretended not to be able to speak or understand English, although I knew he could. John spoke our tongue fairly, and through him all communication with either or both was held. Should they contemplate any violence I would welcome them both to an encounter, if only I could have notice of it a second in advance. Their two old smooth-bore muskets would cut no figure against the deadly stream of fire that my Winchester express could pour forth. But I dreaded the treachery, the stealth, the silent midnight assault that is a characteristic of their race. Yet, on further consideration, I dismissed all such forebodings as purely chimerical. These were civilized Indians, living within the sound of the whistle of a railroad engine, and would hardly be willing to place themselves within the toils of the law, by the commission of such a crime, even if they had the courage or the desire to do it, and I hoped they had neither.

Then my fancies turned to the contemplation of pleasanter themes. I thought of the dear little black-eyed woman, whom I had parted with on board the steamer nearly a week ago. She is homeward-bound and must now be speeding over the Dakota or Minnesota prairies, well on toward St. Paul. Will

she reach home in safety ? God grant it—and that in due time I may be permitted to join her there. Then other familiar images passed and repassed my mental ken. The kind acts of dear friends, the hospitalities shown me by strangers and passing acquaintances in distant lands and in years long ago came trooping through my memory, and a feeling of gratitude for those kindnesses supplanted for the time that of solitude. Gradually and sweetly I sank into a profound slumber and all was stillness and oblivion.

Several hours, perhaps, have passed, and I am thirsty. I get up and start to the little brook for water ; to reach it a log, lying across a deep fissure in the rocks, must be scaled. With no thought of danger I essay the task by the dying fire's uncertain light and that of the twinkling stars. I have not counted on the heavy covering of frost that has been deposited on the log since dark, and stepping out upon the barkless part of the trunk, my moccasins slip, and with a shriek and a wild but unsuccessful grasp at an overhanging limb I fall twenty feet and land on the mass of broken and jagged granite beneath ! The Indians, alarmed by my cries, spring to my relief, carry me to the fire, give me stimulants, bind up my broken arm, and do all in their power to alleviate my sufferings.

They are not the crafty villains and assassins that my fancy had painted. They are kind, sympathetic friends. I realize that my right collar-bone and three ribs on the same side are broken, and when I remember where I am, the deplorableness and utter helplessness of my condition appal me.

The long hours until daylight drag slowly by, and at last, as the sun tips the distant mountain tops with golden light, we start on our perilous and painful journey to the Indian village and to the steamboat landing. The two red men have rigged a litter from poles and blankets, on which they carry me safely to their homes, and thence in a canoe to the landing



EN ROUTE TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

below. How the long, tedious journey thence, by steamer and rail, to my own home is accomplished ; how the weary days and nights of suffering and delirium which I endure *en route* were passed, are subjects too painful to dwell upon. I am finally assisted from the sleeper at my destination. My wife, whom the wire has informed of my misfortune and my coming, is there. She greets me with that fervent love, that intensity of pity and emotion that only a

wife can feel. Her lips move, but her tongue is paralyzed. For the time she can not speak ; the wells of her grief have gone dry ; she can not weep ; she can only act. I am taken to my home, and the suspense, the anxiety, having been lived out, the climax having been reached and passed I swoon away. Again the surgeon appears to be racking me with pain in an effort to set the broken ribs, and seems to be making an incision in my side for that purpose, when I awake.

The stars shone brightly above me, the frost on the leaves sparkled brightly in the fire-light. It took me several minutes to realize that I had been dreaming. I searched for the cause of the acute pain in my side, and found it to be the sharp point of a rock that my cedar boughs had not sufficiently covered and which was trying to get in between two of my ribs. I got up, removed it and slept better through the remainder of the night.



CHAPTER XV.



CHAL-**C**HEHALIS, or Chehalis Creek, as the whites call it, is surely one of the most beautiful streams in the whole Cascade Range. Its size may be stated, approximately, as two feet in depth by fifty feet in width, at or near the mouth, but its course is so crooked, so tortuous, and its bed so broken and uneven that the explorer will seldom find a reach of it sufficiently quiet and undisturbed to afford a measurement of this character. At one point it is choked into a narrow gorge ten feet wide and twice as deep, with a fall of ten feet in a distance of thirty. Through this notch the stream surges and swirls with the wild fury, the fearful power, and the awe-inspiring grandeur of a tornado. At another place it runs more placidly for a few yards, as if to gather strength and courage for a wild leap over a sheer wall of frowning rock into a foaming pool thirty, forty, or fifty feet below. At still another place it seems to carve its way, by the sheer power of madness, through piles and walls of broken and disordered quartz, granite, or basalt, even as Cortes and his handful of Spanish cavaliers hewed their way through the massed legions of Aztecs at Tlascala.

Farther up, or down, it is split into various

channels by great masses of upheaved rock, and these miniature streams, after winding hither and thither through deep, dark, narrow fissures for perhaps one or two hundred yards, reunite to form this headlong mountain torrent. Viewing these scenes, one is forcibly reminded of the poet's words:

"How the giant element,
From rock to rock, leaps with delirious bound."

Series of cascades, a quarter to half a mile long, are met with at frequent intervals, which rival in their beauty and magnificence those of the Columbia or the Upper Yellowstone. Whirlpools occur at the foot of some of these, in which the clear, bright green water boils, sparkles, and effervesces like vast reservoirs of champagne. The moanings and roarings emitted by this matchless stream in its mad career may be heard in places half a mile. At many points its banks rise almost perpendicularly to heights of 300, 400, or 500 feet. You may stand so nearly over the water that you can easily toss a large rock into it, and yet you are far above the tops of the massive firs and cedars that grow at the water's edge. Looking down from these heights you may see in the crystal fluid whole schools of the lordly salmon plowing their way up against the almost resistless fury of the current, leaping through the foam, striking with stunning force against hidden rocks, falling back half dead, and, drifting into some clear pool below, recovering strength to renew the hopeless assault.

The time will come when an easy roadway, and possibly an iron one, will be built up this grand cañon, and thousands of tourists will annually stand

within its walls to gaze upon these magic pictures, absorbed in their grandeur and romantic beauty. Nor does the main stream afford the only objects of beauty and interest here. It is a diamond set in a cluster of diamonds, for many of the little brooks, already mentioned as coming down the mountain on either side, are only less attractive because smaller. Many of them tumble from the tops of rocky walls, and dance down among the branches of evergreen trees, sparkling like ribbons of silver in the rays of the noonday sun.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his excellent work, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," says: "Thirst is largely a matter of habit." So it may be, but I am sadly addicted to the habit, and I found it one from which, on this trip, I was able to extract a great deal of comfort, for we crossed one or more of these little brooks every hour, and I rarely passed one without taking a copious draught of its icy fluid. The days were moderately warm, and the hard labor we performed, walking and climbing, made these frequent opportunities to quench thirst one of the most pleasant features of the journey. I was frequently reminded of Cole's beautiful tribute to the mountain brook:

"Sleeping in crystal wells,
Leaping in shady dells,
Or issuing clear from the womb of the mountain,
Sky-mated, related, earth's holiest daughter;
Not the hot kiss of wine,

Is half so divine as the sip of thy lip, inspiring cold water."

We arrived at our destination, the foot of Ski-ik-kul Lake (and the source of the creek up which we had been traveling), at four o'clock in the afternoon

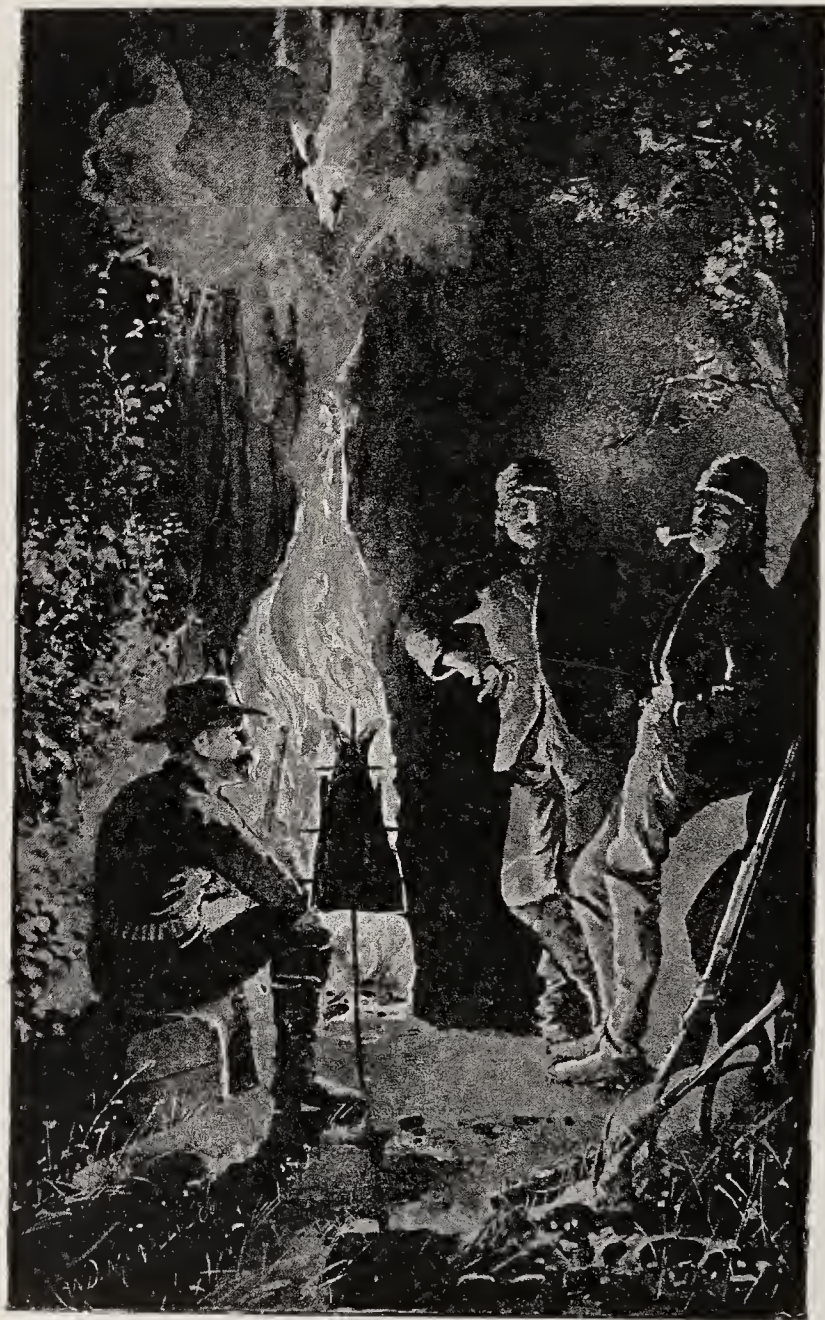
of the second day out. We made camp on the bank of the creek, and John and I engaged in gathering a supply of wood. After we had been thus occupied for ten or fifteen minutes, I noticed that Seymour was nowhere in sight, and asked John where he was.

“He try spear salmon.”

“What will he spear him with?” I said. “Sharp stick?”

“No. He bring spear in him pocket,” said John.

We were standing on the bank of the creek again, and as he spoke there was a crashing in the brush overhead, and an immense salmon, nearly three feet long, landed on the ground between us. Seymour had indeed brought a spear with him in his pocket. It was made of a fence-nail and two pieces of goat horn, with a strong cord about four feet long attached. There was a sort of socket in the upper end of it, and the points of the two pieces of horn were formed into barbs. As soon as Seymour had dropped his pack he had picked up a long, dry, cedar pole, one end of which he had sharpened and inserted between the barbs, fastening the string so that when he should strike a fish the spear point would pull off. With this simple weapon in hand he had walked out on the vast body of driftwood with which the creek is bridged for half a mile below the lake, and peering down between the logs, had found and killed the fish. We made a fire in the hollow of a great cedar that stood at the water's edge. The tree was green, but the fire soon ate a large hole into the central cavity, and, by frequent feeding with dry wood, we had a fire that



SUPPER FOR THREE—*SAUMON RÔTI*.

roared and crackled like a great furnace, all night. It

“Kindled the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sent a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun.”

Seymour cut off the salmon's head, split the body down the back, and took out the spine. Then he spread the fish out and put skewers through it to hold it flat. He next cut a stick about four feet long, split it half its length, tied a cedar with around to keep it from splitting further, and inserting the fish in the aperture, tied another with around the upper end. He now stuck the other end of the stick into the ground in front of the fire, and our supper was under way.

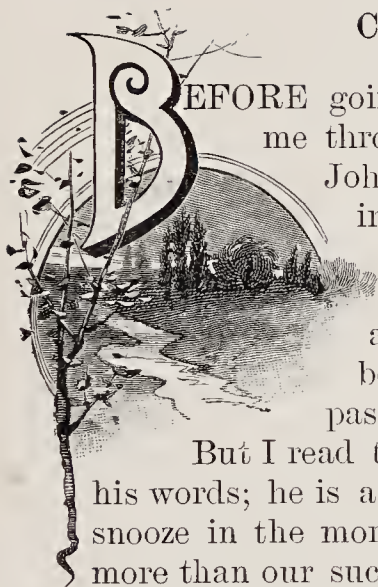
I have often been reduced to the necessity of eating grub cooked by Indians, both squaws and men, and can place my hand on my heart and say truthfully I never hankered after Indian cookery. In fact, I have always eaten it with a mental reservation, and a quiet, perhaps unuttered protest, but I counted the minutes while that fish cooked. I knew Seymour was no more cleanly in his habits than his kin—in fact, he would not have washed his hands before commencing, nor the fish after removing its entrails, had I not watched him and made him do so; but even if he had not I should not have refused to eat, for when a man has been climbing mountains all day he can not afford to be too scrupulous in regard to his food. When the fish was thoroughly roasted on one side the other was turned to the fire, and finally, when done to a turn, it was laid smoking hot on a platter of cedar boughs which I had

prepared, and the savory odors it emitted would have tempted the palate of an epicure. I took out my hunting knife, and making a suggestive gesture toward the smoking fish, asked John if I should cut off a piece; for not withstanding my consuming hunger, my native modesty still remained with me, and I thus hinted for an invitation to help myself.

"Yes," he said. "Cut off how much you can eat."

You can rest assured I cut off a ration that would have frightened a tramp. Good digestion waited on appetite, and health on both. I ate with the hunger born of the day's fatigue and the mountain atmosphere, and the Indians followed suit, or rather led, and in half an hour only the head and spine of that fifteen-pound salmon remained, and they were not yet in an edible condition. Near bedtime, however, they were both spitted before the fire, and in the silent watches of the night, as I awoke and looked out of my downy bed, I saw those two simple-minded children of the forest, sitting there picking the last remaining morsels of flesh from those two pieces of what, in any civilized camp or household, would have been considered offal. But when a Siwash quits eating fish it is generally because there is no more fish to eat. After such a supper, charmed by such weird, novel surroundings, lulled by the music of the rushing waters, and warmed by a glowing camp-fire, I slept that night with naught else to wish for, at peace with all mankind. Even "mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should have stood that night against my fire."

CHAPTER XVI.



BEFORE going to bed, Seymour cautioned me through his interpreter, the faithful John, against getting out too early in the morning. He said the goats did not commence to move around until nine or ten o'clock, and if we started out to hunt before that time we were liable to pass them asleep in their beds.

But I read the hypocrite's meaning between his words; he is a lazy loafer and loves to lie and snooze in the morning. It was his own comfort, more than our success in hunting, that he was concerned about. Goats, as well as all other species of large game, are on foot at daylight, whether they have been out all night or not, and from that time until an hour after sunrise, and again just before dark in the evening, are the most favorable times to hunt. The game is intent on feeding at these times and is not so wary as at other times. I told Seymour we would get up at four o'clock, get breakfast, and be ready to move at daylight. And so we did.

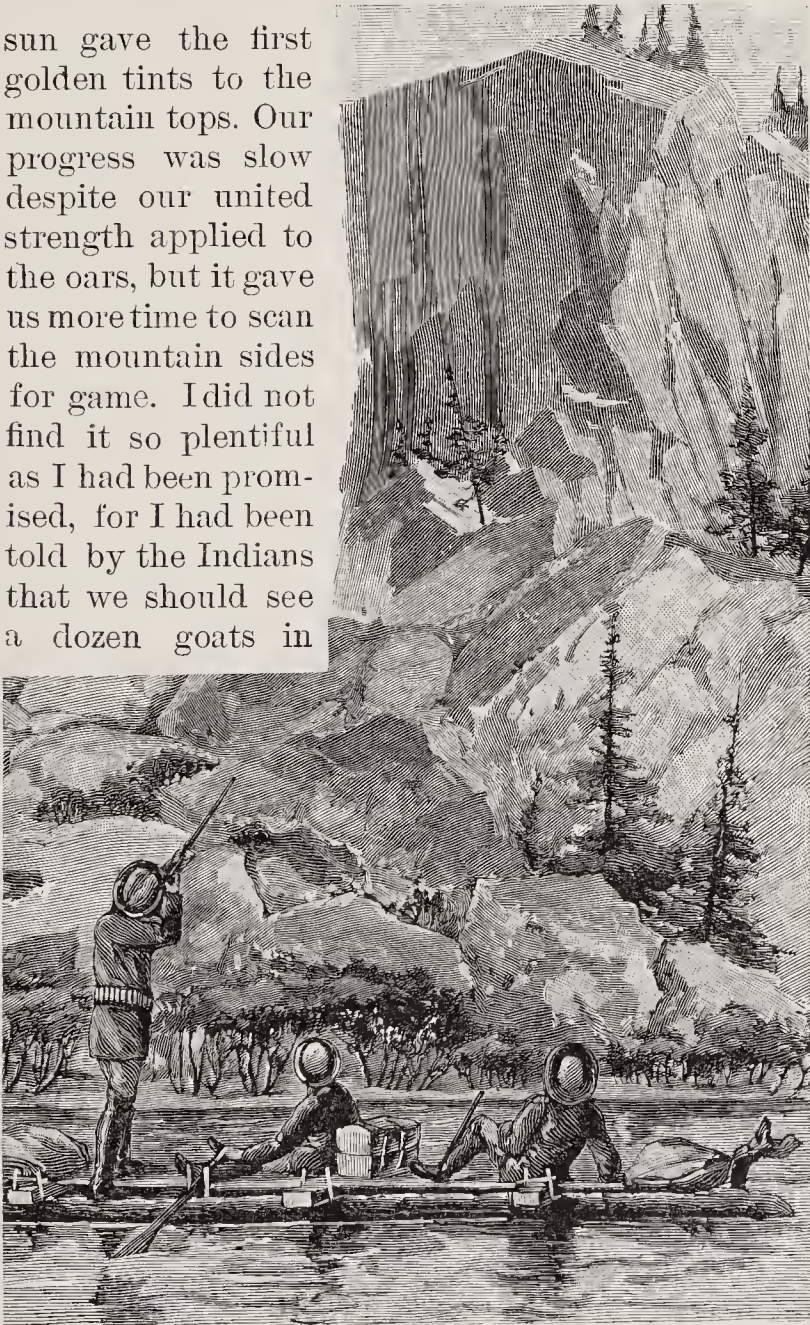
The night had been clear and cold; ice had formed around the margin of the lake, and a hoar frost a quarter of an inch deep covered the ground, the logs, and rocks that were not sheltered by trees. Ski-ik-kul or Willey's Lake, as it is termed by the whites,

is a beautiful little mountain tarn about a quarter of a mile wide and four miles long. It is of glassy transparency, of great depth, and abounds in mountain trout, salmon, and salmon trout. It is walled in by abrupt, rocky-faced mountains that rise many hundreds of feet from the water's edge, and on which a scanty growth of laurel, currant bushes, and moss furnish food for the goats. Stunted cedars, balsams, spruces, and pines also grow from small fissures in the rocks that afford sufficient earth to cover their roots.

The craft on which we were to navigate this lake was an interesting specimen of Indian nautical architecture. It was a raft Seymour had made on a former visit. The stringers were two large, dry, cedar logs, one about sixteen feet long, the other about twenty; these were held together by four poles, or cross-ties, pinned to the logs, and a floor composed of cedar clapboards was laid over all. Pins of hard, dry birch, driven into the logs and tied together at the tops, formed rowlocks, and the craft was provided with four large paddles, or oars, hewed out with an ax. In fact, that was the only tool used in building the raft. The pins had been sharpened to a flat point and driven firmly into sockets made by striking the ax deeply into the log, and instead of ropes, cedar withes were used for lashing. These had been roasted in the fire until tough and flexible, and when thus treated they formed a good substitute for the white sailor's marline or the cow-boy's picket rope.

We boarded this lubberly old hulk and pulled out up the north shore of the lake just as the morning

sun gave the first golden tints to the mountain tops. Our progress was slow despite our united strength applied to the oars, but it gave us more time to scan the mountain sides for game. I did not find it so plentiful as I had been promised, for I had been told by the Indians that we should see a dozen goats in



the first hour, but we had been out more than that length of time before we saw any. Finally, however, after we had gone a mile or more up the lake shore, I saw a large buck goat browsing among the crags about four hundred feet above us. He had not seen us, and dropping the oar I caught up my rifle. The men backed water, and as the raft came to a standstill, I sent a bullet into him. He sprang forward, lost his footing, came bounding and crashing to the foot of the mountain, and stopped, stone dead, in the brush at the water's edge not more than twenty feet from the raft. We pushed ashore and took him on board, when I found, to my disappointment, that both horns had been broken off in the fall, so that his head was worthless for mounting.

We cruised clear around the lake that day and could not find another goat. In the afternoon it clouded up and set in to rain heavily again in the cañon, while snow fell on the mountains a few hundred feet above us. The next morning I went up a narrow cañon to the north, and ascending a high peak hunted until nearly noon, when I found two more goats, a female and her kid (nearly full grown), both of which I killed, and taking the skins and one ham of the kid, I returned to camp. It continued to rain at frequent intervals, which robbed camp life and hunting of much of their charm, so I decided to start for home the following morning. In the afternoon I rigged a hook and line, cut an alder pole, and caught five fine trout, the largest seventeen and a half inches long. Seymour speared three more salmon and roasted one of them, so that we had another feast of fish that night. We also roasted

a leg of goat for use on our way home, and spent the evening cleaning and drying the three skins as best we could by the camp-fire, to lighten their weight as much as possible.

Meanwhile, I questioned John at considerable length regarding the nature of his language, but could get little information, as he seemed unable to convey his ideas on the subject in our tongue. The language of the Skowlitz tribe, to which he and Seymour belong, is a strange medley of gutturals, aspirates, coughs, sneezes, throat scrapings, and a few words. I said:

"Your language don't seem to have as many words as ours."

"No; English too much. Make awful tired learn him."

"Where did you learn it?"

"O, I work in pack train for Hudson Bay one year, and work on boat one year."

"Where did the boat run?"

"She run nort from Victoria," he said.

"Where to, Alaska?"

"O, I dunno."

"How far north?"

"O, I dunno. Take seven day. We go to de mout of de river."

"What river? What was the name of the town?"

"O, I dunno know what you call 'em."

And thus I learned, by continued questioning, that he did not know or remember the English names of the places he had visited, but that they were probably in Alaska. He always appealed to Seymour to reply to any of my questions that he

could not himself answer, and a question or remark that in our tongue had taken a dozen words to express he would repeat in a cough, a throat-clearing sound, and a grunt or two. Seymour's answer would be returned in a half sneeze, a lisp, a suppressed whistle, a slight groan, and an upturning of the eye. Then John would look thoughtful while framing the answer into his pigin English, and it would come back, for instance, something like this:

"Seymo say he tink we ketch plenty sheep up dat big mountain, on de top." Or, "He say he tink maybe we get plenty gronse down de creek. Tomorrow we don't need carry meat," etc. John seemed to regard Seymour as a perfect walking cyclopedia of knowledge, and, in fact, he was well informed on woodcraft, the habits of birds and animals, Indian lore, and other matters pertaining to the country in which he lived, but outside of these limits he knew much less than John.

I was disgusted with his pretended inability to speak or understand English, for on one of my former visits to the village I had heard him speak it, and he did it much better than John could. Beside, Pean had told me that Seymour had attended school at the mission on the Frazer river, and could even read and write, but now that he had an interpreter he considered it smart, just as a great many Indians do, to affect an utter ignorance of our language. I asked him why he did not talk; told him I knew he could talk, and reminded him that I had heard him speak good English; that I knew he had been to school, etc. He simply shook his head and grunted. Then I told him he was a boiled-down

fool to act thus, and that if he really wanted to appear smarter even than his fellows, the best way to do it was to make use of the education he had whenever he could make himself more useful and agreeable by so doing. I saw by the way he changed countenance that he understood every word I said, though he still remained obstinate. On several occasions, however, I suddenly fired some short, sharp question at him when he was not expecting it, and before stopping to think he would answer in good English.



CHAPTER XVII.



FTER making a hearty breakfast on Rocky Mountain kid, salmon, and sea biscuits, we began our return journey down the creek in a drizzling rain. Our burdens were increased by the weight of the three goat skins, and the walking was rendered still more precarious than before by the logs, grass, soil, pine needles, and everything else having become so thoroughly watersoaked. If we had had hard climbing up the steep pitches on our outbound cruise, we had it still harder now. We could not stick in our toe nails as well now as before, and even if we stuck in our heels going down a hill, they would not stay stuck any better than a second-hand postage-stamp. I remembered one hill, or cañon wall, that in the ascent made us a great deal of hard work, and much perturbation of spirit, because it was steep, rocky, and had very few bushes on it that we could use as derricks by which to raise ourselves. I dreaded the descent of this hill, now that the rocks were wet, but we made it safely. Not so, however, the next one we attempted; it was not so rocky as the other, and had a goodly bed of blue clay, with a shallow covering of vegetable mold for

a surface, with a little grass and a few weeds. It was very steep, I think about what an architect would call a three-quarter pitch, but we essayed it boldly and fearlessly. Seymour was in the lead, his faithful partisan, John, followed, and I constituted the tail end of the procession. We had just got well over the brow, when the end of a dry hemlock stick caught in the mansard roof of my left foot; the other end was fast in the ground, and, though I tried to free myself, both ends stuck; the stick played a lone hand, but it raised me clear out in spite of my struggles. I uttered a mournful groan as I saw myself going, but was as helpless as a tenderfoot on a bucking cayuse. My foot was lifted till my heel punched the small of my back, and my other foot slid out from under me; I spread out like a step ladder, and clawed the air for succor, but there was not a bush or branch within reach. I think I went ten feet before I touched the earth again, and then I landed head first among John's legs. He sat down on the back of my neck like a trip-hammer, and we both assaulted Seymour in the rear with such violence as to knock him clear out. For a few seconds we were the worst mixed up community that ever lived, I reckon. Arms, legs, guns, hats, packs, and human forms were mingled in one writhing, squirming, surging mass, and groans, shouts, and imprecations, in English, Chinook, and Scowlitz, rent the air. Every hand was grabbing for something to stop its owner, but there were no friendly stoppers within reach; if one caught a weed, or a stunted juniper, it faded away from his herculean grasp like dry grass before a prairie fire. I seemed to have the



TRYING TO GET UP.
(134)

highest initial velocity of any member of the expedition, and, though in the rear at the start, I was a full length ahead at the finish. We finally all brought up in a confused mass at the foot of the hill, and it took some time for each man to extricate himself from the pile, and reclaim his property from the wreck. Strange as it may seem, however, but little damage was done. There was a skinned nose, a bruised knee or two, a sprained wrist, and everybody was painted with mud. All were, however, able to travel, and after that, when going down steep hills, the Siwashes kept looking back to see if I were coming.

We performed several dangerous feats that day and the next, walking along smooth, barkless logs, that lay across some of the deep gorges; in places we were thirty feet or more above the ground, or rather rocks, where a slip would have resulted in instant death. My hair frequently stood on end, what little I have left, but John and Seymour always went safely across and I could not afford to be outdone in courage by these miserable, fish-eating Siwashes, so I followed wherever they led. We read that the wicked stand on slippery places, but I can see these wicked people, and go them about ten better, for I have stood, and even walked, on many of these wet logs, and they are about the all-fireddest slipperiest things extant, and yet I have not fallen off. I fell only that once, when I got my foot in the trap, and that would have downed a wooden man. Just before going into camp that night, John shot a grouse, but we were all too tired and hungry to cook it then, and made our meal on cold kid, fish, and biscuits.



TRYING TO GET DOWN.

After supper, however, John dressed the bird and laid it aside for breakfast, saying we would each have a piece of it then. The rain ceased falling at dark, and the stars came out, which greatly revived our drooping spirits. We gathered large quantities of dry wood and bark, so we were able to keep a good fire all night. I drew from a half-rotten log, a flat, slab-like piece of pine, which at first I failed to recognize. John saw it and said:

“Good. Dat’s beech.”

“Beech,” I said. “Why, there’s no beech in this country.”

“No, beech wood, make good fire, good kindle, good what you call him? Good torch.”

“Oh,” I said, “pitch pine, eh?”

“Yas beech pine.” And this was as near as he could get to pitch.

About two o’clock in the morning, it commenced to rain heavily again, and the poor Indians were soon in a pitable condition, with their blankets and clothing wet through. They sat up the remainder of the night, feeding the fire to keep it alive and themselves warm, for they had neither canvas or rubber coats, or any other kind of waterproof clothing. They put up some of the longer pieces of the bark we had gathered for fuel, and made a passable shelter, but it was so small, and leaked so badly, that it was far from comfortable. I pitied the poor fellows, but had nothing I could give or even share with them for shelter. I got up at five o’clock, and we commenced preparations for breakfast. I told John he had better cook the grouse, but he shook his head, and said sadly:

"Seymo, he spile de grouse."

"How did he do that?" I inquired.

"He say put him on stick by fire to cook in de night. Then he go to sleep and stick burn off. Grouse fall in de fire and burn."

"That's too thin," I said. "Seymour cooked that grouse and ate it while you and I were asleep."

Seymour glared at me, but had not the courage to resent or deny the charge. An Indian does not let sleep interfere with his appetite; he eats whatever there is first, and then sleeps. I divided the last of the bacon and biscuits equally between us, and with a remnant of cold broiled salmon, we eked out a scant breakfast on which to begin a day's work. John was clawing some white greasy substance from a tin can with his fingers, and spreading it on his biscuits with the same tools. He passed the can to me, and said:

"Have butta?"

"No, thanks," I answered; "I seldom eat butter in camp."

"I like him all time," he replied; "I never git widout butta for brade at home." This by way of informing me that he knew what good living was, and practiced it at home. It rained heavily all day, and our tramp through the jungle was most dreary and disagreeable.

"The day was dark, and cold, and dreary;
It rained, and the wind was never weary."

About three o'clock in the afternoon; we sat down to rest on the bank of the creek. We had been there but a few minutes, when a good sized black bear came shambling along up the bank of the creek,

looking for salmon. The Indians saw him when a hundred yards or more away, and flattened themselves out on the ground to await his nearer approach. I raised my rifle to my shoulder, but they

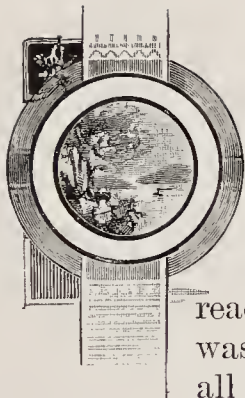


EN FAMILLE

both motioned me to wait, that he was yet too far away. I disregarded their injunction, however, and promptly landed an express bullet in the bear's breast. He reared, uttered a smothered groan, turned, made one jump, and fell dead. Now arose the question of saving his skin; it was late, and we were yet three miles from the Indian village; to skin

the bear then meant to camp there for the night, and as the rain still came down in a steady, heavy sheet, I at once decided that I would not stay out there another night for the best bear skin in the country. Seymour and John held a short consultation, and then John said they would come back and get the skin next day, and take it in lieu of the money I owed them for their services. We struck a bargain in about a minute, and hurried on, arriving at the village just as it grew dark. My rubber coat and high rubber boots had kept me comparatively dry, but the poor Indians were wet to the skin.





CHAPTER XVIII.

ON arriving at Chehalis John kindly invited me to stop over night with him, but I declined with thanks. I went into his house, however, to wait while he got ready to take me down to Barker's. It was the same type of home that nearly all these Indians have — a large clap-board building about eight feet high, with smoked salmon hung everywhere and a fire in the centre of the room, which, by the way, was more of a smoke than fire, curing the winter provender. A pile of wood lay in one corner of the room, some empty barrels in another, fish-nets were hung in still another, and the family lived, principally, in the fourth. John lives with his father-in-law, mother-in-law, two brothers-in-law, one sister-in-law, his wife and three papooses. Blankets, pots, tinware and grub of various kinds were piled up promiscuously in this living corner, and the little undressed kids hovered and shivered around the dull fire, suffering from the cold. We were soon in the canoe again, *en route* to the steamboat landing, where we arrived soon after dark. I regretted to part with John, for I had found him a good, faithful servant and staunch friend. I was glad to get rid of Seymour, however, for I had learned that he was a contemptible sneak, and told him so in as many words.

En route home I had about two hours to wait at Port Moody for the boat. There were great numbers of grebes and ducks in the bay, and I asked the dock foreman if there was any rule against shooting there. He said he guessed not; he had never seen anyone shooting there, but he guessed there wouldn't be any objection. I got out my rifle and two boxes of cartridges and opened on the birds. The ducks left at once, but the grebes sought safety in diving, and as soon as the fusillade began a number of gulls came hovering around, apparently to learn the cause of the racket. I had fine sport between the two, and a large audience to enjoy it with me. In ten minutes from the time I commenced shooting all the clerks in the dock office, all the freight hustlers in the warehouse, all the railroad section men, the ticket-agent and baggage-master, numbering at least twenty men in the aggregate, were clustered around me, and their comments on my rifle and shooting were extremely amusing. Not a man in the party had ever before seen a Winchester express, and the racket it made, the way in which the balls plowed up the water, and the way the birds, when hit, vanished into thin air and a few feathers, were mysteries far beyond their power to solve. At the first lull in the firing half a dozen of them rushed up and wanted to examine the rifle, the fancy finish and combination sights of which were as profoundly strange to them as to the benighted Indians. They soon handed it back to me, however, with the request to resume hostilities against the birds; they preferred to see the old thing work rather than to handle it. The gulls were soaring in close, and six shots,

rapidly delivered, dropped three of them into the water, mutilated beyond recognition. This was the climax; the idea of killing birds on the wing, with a rifle, was something these men had never before heard of, and two or three examined my cartridges to see if they were not loaded with shot, instead of bullets. When they found this suspicion was groundless they were beside themselves with wonder and admiration of the strange arm. As a matter of fact, it required no particular skill to kill the gulls on the wing, for they were the large gray variety, and frequently came within twenty or thirty feet of me, so that anyone who could kill them with a shotgun could do so with a rifle.

Finally the steamer came in and I went aboard. The train arrived soon after and several of its passengers boarded the boat. The gulls were now hovering about the steamer, picking up whatever particles of food were thrown overboard from the cook-room. One old Irishman, who had come in on the train from the interior wilds, walked out on the quarter deck and looking at them intently for a few minutes, turned to me and inquired :

“Phwat kind of burds is thim—geese?”

“Yes,” I said, “thim’s geese, I reckon.”

“Well, be gorry, if I had a gun here I’d shoot some o’thim” ; and he went and told his companions “there was a flock of the tamest wild geese out thare-ye iver sawed.”

The return journey to Portland was without incident. There I boarded the steamer and spent another delightful day on the broad bosom of the Columbia river, winding up among the grand basaltic



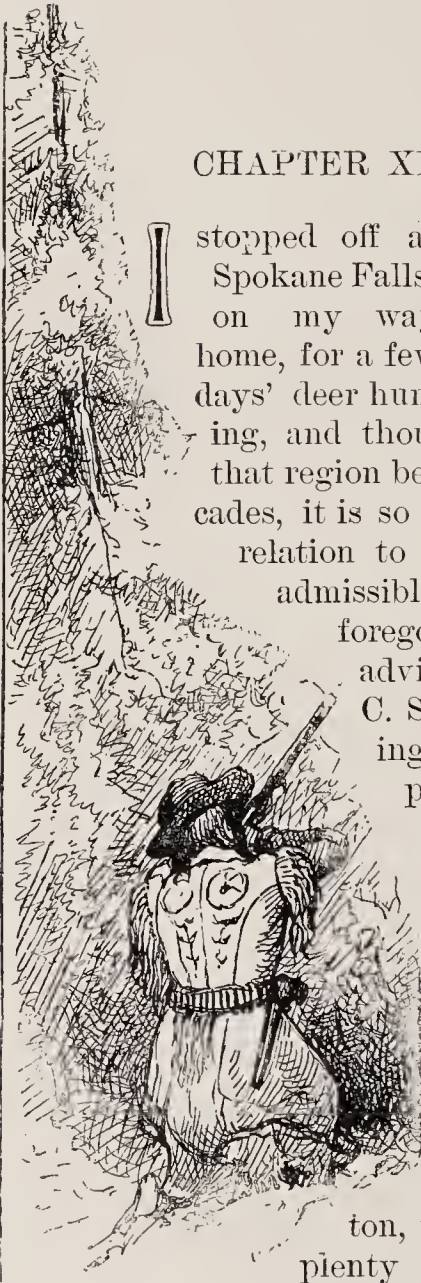
A SNAP SHOT WITH A DETECTIVE CAMERA.

cliffs and towering mountain peaks of the Cascade Range. Again the little camera came into requisition, and though the day was cloudy and blustering, though snow fell at frequent intervals, and though the steamer trembled like a reed shaken by the wind, I made a dozen or more exposures on the most interesting and beautiful subjects as we passed them, and to my surprise many came out good pictures. Most of them lack detail in the deeper shadows, but the results altogether show that had the day been clear and bright all would have been perfect. In short, it is possible with this dry-plate process to make good pictures from a moving steamboat, or even from a railway train going at a high rate of speed. I made three pictures from a Northern Pacific train, coming through the Bad Lands, when running twenty-five miles an hour, and though slightly blurred in the near foreground, the buttes and bluffs, a hundred yards and further away, are as sharp as if I had been standing on the ground and the camera on a tripod; and a snap shot at a prairie-dog town—just as the train slowed on a heavy grade—shows several of the little rodents in various poses, some of them apparently trying to look pretty while having their “pictures took.”

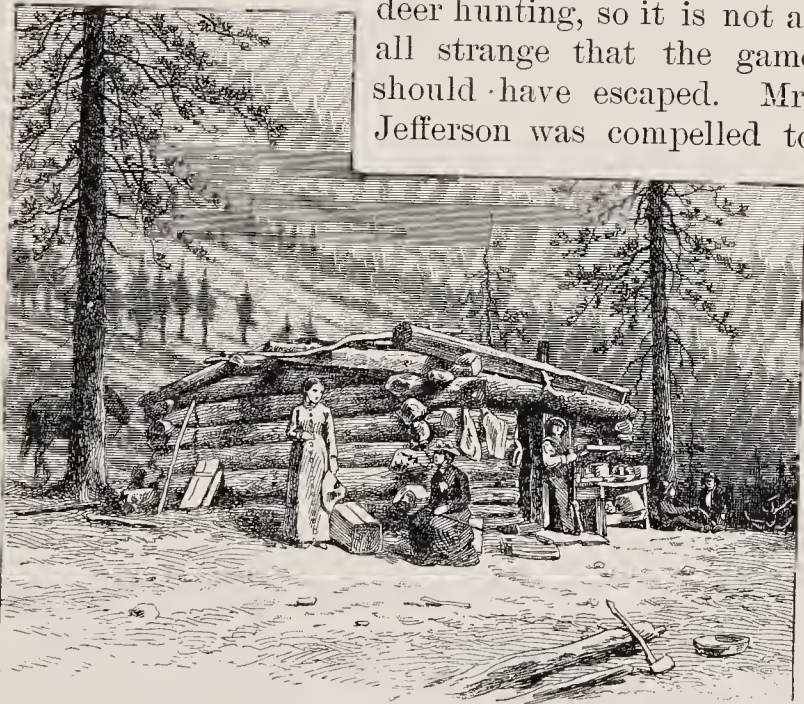


CHAPTER XIX.

I stopped off at Spokane Falls, on my way home, for a few days' deer hunting, and though that region be not exactly in the Cascades, it is so near that a few points in relation to the sport there may be admissible in connection with the foregoing narrative. I had advised my good friend, Dr. C. S. Penfield, of my coming, and he had kindly planned for me a hunting trip. On the morning after my arrival his brother-in-law, Mr. T. E. Jefferson, took me up behind a pair of good roadsters and drove to Johnston's ranch, eighteen miles from the falls, and near the foot of Mount Carleton, where we hoped to find plenty of deer. We hunted



there two days, and though we found signs reasonably plentiful and saw three or four deer we were unable to kill any. Mr. Jefferson burned some powder after a buck and a doe the first morning after our arrival, but it was his first experience in deer hunting, so it is not at all strange that the game should have escaped. Mr. Jefferson was compelled to



THE STAGE RANCH.

return home at that time on account of a business engagement, but Mr. Johnston, with characteristic Western hospitality and kindness, said I must not leave without a shot, and so hooked up his team and drove me twenty-five miles farther into the mountains, to a place where he said we would surely find plenty of game. On the way in we picked up old Billy Cowgill, a famous deer hunter in this region, and took him along as guide.

We stopped at Brooks' stage ranch, on the Colville road to rest the team, and the proprietor gave us an amusing account of some experiments he had been making in shooting buckshot from a muzzle-loading shotgun. He had made some little bags of buckskin, just large enough to hold twelve No. 2 buckshot, and after filling them had sewed up the ends. He shot a few of them at a tree sixty yards away, but they failed to spread and all went into one hole. Then he tried leaving the front end of the bag open, and still they acted as a solid ball; so he had to abandon the scheme, and loaded the charge loose, as of old. He concluded, however, not to fire this last load at the target, and hung the gun up in its usual place. A few days later he heard the dog barking in the woods a short distance from the house, and supposed it had treed a porcupine. Mr. Brooks' brother, who was visiting at the time, took the gun and went out to kill the game, whatever it might be. On reaching the place, he found a ruffed grouse sitting in a tree, at which he fired. The ranchman said he heard the report, and his brother soon came back, carrying a badly-mutilated bird; he threw it into the kitchen, and put the gun away; then he sat down, looked thoughtful, and kept silent for a long time. Finally he blurted out:

"Say, Tom; that gun got away from me."

"How was that?" queried the ranchman.

"I don't know; but I shot pretty near straight up at the grouse, and somehow the gun slipped off my shoulder and done this." And opening his coat he showed his vest, one side of which was split from top to bottom; he then took out a handful of his

watch and held it up—one case was torn off, the crystal smashed, the dial caved in, and the running gear all mixed up. The ranchman said he guessed he had put one of the buckskin bags of shot into that barrel, and forgetting that fact, had added the loose charge. He said he reckoned twenty-four No. 2 buckshot made too heavy a load for an eight-pound gun.

We reached “Peavine Jimmy’s” mining cabin, which was to be our camp, at three o’clock in the afternoon, and busied ourselves till dark in the usual duties of cooking, eating, and gathering wood. Old Billy proved a very interesting character; he is a simple, quiet, honest, unpretentious old man, and unlike most backwoodsmen, a veritable coward. He has the rare good sense, however, to admit it frankly, and thus disarms criticism. In fact, his frequent admission of this weakness is amusing. He says that for fear of getting lost he does not like to go off a trail when hunting, unless there is snow on the ground, so that he can track himself back into camp. He rides an old buckskin pony that is as modest and gentle as its master. Billy says he often gets lost when he does venture away from the trail, but in such cases he just gives old Buck the rein, hits him a slap, and tells him to go to camp and he soon gets there. He told us a bear story that night, worthy of repetition. Something was said that reminded him of it, and he mentioned it, but added, modestly, that he didn’t know as we cared for any bear stories. But we said we were very fond of them, and urged the recital.

“Well, then,” he said, “if you will wait a minute,

I'll take a drink of water first and then I'll tell it to you," and he laughed a kind of boyish titter, and began:

"Well, me and three other fellers was up north in the Colville country, huntin', and all the other fellows was crazy to kill a bear. I didn't want to kill no bear, and didn't expect to. I'm as 'feard as death of a bear, and hain't no use for 'em. All I wanted to kill was a deer. The other fellers, they wanted to kill some deer, too, but they wanted bear the worst. So one mornin' we all started out, and the other fellers they took the best huntin' ground, and said I'd better go down along the creek and see if I couldn't kill some gronse, for they didn't believe I could kill anything bigger'n that; and I said, all right, and started off down the creek. Purty soon I come to an old mill that wasn't runnin' then. And when I got purty near to the mill I set down on a log, for I didn't think it was worth while to go any further, for I didn't think I would find any game down the creek, and I didn't care much whether I did or not. Well, I heard a kind of a racket in the mill, and durned if there wasn't a big black bear right in the mill. And I watched him a little bit, and he started out towards me. And I said to myself, says I, 'Now Billy, here's your chance to kill a bear.'

"I hadn't never killed no bear before, nor never seed one before, and durned if I wasn't skeered nearly to death. But I thought there wasn't no use of runnin', for I knowed he could run faster'n I could, so I took out my knife and commenced cuttin' down the brush in front of me, for I wanted to

make a shure shot if I did shoot, if I could. And the bear, he come out of the mill and rared up, and put his paws on a log and looked at me, and I said to myself, says I, 'Now Billy, this is your time to shoot'; but I wasn't ready to shoot yit. They was one more bush I wanted to cut out of the way before I shot, so I cut it off and laid down my knife, and then I took up my gun and tried to take aim at his breast, but doggoned if I didn't shake so I couldn't see the sights at all. And I thought one time I wouldn't shoot, and then I knowed the other fellers would laugh at me if I told 'em I seed a bear and didn't shoot at him, and besides I was afraid some of 'em was up on the hillside lookin' at me then. So I just said to myself, says I, 'Now Billy, you're goin' to get eat up if you don't kill him, but you might as well be eat up as to be laughed at.' So I jist took the best aim I could for shakin', an' shet both eyes an' pulled.

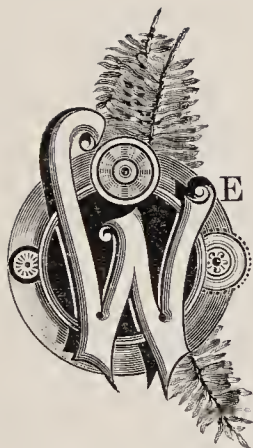
"Well, I think the bear must a begin to git down jist as I pulled, for I tore his lower jaw off and shot a big hole through one side of his neck. He howled and roared and rolled around there awhile and then he got still. I got round where I could see him, after he quit kickin', but I was afeared to go up to him, so I shot two more bullets through his head to make sure of him. And then I set down and waited a long while to see if he moved any more; for I was afeard he mightn't be dead yit, and might be playin' possum, jist to get ahold of me. But he didn't move no more, so I went up to him with my gun cocked and pointed at his head, so if he did move I could give him another one right quick. An' then I punched him a little with

my gun, but he didn't stir. An' when I found he was real dead I took my knife and cut off one of his claws, an' then I went back to camp, the biggest feelin' old cuss you ever seed.

"Well, arter while the other fellers they all come in, lookin' mighty blue, for they hadn't any of 'em killed a thing, an' when I told 'em I'd killed a bear, they wouldn't believe it till I showed 'em the claw. An' then they wouldn't believe it, neither, for they thought I'd bought the claw of some Injin. And they wouldn't believe it at all till they went out with me and seed the bear and helped skin 'im, and cut 'im up, and pack 'im into camp. An' they was the doggondest, disappointedest lot of fellers you ever seed, for we hunted five days longer, an' nary one of 'em got to kill a bear nor even see one. They thought I was the poorest hunter and the biggest coward in the lot, but I was the only one that killed a bear that clip."



CHAPTER XX.



WE were out at daylight the next morning and hunted all day with fair success. Johnston and Billy jumped a bunch of five mule-deer, a buck, two does, and two fawns. Johnston fired fourteen shots at them before they got out of the country, and killed the two does. In speaking of it afterward Billy said he was just taking a good aim at the old buck's eye when Johnston's gun cracked the first time, and of course the buck ran, so he did not get a shot.

"But why didn't you shoot at him running?" I inquired.

"Because I can't hit a jumpin' deer," he replied, frankly, "and I hate like thunder to miss."

I spent the day about a mile from camp on top of Blue Grouse Mountain, a prominent landmark of the country. A heavy fog hung about the mountain and over the surrounding country until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when it lifted and disclosed a view of surpassing loveliness. Away to the west and southwest there was a level tract of swampy, heavily timbered country about thirty miles long and ten miles wide. I looked down on the tops of the trees composing this vast forest, and they appeared at this distance not unlike a vast field of half-grown green grain. Beyond this tract to the



ONE OF JOHNSTON'S PRIZES.
(154)

west a chain of hills wound in serpentine curves from north to south, their parks and bits of prairie gleaming in the sun like well-made farms. To the north lay Loon Lake nestling among the pine-clad hills, its placid bosom sparkling in the setting sun like a sheet of silver. Farther to the north and northeast were two other lakes of equal size and beauty, while far distant in the east were several large bodies of prairie separated by strips of pine and fir. I longed for my camera, but on account of the unfavorable outlook of the morning, I had not brought the instrument.

The following morning promised no better, for the fog hung like a pall over the whole country; but I took the little detective with me, hoping the mist would lift as before; in this, however, I was disappointed. I staid on the mountain from early morning till half-past three, and there being then no prospect of a change went down. Just as I reached the base I saw a rift in the clouds, and supposing the long-wished change in the weather was about to take place, I turned and began the weary climb, but again the fog settled down, and I was at last compelled to return to camp without the coveted views. I made several exposures during the day on crooked, deformed, wind-twisted trees on the top of the mountain, which, strange to say, came out good. The fog was so dense at the time that one could not see fifty yards. I used a small stop and gave each plate from five to twenty seconds, and found, when developed, that none of them were over exposed, while those given the shorter time were under exposed. That day's hunting resulted in three more

deer, and as we then had all the meat our team could take out up the steep hills near camp, we decided to start for home the next morning. While seated around our blazing log fire in the old cabin that night,

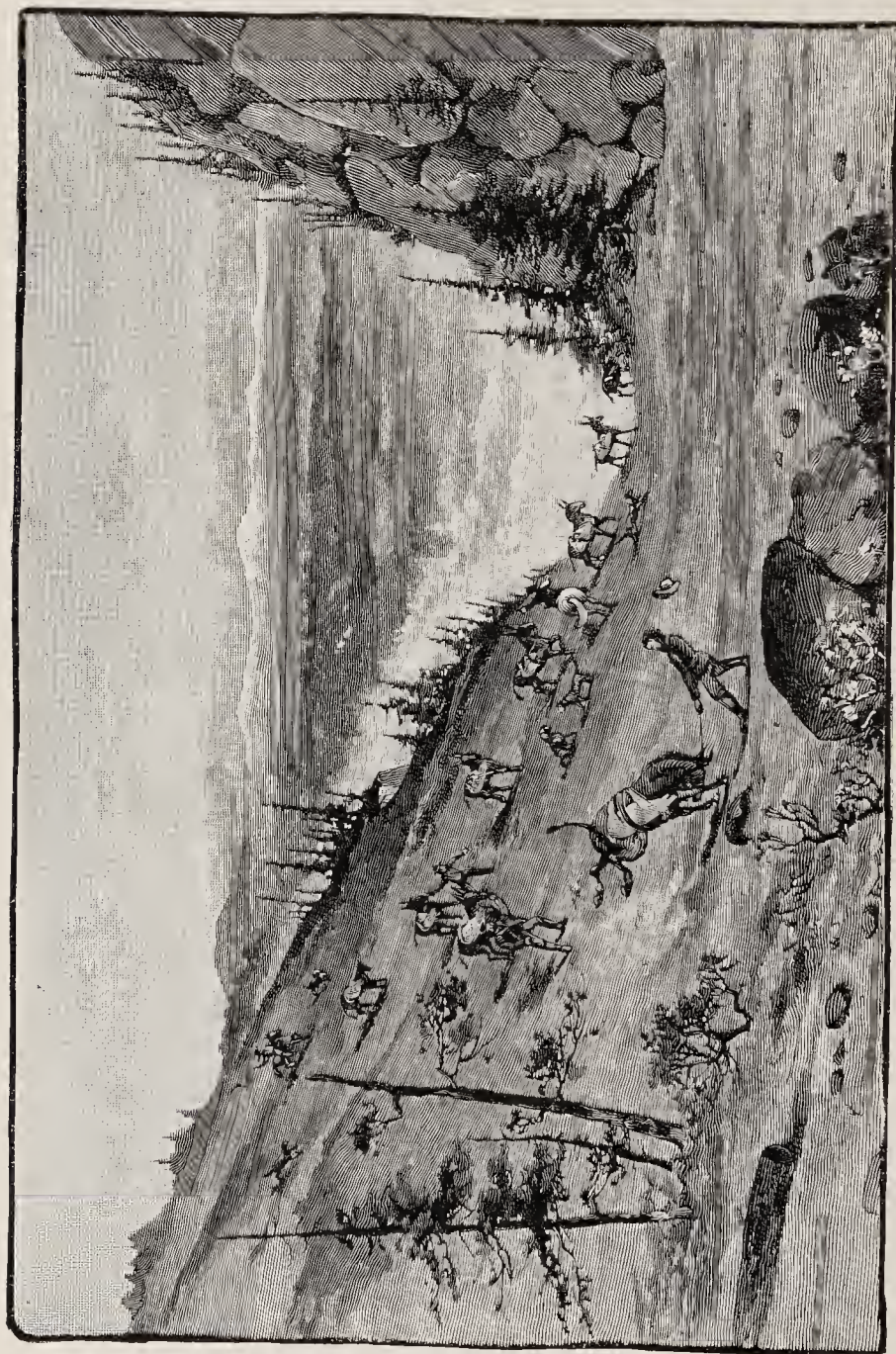


ARE YOU LOOKING FOR US?

Mr. Johnston entertained us with some interesting reminiscences of his extensive experience in the West. He has been a "broncho buster," a stock ranchman, and a cow-boy by turns, and a recital of his varied experiences in these several lines would fill a big book. Among others, he told us that he once lived

in a portion of California where the ranchmen raised a great many hogs, but allowed them to range at will in the hills and mountains from the time they were littered until old enough and large enough for market; that in this time they became as wild as deer and as savage as peccaries, so that the only way they could ever be reclaimed and marketed was to catch them with large, powerful dogs, trained to the work. Their feet were then securely tied with strong thongs, and they were muzzled and packed into market or to the ranches, as their owners desired, on horses or mules.

Johnston had a pair of these dogs, and used to assist his neighbors in rounding up their wild hogs. In one case, he and several other men went with an old German ranchman away up into the mountains to bring out a drove of these pine-skinners, many of whom had scarcely seen a human being since they were pigs, and at sight of the party the hogs stampeded of course, and ran like so many deer. The dogs were turned loose, took up a trail, and soon had a vicious critter by the ears, when the packers came up, muzzled and tied it securely. The dogs were then turned loose again, and another hog was rounded up in the same way. These two were hung onto a pack-animal with their backs down, their feet lashed together over the pack-saddle, and their long, sharp snouts pointing toward the horse's head. They were duly cinched, and the horse turned loose to join the train. This operation was repeated until the whole herd was corralled and swung into place on the horses, and the squealing, groaning, and snorting of the terrified brutes was almost deafening. One pair of hogs



A BUCKING MULE.

were loaded on a little mule which had never been accustomed to this work, and, as the men were all engaged in handling the other animals, the old ranchman said he would lead this mule down the mountain himself. Johnston and his partner cinched the hogs on in good shape, while the Dutchman hung to the mule.

As they were giving the ropes the final pull, Johnston gave his chum a wink, and they both slipped out their knives, cut the muzzles off the porkers when the old man was looking the other way, and told him to go ahead. He started down the trail towing the little mule, which did not relish its load in the least, by the halter. The hogs were struggling to free themselves, and, as the thongs began to cut into their legs, they got mad and began to bite the mule.

Then there was trouble; stiff-legged bucking set in, and mule and hogs were churned up and down, and changed ends so rapidly that for a few minutes it was hard to tell which of the three animals was on the outside, the inside, the topside, or the bottom-side. The poor little mule was frantic with rage and fright, and what a mule can not and will not do under such circumstances, to get rid of a load can not be done by any four-footed beast. He pawed the air, kicked, and brayed, jumped backward, forward, and sidewise, and twisted himself into every imaginable shape. The old Dutchman was as badly stampeded as the mule; he shouted, yanked, and swore in Dutch, English, and Spanish; he yelled to the men above to come and help him, but they were so convulsed and doubled up with laughter that they could not have helped him if they would.

Finally, the mule got away from the old man and went tearing down into the cañon; he overtook and passed the balance of the pack-train, stampeded them almost beyond control of the packers, and knocked the poor hogs against trees and brush until they were almost dead. He ran nearly six miles, and being unable to get rid of his pack, fell exhausted and lay there until the men came up and took charge of him. The old man accused Johnston of cutting the muzzles



THE BUCKER AND THE BUSTER

off the hogs, but he and his partner both denied it, said they certainly must have slipped off, and they finally convinced him that that was the way the trouble came about.

This, with sundry other recitals of an equally interesting nature, caused the evening to pass pleasantly, and at a late hour we turned into our bunks. We were up and moving long before daylight the next morning, and as soon as we could see the trail

hooked up the team and attempted to go, but, alas for our hopes of an early start, one of the horses refused to pull at the very outset—in short, he balked and no mule ever balked worse. Johnston plied the buckskin until the horse refused to stand it any longer and began to rear and to throw himself on the tongue, back in the harness, etc. Johnston got off the wagon, went to the animal's head and tried to lead it, but the brute would not be led any more than it would be driven, and commenced rearing and striking at its master as if trying to kill him. This aroused the ire of the ranchman and he picked up a piece of a board, about four inches wide and three feet long, and fanned the vicious critter right vigorously. I took a hand in the game, at Johnston's request, and warmed the cayuse's latter half to the best of my ability with a green hemlock gad. He bucked and backed, reared and ranted, pawed, pitched, plunged and pranced, charged, cavorted and kicked, until it seemed that he would surely make shreds of the harness and kindling wood of the wagon ; but the whole outfit staid with him, including Johnston and myself.

We wore out his powers of endurance if not his hide, and he finally got down to business, took the load up the hill and home to the ranch, without manifesting any further inclination to strike. We reached the ranch about nine o'clock at night, and the next day Johnston drove me into Spokane Falls, where, in due time, I caught the train for home.

Spokane Falls is a growing, pushing town, and the falls of the Spokane river, from which the town takes its name, afford one of the most beautiful and




VIEW IN THE SPOKANE VALLEY.

interesting sights on the line of the Northern Pacific road. There are over a dozen distinct falls within a half a mile, one of which is over sixty feet in perpendicular height. Several of these falls are split into various channels by small islands or pillars of basaltic rock. At one place, where two of these channels unite in a common plunge into a small pool, the water is thrown up in a beautiful, shell-like cone of white foam, to a height of nearly six feet. It is estimated by competent engineers that the river at this point furnishes a water-power equal in the aggregate to that of the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls. Every passenger over this route should certainly stop off and spend a few hours viewing the falls of the Spokane river.



CHAPTER XXI.

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE bear, like man, inhabits almost every latitude and every land, and has even been translated to the starry heavens, where the constellations of the Great Dipper and the Little Dipper are known to us as well as to the ancients as *Ursi Major* and *Minor*. But North America furnishes the largest and most aggressive species in the grizzly (*Ursus horribilis*), the black (*Ursus americanus*), and the polar (*Ursus maritimus*) bears, and here the hunter finds his most daring sport. Of all the known plantigrades (flat-footed beasts) the grizzly is the most savage and the most dreaded, and he is the largest of all, saving the presence of his cousin the polar bear, for which, nevertheless, he is more than a match in strength and courage. Some specimens measure seven feet from tip of nose to root of tail. The distinctive marks of the species are its great size; the shortness of the tail as compared with the ears; the huge flat paws, the sole of the hind foot sometimes measuring seven and a half by five inches in a large male; the length of the hind legs as compared with the fore legs, which gives the beast his awkward, shambling gait; the long claws of the fore foot, sometimes seven inches in length, while those of the hind foot

measure only three or four; the erect, bristling mane of stiff hair, often six inches long; the coarse hair of the body, sometimes three inches long, dark at the base, but with light tips. He has a dark stripe along the back, and one along each side, the hair on his body being, as a rule, a brownish-yellow, the region around the ears dusky, the legs nearly black, and the muzzle pale. Color, however, is not a distinctive mark, for female grizzlies have been killed in company with two cubs, one of which was brown, the other gray, or one dark, the other light; and the supposed species of "cinnamon" and "brown" bears are merely color variations of *Ursus horribilis* himself.

This ubiquitous gentleman has a wide range for his habitat. He has been found on the Missouri river from Fort Pierre northward, and thence west to his favorite haunts in the Rockies; on the Pacific slope clear down to the coast; as far south as Mexico, and as far north as the Great Slave Lake in British America. He not only ranges everywhere, but eats everything. His majesty is a good liver. He is not properly a beast of prey, for he has neither the cat-like instincts, nor the noiseless tread of the *felidæ*, nor is he fleet and long-winded like the wolf, although good at a short run, as an unlucky hunter may find. But he hangs about the flanks of a herd of buffalo, with probably an eye to a wounded or disabled animal, and he frequently raids a ranch and carries off a sheep, hog, or calf that is penned beyond the possibility of escape.

Elk is his favorite meat, and the knowing hunter who has the good luck to kill an elk makes sure

that its carcass will draw Mr. Grizzly if he is within a range of five miles. He will eat not only flesh, fish, and fowl, but roots, herbs, fruit, vegetables, honey, and insects as well. Plums, buffalo-berries,



DEATH AND THE CAUSE OF IT.

and choke-cherries make a large part of his diet in their seasons.

The grizzly bear possesses greater vitality and tenacity of life than any other animal on the continent, and the hunter who would hunt him must be well armed and keep a steady nerve. Each shot must be coolly put where it will do the most good. Several

are frequently necessary to stop one of these savage beasts. A single bullet lodged in the brain is fatal. If shot through the heart he may run a quarter of a mile or kill a man before he succumbs. In the days of the old muzzle-loading rifle it was hazardous indeed to hunt the grizzly, and many a man has paid the penalty of his folly with his life. With our improved breech-loading and repeating rifles there is less risk.

The grizzly is said to bury carcasses of large animals for future use as food, but this I doubt. I have frequently returned to carcasses of elk or deer that I had killed and found that during my absence bears had partially destroyed them, and in their excitement, occasioned by the smell or taste of fresh meat, had pawed up the earth a good deal thereabout, throwing dirt and leaves in various directions, and some of this *débris* may have fallen on the bodies of the dead game; but I have never seen where any systematic attempt had been made at burying a carcass. Still, Bruin may have played the sexton in some cases. He hibernates during winter, but does not take to his long sleep until the winter has thoroughly set in and the snow is quite deep. He may frequently be tracked and found in snow a foot deep, where he is roaming in search of food. He becomes very fat before going into winter quarters, and this vast accumulation of oil furnishes nutriment and heat sufficient to sustain life during his long confinement.

The newspapers often kill grizzlies weighing 1,500, 1,800, or even 2,000 pounds, and in any party of frontiersmen "talking grizzly" you will find plenty

of men who can give date and place where they killed or helped to kill at least 1,800 pounds of Bruin.

“Did you weigh it?”

“No, we didn't weigh 'im; but every man as seed 'im said he would weigh that, and they was all good jedges, too.”

And this is the way most of the stories of big bear, big elk, big deer, etc., begin and end. Bears are usually, though not always, killed at considerable distances from towns, or even ranches, where it is not easy to find a scales large enough to weigh so much meat.

The largest grizzly I have ever killed would not weigh more than 700 or 800 pounds, and I do not believe one has ever lived that would weigh 1,000 pounds. The flesh of the adult grizzly is tough, stringy, and decidedly unpalatable, but that of a young fat one is tender and juicy, and is always a welcome dish on the hunter's table.

The female usually gives birth to two cubs, and sometimes three, at a time. At birth they weigh only about $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each. The grizzly breeds readily in confinement, and several litters have been produced in the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati. The female is unusually vicious while rearing her young, and the hunter must be doubly cautious about attacking at that time. An Indian rarely attacks a grizzly single-handed at any time, and it is only when several of these native hunters are together that they will attempt to kill one. They value the claws very highly, however, and take great pride in wearing strings of them around their necks.

The grizzly usually frequents the timbered or brush-covered portions of mountainous regions, or the timbered valleys of streams that head in the mountains. He occasionally follows down the course of these streams, and even travels many miles from one stream to another, or from one range of mountains to another, across open prairie. I once found one on a broad open plateau in the Big Horn Mountains, about half a mile from the nearest cover of any kind. He was turning over rocks in search of worms. At the report of my rifle he started for the nearest cañon, but never reached it. An explosive bullet through his lungs rendered him unequal to the journey.

Few persons believe that a grizzly will attack a man before he is himself attacked. I was one of these doubting Thomases until a few years ago, when I was thoroughly convinced by ocular demonstration that some grizzlies, at least, will attempt to make a meal off a man even though he may not have harmed them previously. We were hunting in the Shoshone Mountains in Northern Wyoming. I had killed a large elk in the morning, and on going back to the carcass in the afternoon to skin it we saw that Bruin had been there ahead of us, but had fled on our approach. Without the least apprehension of his return, we leaned our rifles against a tree about fifty feet away, and commenced work. There were three of us, but only two rifles, Mr. Huffman, the photographer, having left his in camp. He had finished taking views of the carcass, and we were all busily engaged skinning, when, hearing a crashing in the brush and a series of savage roars and growls, we

looked up the hill, and were horrified to see three grizzly bears, an old female and two cubs about two-thirds grown, charging upon us with all the savage fury of a pack of starving wolves upon a sheepfold.

To make a long story short, we killed the old female and one cub; the other escaped into the jungle before we could get a shot at him. The resolute front we put on alone saved our lives.

In another instance, when hunting deer in Idaho, I came suddenly upon a female grizzly and two cubs, when the mother bear charged me savagely and would have killed me had I not fortunately controlled my nerves long enough to put a couple of bullets through her and stop her before she got to me.

I have heard of several other instances of grizzlies making unprovoked attacks on men, which were so well substantiated that I could not question the truth of the reports.

The grizzly is partially nocturnal in his habits, and apparently divides his labor of obtaining food and his traveling about equally between day and night. It is not definitely known to what age he lives in his wild state, but he is supposed to attain to twenty-five or thirty years. Several have lived in domestication to nearly that age, and one died in Union Park, Chicago, a few years ago, that was known to be eighteen years old.

Notwithstanding the great courage and ferocity of this formidable beast, he will utter the most pitiable groans and howls when seriously or mortally wounded.

Two brothers were prospecting in a range of mount-

ains near the headwaters of the Stinking Water river. The younger of the two, though an able-bodied man, and capable of doing a good day's work with a pick or shovel, was weak-minded, and the elder brother never allowed him to go any distance away from camp or their work alone. He, however, sent him one evening to the spring, a few rods off, to bring a kettleful of water. The spring was in a deep gorge, and the trail to it wound through some fissures in the rock. As the young man passed under a shelving rock, an immense old female grizzly, that had taken up temporary quarters there, reached out and struck a powerful blow at his head, but fortunately could not reach far enough to do him any serious harm. The blow knocked his hat off, and her claws caught his scalp, and laid it open clear across the top of his head in several ugly gashes. The force of the blow sent him spinning around, and not knowing enough to be frightened, he attacked her savagely with the only weapon he had at hand—the camp kettle.

The elder brother heard the racket, and hastily catching up his rifle and hurrying to the scene of the disturbance, found his brother vigorously belaboring the bear over the head with the camp kettle, and the bear striking savage blows at him, any one of which, if she could have reached him, would have torn his head from his shoulders. Three bullets from the rifle, fired in rapid succession, loosened her hold upon the rocks, and she tumbled lifelessly into the trail. The poor idiotic boy could not even then realize the danger through which he had passed, and could only appease his anger by

continuing to maul the bear over the head with the camp kettle for several minutes after she was dead.

Some years ago I went into the mountains with a party of friends to hunt elk. Our guide told us we should find plenty of grouse along the trail, from the day we left the settlements; that on the third day out we should find elk, and that it would therefore be useless to burden our pack-horses with meat. We accordingly took none save a small piece of bacon.

Contrary to his predictions, however, we found no grouse or other small game *en route*, and soon ate up our bacon. Furthermore, we were five days in reaching the elk country, instead of three as he said. All this time we were climbing mountains and had appetites that are known only to mountain climbers. We had plenty of bread and potatoes, but these were not sufficient. We hankered for flesh, and though we filled ourselves with vegetable food, yet were we hungry.

Finally we reached our destination at midday. While we were unloading the horses, a "fool hen" came and lit in a tree near us. A rifle ball beheaded her, and almost before she was done kicking she was in the frying pan.

A negro once had a bottle of whisky, and was making vigorous efforts to get outside of it, when a chum came up and asked for a pull at it. "O, g'long, nigger," said the happy owner of the corn juice. "What's one bottle of whisky 'mong one man?" And what was one little grouse among five half-starved men? The smell and taste only made us long for more.

After dinner we all went out and hunted until dark. Soon after leaving camp some of us heard lively firing up the cañon, where our guide had gone, and felt certain that he had secured meat, for we had heard glowing accounts, from him and his friends, of his prowess as a hunter. The rest of us were not so despondent, therefore, when we returned at dusk empty handed, as we should otherwise have been, until we reached camp and found the guide there wearing a long face and bloodless hands.

He told a doleful story of having had five fair shots at a large bull elk, who stood broadside on, only seventy-five yards away, but who finally became alarmed at the fusilade and fled, leaving no blood on his trail. The guide of course anathematized his gun in the choicest terms known to frontiersmen, and our mouths watered as we thought of what might have been.

Our potatoes, having been compelled to stand for meat also, had vanished rapidly, and we ate the last of them for supper that night. Few words were spoken and no jokes cracked over that meal. We ate bread straight for breakfast, and turning out early hunted diligently all day. We were nearly famished when we returned at night and no one had seen any living thing larger than a pine squirrel. It is written that "man shall not live by bread alone," and we found that we could not much longer. And soon we should not have even that, for our flour was getting low. But we broke the steaming flat-cake again at supper, and turned in to dream of juicy steaks, succulent joints, and delicious rib roasts.

We were up before daylight to find that six or eight inches of light snow had fallen silently during the night, which lay piled up on the branches of the trees, draping the dense forests in ghostly white. Our drooping spirits revived, for we hoped that the tell-tale mantle would enable us to find the game we so much needed in our business. We broke our bread more cheerfully that morning than for two days previously, but at the council of war held over the frugal meal, decided that unless we scored that day we must make tracks for the nearest ranch the next morning, and try to make our scanty remnant of flour keep us alive until we could get there.

Breakfast over we scattered ourselves by the four points of the compass and set out. It fell to my lot to go up the cañon. Silently I strode through the forest, scanning the snow in search of foot-prints, but for an hour I could see none. Then, as I cautiously ascended a ridge, I heard a crash in the brush beyond and reached the summit just in time to see the latter end of a large bull elk disappear in the thicket.

He had not heard or seen me, but had winded me, and tarried not for better acquaintance. I followed his trail some three miles up the cañon, carefully penetrating the thickets and peering among the larger trees, but never a glimpse could I get and never a sound could I hear of him. He seemed unusually wild. I could see by his trail that he had not stopped, but had kept straight away on that long, swinging trot that is such a telling gait of the species, and which they will sometimes keep up for hours together. Finally I came to where he had

left the cañon and ascended the mountain. I followed up this for a time, but seeing that he had not yet paused, and finding that my famished condition rendered me unequal to the climb, was compelled to abandon the pursuit and with a heavy heart return again to the cañon. I kept on up it, but could find no other game or sign of any. Like the red hunter, in the time of famine, who

“ Vainly walked through the forest,
Sought for bird, or beast, and found none;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no foot-prints,
In the ghostly gleaming forest
Fell and could not rise from weakness,”

so I trudged on until, wearied and worn out, I lay down beside a giant fir tree, whose spreading branches had kept the snow from the ground, and fell asleep. When I awoke my joints were stiff and sore, and I was chilled to the bone. It was late in the afternoon, and a quiet, drizzling rain had set in.

I found the trail that led through the cañon, and started back to camp, trudging along as rapidly as possible, for hunger was gnawing at my vitals and my strength was fast failing.

“ Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,”

I toiled wearily on. The snow had become saturated with the rain, and great chunks of it were falling from the trees with dull, monotonous sounds. “Slush, slush,” “Splash, splash,” came the gloomy sounds from all parts of the woods. I was nearing camp, and had abandoned all hope of seeing game.

My only object was to reach shelter, to rest, and feast on the unsatisfying bread. I heard a succession of the splashings that came from my left with such regular cadence as to cause me to look up, when, great St. Hubert! there came a huge grizzly bear shambling and splashing along through the wet snow. It was his footsteps that I had been hearing for a minute or two past, and which I had, at first, thought to be the falling snow.

He had not yet seen me, and what a marvelous change came over me! I forgot that I was tired; that I was weak; that I was hungry. The instincts of the hunter reanimated me, and I thought only of killing the grand game before me. I threw down my rifle, raising the hammer as the weapon came into position, and the click of the lock reached his ear. It was the first intimation he had of possible danger, and he stopped and threw up his head to look and listen. My thoughts came and went like flashes of lightning. I remembered then the famishing condition of myself and friends. Here was meat, and I must save it. There must be no nervousness—no wild shooting now. This shot *must* tell. And there was not a tremor in all my system. Every nerve was as of steel for the instant. The little gold bead on the muzzle of the rifle instantly found the vital spot behind the bear's shoulder, gleamed through the rear sight like a spark of fire, and before he had time to realize what the strange apparition was that had so suddenly confronted him, the voice of the Winchester was echoing through the cañon and an express bullet had crashed through his vitals.

The shock was so sudden and the effect on him so deadly that he apparently thought nothing of fight, but only of seeking a place to die in peace.

He wheeled and shot into a neighboring thicket with the speed of an arrow. I fired at him again as he disappeared. He crashed through the jungle out into the open woods, turned to the right and went across a ridge as if Satan himself were after him. As the big gray mass shot through a clear space between two trees I gave him another speeder, and then he disappeared beyond a ridge.

The snow had melted rapidly and the ground was bare in places, so that I had some trouble in trailing the bear, but wherever he crossed a patch of snow his trail was bespattered with blood. I followed over the ridge and through scattering jack pines, about two hundred yards, and found him lying dead near the trail. My first and third bullets had gone in behind his shoulder only an inch apart. The first had passed clear through him, and the other had lodged against the skin on the opposite side. Several ribs were broken on either side, and his lungs and other portions of his interior were ground into sausage; yet so great was his vitality and tenacity to life that he was able to make this distance at a speed that would have taxed the best horse in the country, and if he had seen fit to attack me instead of running away he would probably have made sausage of me.

But what feasting and what revelry there was in camp that night. It was a young bear, fat as butter, and rib roasts and cutlets were devoured in quantities that would have shocked the modesty of

a tramp. Not until well into the night did we cease to eat, and wrap ourselves in our blankets. We staid several days in the cañon after that, and killed plenty of elk and other game.

The skin of the grizzly is one of the most valuable trophies a sportsman can obtain on any field, and its rarity, and the danger and excitement attending the taking of it, the courage it bespeaks on the part of the hunter, render it a prize of which the winner may justly feel proud for a lifetime.

The best localities in which to hunt the grizzly bear—that is, those most accessible and in which he is now most numerous—are the Big Horn, Shoshone, Wind River, Bear Tooth, Belt, and Crazy Mountains, in Wyoming and Montana, all of which may be easily reached by way of the Northern Pacific road.

The best time of year to hunt for this, as well as all the other species of large game in the Rocky Mountains, is in the months of September, October, and November, though in the latter month the sportsman should not venture high up into the mountains where heavy snow-falls are liable to occur. There is a great deal of bear hunting done in the summer months, but it is contrary to the laws of nature, and should not be indulged in by any true sportsman. The skins are nearly worthless then, while in the autumn they are prime; the heat is oppressive, and the flies and mosquitoes are great pests.

The best arm for this class of game is a repeating rifle of large calibre, 45 or 50, carrying a large

charge of powder and a solid bullet. The new Winchester express, $\frac{5.0}{110}$, with solid ball, is perhaps the best in the market, all things considered.

There are several methods of hunting the grizzly, the most common being to kill an elk, and then watch the carcass. Shots may frequently be obtained in this way early in the morning or late in the evening, and on bright moonlight nights it is best to watch all night, for the immense size of the grizzly renders him an easy target at short range even by moonlight. Another method is to still-hunt him, the same as is done with deer. This is perhaps the most sportsmanlike of all, and if a coulee or creek bottom be selected where there are plenty of berries, or an open, hilly, rocky country, where the bears are in the habit of hunting for worms, or any good feeding-ground where bear signs are plentiful, and due care and caution be exercised, there is as good a chance of success as by any other method. Many hunters set guns with a cord running from the trigger to a bait of fresh meat, and the muzzle of the gun pointing at the meat; others set large steel traps or dead-falls. But such contrivances are never used by true sportsmen.

Game of any kind should always be pursued in a fair, manly manner, and given due chance to preserve its life if it is skillful enough to do so. If captured, let it be by the superior skill, sagacity, or endurance of the sportsman, not by traps which close on it as it innocently and unsuspectingly seeks its food.

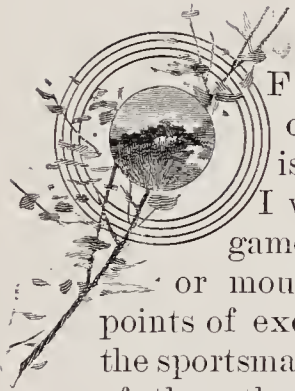
Grizzly bear hunting is unquestionably the grandest sport that our continent affords. The grizzly

is the only really dangerous game we have, and the decidedly hazardous character of the sport is what gives it its greatest zest, and renders it the most fascinating of pursuits. Many sportsmen proclaim the superiority of their favorite pastime over all other kinds, be it quail, grouse, or duck shooting, fox-chasing, deer-stalking, or what not; and each has its charm, more or less intense, according to its nature; but no man ever felt his heart swell with pride, his nerves tingle with animation, his whole system glow with wild, uncontrollable enthusiasm, at the bagging of any bird or small animal, as does the man who stands over the prostrate form of a monster grizzly that he has slain. Let the devotee of these other classes of sport try bear hunting, and when he has bagged his first grizzly, then let him talk!



CHAPTER XXII.

ELK HUNTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



OF all the large game on the American continent, the elk (*Cervus canadensis*) is the noblest, the grandest, the stateliest. I would detract nothing from the noble game qualities of the moose, caribou, deer, or mountain sheep. Each has its peculiar points of excellence which endear it to the heart of the sportsman, but the elk possesses more than any of the others. In size he towers far above all, except the moose. In sagacity, caution, cunning, and wariness he is the peer, if not the superior, of them all. He is always on the alert, his keen scent, his piercing eye, his acute sense of hearing, combining to render him a vigilant sentinel of his own safety.

His great size and powerful muscular construction give him almost unbounded endurance. When alarmed or pursued he will travel for twenty or thirty hours, at a rapid swinging trot, without stopping for food or rest. He is a proud, fearless ranger, and even when simply migrating from one range of mountains to another, will travel from seventy-five to a hundred miles without lying down. He is a marvelous mountaineer, and, considering his

immense size and weight, often ascends to heights that seem incredible. He may often be found away up to timber line, and will traverse narrow passes and defiles, climbing over walls of rock and through fissures where it would seem impossible for so large an animal, with such massive antlers as he carries, to go. He chooses his route, however, with rare good judgment, and all mountaineers know that an elk trail is the best that can possibly be selected over any given section of mountainous country. His faculty of traversing dense jungles and wind-falls is equally astonishing. If given his own time, he will move quietly and easily through the worst of these, leaping over logs higher than his back as gracefully and almost as lightly as the deer; yet let a herd of elk be alarmed and start on a run through one of these labyrinthine masses, and they will make a noise like a regiment of cavalry on a precipitous charge.

I have stood on the margin of a quaking-asp thicket and heard a large band of elk coming toward me that had been "jumped" and fired upon by my friend at the other side, and the frightful noise of their horns pounding the trees, their hoofs striking each other and the numerous rocks, the crashing of dead branches, with the snorting of the affrighted beasts, might well have struck terror to the heart of anyone unused to such sights and sounds, and have caused him to seek safety in flight. But by standing my ground I was enabled to get in a couple of shots at short range, and to bring down two of the finest animals in the herd.

The whistle of the elk is a sound which many

have tried to describe, yet I doubt if anyone who may have read all the descriptions of it ever written would recognize it on a first hearing. It is a most strange, weird, peculiar sound, baffling all efforts of the most skillful word-painter. It is only uttered by the male, and there is the same variety in the sound made by different stags as in different human voices. Usually the cry begins and ends with a sort of grunt, somewhat like the bellow of a domestic cow cut short, but the interlude is a long-drawn, melodious, flute-like sound that rises and falls with a rhythmical cadence, floating on the still evening air, by which it is often wafted with singular distinctness to great distances. By other individuals, or even by the same individual at various times, either the first or last of these abrupt sounds is omitted, and only the other, in connection with the long-drawn, silver-toned strain, is given.

The stag utters this call only in the love-making season, and for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of his dusky mate, who responds by a short and utterly unmusical sound, similar to that with which the male begins or ends his call.

Once, when exploring in Idaho, I had an interesting and exciting experience with a band of elk. I had camped for the night on a high divide, between two branches of the Clearwater river. The weather had been intensely dry and hot for several days, and the tall rye grass that grew in the old burn where I had pitched my camp was dry as powder. There was a gentle breeze from the south. Fearing that a spark might be carried into the grass, I extinguished my camp-fire as soon as I had cooked and eaten my



THE WAPITI, OR AMERICAN ELK.

supper. As darkness drew on, I went out to picket my horses and noticed that they were acting strangely. They were looking down the mountain side with ears pointed forward, sniffing the air and moving about uneasily.

I gave their picket ropes a turn around convenient jack pines, and then slipping cautiously back to the tent, got my rifle and returned. I could see nothing strange and sat down beside a log to await developments. In a few minutes I heard a dead limb break. Then there was a rustling in a bunch of tall, dry grass; more snapping of twigs and shaking of bushes. I ascertained that there were several large animals moving toward me and feared it might be a family of bears. I feared it, I say, because it was now so dark that I could not see to shoot at any distance, and knew that if bears came near the horses the latter would break their ropes and stampede. I thought of shouting and trying to frighten them off, but decided to await developments. Presently I heard a snapping of hoofs and a succession of dull, heavy, thumping noises, accompanied by reports of breaking brush, which I knew at once were made by a band of elk jumping over a high log.

The game was now not more than fifty yards away and in open ground, yet I could not see even a movement, for I was looking down toward a dark cañon, many hundreds of feet deep. Slowly the great beasts worked toward me. They were coming down wind and I felt sure could not scent me, but they could evidently see my horses, outlined against the sky, and had doubtless heard them snorting and moving about.

The ponies grew more anxious but less frightened than at first, and seemed now desirous of making the acquaintance of their wild visitors.

Slowly the elk moved forward until within thirty or forty feet of me, when I could begin to discern by the starlight their dark, shaggy forms. Then they stopped. I could hear them sniffing the air and could see them moving cautiously from place to place, apparently suspicious of danger. But they were coming down wind, could get no indication of my presence, and were anxious to interview the horses.

They moved slowly forward, and when they stopped this time, two old bulls and one cow, who were in the front rank, so to speak, stood within ten feet of me. Their great horns towered up like the branches of dead trees, and I could hear them breathe.

Again they circled from side to side and I thought surely they would get far enough to one quarter or the other to wind me, but they did not. Several other cows and two timid little calves crowded to the front to look at their hornless cousins who now stood close behind me, and even in the starlight, I could have shot any one of them between the eyes.

My saddle cayuse uttered a low gentle whinny, whereat the whole band wheeled and dashed away; but after making a few leaps their momentary scare seemed to subside, and they stopped, looked, snorted a few times and then began to edge up again—this time even more shyly than before.

It was intensely interesting to study the caution and circumspection with which these creatures

planned and carried out their investigation all the way through.

The only mistake they made, and one at which I was surprised, considering their usual cunning and sagacity, was that some of them at least did not circle the horses and get to the leeward. But they were in such a wild country, so far back in the remote fastnesses of the Rockies, that they had probably never encountered hunters or horses before and had not acquired all the cunning of their more hunted and haunted brothers. After their temporary scare they returned, step by step, to their investigation, and the largest bull in the bunch approached the very log behind which I sat. He was just in the act of stepping over it when he caught a whiff of my breath and, with a terrific snort, vaulted backward and sidewise certainly thirty feet. At the same instant I rose up and shouted, and the whole band went tearing down the mountain side making a racket like that of an avalanche.

As before stated, I could have had my choice out of the herd, but my only pack-horse was loaded so that I could have carried but a small piece of meat, and was unwilling to waste so grand a creature for the little I could save from him.

The antlers of the bull elk grow to a great size. He sheds them in February of each year. The new horn begins to grow in April. During the summer it is soft and pulpy and is covered with a fine velvety growth of hair; it matures and hardens in August; early in September he rubs this velvet off and is then ready to try conclusions with any rival that comes in

his way. The rutting season over, he has no further use for his antlers until the next autumn, and they drop off. Thus the process is repeated, year after year, as regularly as the leaves grow and fall from the trees. But it seems a strange provision of nature that should load an animal with sixty to seventy-five pounds of horns, for half the year, when weapons of one-quarter the size and weight would be equally effective if all were armed alike.

I have in my collection the head of a bull elk, killed in the Shoshone Mountains, in Northern Wyoming, the antlers of which measure as follows:

Length of main beam, 4 feet 8 inches; length of brow tine, 1 foot 6½ inches; length of bes tine, 1 foot 8½ inches; length of royal tine, 1 foot 7 inches; length of surroyal, 1 foot 8½ inches: circumference around burr, 1 foot 3¼ inches; circumference around beam above burr, 12 inches; circumference of brow tine at base, 7½ inches; spread of main beams at tips, 4 feet 9 inches. They are one of the largest and finest pairs of antlers of which I have any knowledge. The animal when killed would have weighed nearly a thousand pounds.

The elk is strictly gregarious, and in winter time, especially, the animals gather into large bands, and a few years ago herds of from five hundred to a thousand were not uncommon. Now, however, their numbers have been so far reduced by the ravages of "skin hunters" and others that one will rarely find more than twenty-five or thirty in a band.

In the fall of 1879, a party of three men were sight-seeing and hunting in the Yellowstone National Park, and having prolonged their stay until

late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, which completely blockaded and obliterated all the trails, and filled the gulches, cañons, and coulees to such a depth that their horses could not travel over them at all. They had lain in camp three days waiting for the storm to abate; but as it continued to grow in severity, and as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming. Their stock of provisions was low, they had no shelter sufficient to withstand the rigors of a winter at that high altitude, and it was fast becoming a question whether they should ever be able to escape beyond the snow-clad peaks and snow-filled cañons with which they were hemmed in. Their only hope of escape was by abandoning their horses, and constructing snow-shoes which might keep them above the snow; but in this case they could not carry bedding and food enough to last them throughout the several days that the journey would occupy to the nearest ranch, and the chances of killing game *en route* after the severe weather had set in were extremely precarious. They had already set about making snow-shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed, and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the surrounding country for the most feasible route by which to get out, and also to try if possible to find game of some kind. He had gone about a mile toward the northeast when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of elk that were moving toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them. They were traveling in single file, led

by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through snow in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience and perseverance of a faithful old ox. The others followed him—the stronger ones in front and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well-beaten trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing their struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in rear of their file-leader. This would have been the golden opportunity of a skin hunter, who could and would have shot them all down in their tracks from a single stand. But such was not the mission of our friend. He saw in this noble, struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He did not fire a shot, and did not in any way create unnecessary alarm amongst the elk, but hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen.

In a moment the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. Tent, bedding, provisions, everything that was absolutely necessary to their journey, were hurriedly packed upon their pack animals; saddles were placed, rifles were slung to the saddles, and leaving all surplus baggage, such as trophies of their hunt, mineral specimens and curios of various kinds, for future comers, they started for the elk trail. They had a slow, tedious, and laborious task, breaking a way through the deep snow to reach it,

but by walking and leading their saddle animals ahead, the pack animals were able to follow slowly. Finally they reached the trail of the elk herd, and following this, after nine days of tedious and painful traveling, the party arrived at a ranch on the Stinking Water river, which was kept by a "squaw man" and his wife, where they were enabled to lodge and recruit themselves and their stock, and whence they finally reached their homes in safety. The band of elk passed on down the river, and our tourists never saw them again; but they have doubtless long ere this all fallen a prey to the ruthless war that is constantly being waged against them by hunters white and red.

It is sad to think that such a noble creature as the American elk is doomed to early and absolute extinction, but such is nevertheless the fact. Year by year his mountain habitat is being surrounded and encroached upon by the advancing line of settlements, as the fisherman encircles the struggling mass of fishes in the clear pond with his long and closely-meshed net. The lines are drawn closer and closer each year. These lines are the ranches of cattle and sheep raisers, the cabins and towns of miners, the stations and residences of employés of the railroads. All these places are made the shelters and temporary abiding places of Eastern and foreign sportsmen who go out to the mountains to hunt. Worse than this, they are made the permanent abiding places, and constitute the active and convenient markets of the nefarious and unconscionable skin hunter and meat hunter. Here he can find a ready market for the meats and skins he



WORK OF THE EXTERMINATORS.

brings in, and an opportunity to spend the proceeds of such outrageous traffic in ranch whisky and revelry. The ranchmen themselves hunt and lay in their stock of meat for the year when the game comes down into the valleys. The Indians, when they have eaten up their Government rations, lie in wait for the elk in the same manner. So that when the first great snows of the autumn or winter fall in the high ranges, when the elk band together and seek refuge in the valleys, as did the herd that our fortunate tourists followed out, they find a mixed and hungry horde waiting for them at the mouth of every cañon. Before they have reached the valley where the snow-fall is light enough to allow them to live through the winter their skins are drying in the neighboring "shacks."

This unequal, one-sided warfare, this ruthless slaughter of inoffensive creatures, can not last always. Indeed, it can last but little longer. In ranges where only a few years ago herds of four or five hundred elk could be found, the hunter of to-day considers himself in rare luck when he finds a band of ten or twelve, and even small bands of any number are so rare that a good hunter may often hunt a week in the best elk country to be found anywhere without getting a single shot. All the Territories have good, wholesome game-laws which forbid the killing of game animals except during two or three months in the fall; but these laws are not enforced. They are a dead letter on the statute-books, and the illegal and illegitimate slaughter goes on unchecked.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN MONTANA.



Of all the numerous species of large game to be found in the far West, there is none whose pursuit furnishes grander sport to the expert rifleman than the antelope (*Antilocapra americana*). His habitat being the high, open plains, he may be hunted on horse-back, and with a much greater degree of comfort than may the deer, elk, bear, and other species which inhabit the wooded or mountainous districts. His keen eyesight, his fine sense of smell, his intense fear of his natural enemy, man, however, render him the most difficult of all game animals to approach, and he must indeed be a skillful hunter who can get within easy rifle range of the antelope, unless he happens to have the circumstances of wind and lie of ground peculiarly in his favor. When the game is first sighted, even though it be one, two, or three miles away, you must either dismount and picket your horse, or find cover in some coulee or draw, where you can ride entirely out of sight of the quarry. But even under such favorable circumstances it is not well to attempt to ride very near them. Their sense of hearing is also very acute, and should your horse's hoof or shoe strike a loose rock, or should he

snort or neigh, the game is likely to catch the sound while you are yet entirely out of sight and faraway, and when you finally creep cautiously to the top of the ridge from which you expect a favorable shot, you may find the game placidly looking for you from the top of another ridge a mile or two farther away.

But we will hope that you are to have better luck than this. To start with, we will presume that you are an expert rifleman; that you are in the habit of making good scores at the butts; that at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards you frequently score 200 to 210 out of a possible 225 points. We will also suppose that you are a hunter of some experience; that you have at least killed a good many deer in the States, but that this is your first trip to the plains. You have learned to estimate distances, however, even in this rare atmosphere, and possess good judgment as to windage. You have brought your Creedmoor rifle along, divested, of course, of its Venier sight, wind-guage, and spirit-level, and in their places you have fitted a Beach combination front sight and Lyman rear sight. Besides these you have the ordinary open step sight attached to the barrel just in front of the action. This is not the best arm for antelope hunting; a Winchester express with the same sights would be much better; but this will answer very well.

We camped last night on the bank of a clear, rapid stream that gurgles down from the mountain, and this morning are up long before daylight; have eaten our breakfasts, saddled our horses, and just as the gray of dawn begins to show over the low, flat prairie to the east of us, we

mount, and are ready for the start. The wind is from the northeast. That suits us very well, for in that direction, about a mile away, there are some low foot-hills that skirt the valley in which we are camped. In or just beyond these we are very likely to find antelope, and they will probably be coming toward the creek this morning for water.

We put spurs to our horses and gallop away. A brisk and exhilarating ride of ten minutes brings us to the foot-hills, and then we rein up and ride slowly and cautiously to near the top of the first one. Here we dismount, and, picketing our ponies, we crawl slowly and carefully to the apex. By this time it is almost fully daylight. We remove our hats, and peer cautiously through the short, scattering grass on the brow of the hill.

Do you see anything?

No; nothing but prairie and grass.

No! Hold! What are those small, gray objects away off yonder to the left? I think I saw one of them move. And now, as the light grows stronger, I can see white patches on them. Yes, they are antelope. They are busily feeding, and we may raise our heads slightly and get a more favorable view. One, two, three—there are five of them—two bucks, a doe, and two kids. And you will observe that they are nearly in the centre of a broad stretch of table-land.

“But,” you say, “may we not wait here a little while until they come nearer to us?”

Hardly. You see they are intent on getting their breakfast. There is a heavy frost on the grass, which moistens it sufficiently for present purposes,

and it may be an hour or more before they will start for water. It won't pay us to wait so long, for we shall most likely find others within that time that we can get within range of without waiting for them. So you may as well try them from here.

Now your experience at the butts may serve you a good turn. After taking a careful look over the ground, you estimate the distance at 850 yards, and setting up your Beach front and Lyman rear sights, you make the necessary elevation. There is a brisk wind blowing from the right, and you think it necessary to hold off about three feet. We are now both lying prone upon the ground. You face the game, and support your rifle at your shoulder by resting your elbows on the ground. The sun is now shining brightly, and you take careful aim at that old buck that stands out there at the left. At the report of your rifle a cloud of dust rises from a point about a hundred yards this side of him, and a little to the left, showing that you have underestimated both the distance and the force of the wind—things that even an old hunter is liable to do occasionally.

We both lie close, and the anima's have not yet seen us. They make a few jumps, and stop all in a bunch. The cross-wind and long distance prevent them from knowing to a certainty where the report comes from, and they don't like to run just yet, lest they may run toward the danger instead of away from it. You make another half-point of elevation, hold a little farther away to the right, and try them again. This time the dirt rises about twenty feet beyond them, and they jump in every direction. That was certainly a close call, and the bullet evi-

dently whistled uncomfortably close to several of them. They are now thoroughly frightened. You insert another cartridge, hurriedly draw a bead on the largest buck again, and fire. You break dirt just beyond him, and we can't tell for the life of us how or on which side of him your bullet passed. It is astonishing how much vacant space there is round an antelope, anyway. This time they go, sure. They have located the puff of smoke, and are gone with the speed of the wind away to the west. But don't be discouraged, my friend. You did some clever shooting, some *very* clever shooting, and a little practice of that kind will enable you to score before night.

We go back to our horses, mount, and gallop away again across the table-land. A ride of another mile brings us to the northern margin of this plateau, and to a more broken country. Here we dismount and picket our horses again. We ascend a high butte, and from the top of it we can see three more antelope about a mile to the north of us; but this time they are in a hilly, broken country, and the wind is coming directly from them to us. We shall be able to get a shot at them at short range. So we cautiously back down out of sight, and then begins the tedious process of stalking them. We walk briskly along around the foot of a hill for a quarter of a mile, to where it makes a turn that would carry us too far out of our course. We must cross this hill, and after looking carefully at the shape and location of it, we at last find a low point in it where by lying flat down we can crawl over it without revealing ourselves to the game. It is a most tedious and painful

piece of work, for the ground is almost covered with cactus and sharp flinty rocks, and our hands and knees are terribly lacerated. But every rose has its thorn, and nearly every kind of sport has something unpleasant connected with it occasionally; and our



A PORTRAIT.

reward, if we get it, will be worth the pain it costs us. With such reflections and comments, and with frequent longing looks at the game, we kill time till at last the critical part of our work is done, and we

can arise and descend in a comfortable but cautious walk into another draw.

This we follow for about two hundred yards, until we think we are as near our quarry as we can get. We turn to the right, cautiously ascend the hill, remove our hats, and peer over, and there, sure enough, are our antelope quietly grazing, utterly oblivious to the danger that threatens them. They have not seen, heard, or scented us, so we have ample time to plan an attack. You take the standing shot at the buck, and together we will try and take care of the two does afterward. At this short distance you don't care for the peep and globe sights, and wisely decide to use the plain open ones. This time you simply kneel, and then edge up until you can get a good clear aim over the apex of the ridge in this position. The buck stands broadside to you, and at the crack of your rifle springs into the air, and falls all in a heap, pierced through the heart.

And now for the two does. They are flying over the level stretch of prairie with the speed of an arrow, and are almost out of sure range now. You turn loose on that one on the right, and I will look after the one on the left. Our rifles crack together, and little clouds of dust rising just beyond tell us that, though we have both missed, we have made close calls. I put in about three shots to your one, owing to my rifle being a repeater, while you must load yours at each shot. At my fourth shot my left-fielder doubles up and goes down with a broken neck; and although you have fairly "set the ground afire" — to use a Western phrase — around your

right-fielder, you have not had the good fortune to stop her, and she is now out of sight behind a low ridge.

But you have the better animal of the two, and have had sport enough for the first morning. We will take the entrails out of these two, lash them across our horses behind our saddles, go to camp, and rest through the heat of the day; for this September sun beams down with great power in mid-day, even though the nights are cool and frosty.

And now, as we have quite a long ride to camp, and as we are to pass over a rather monotonous prairie country *en route*, I will give you a point or two on flagging antelope, as we ride along, that may be useful to you at some time. Fine sport may frequently be enjoyed in this way. If you can find a band that have not been hunted much, and are not familiar with the wiles of the white man, you will have little trouble in decoying them within rifle range by displaying to them almost any brightly-colored object. They have as much curiosity as a woman, and will run into all kinds of danger to investigate any strange object they may discover. They have been known to follow an emigrant or freight wagon, with a white cover, several miles, and the Indian often brings them within reach of his arrow or bullet by standing in plain view wrapped in his red blanket. A piece of bright tin or a mirror answers the same purpose on a clear day. Almost any conspicuous or strange-looking object will attract them; but the most convenient as well as the most reliable at all times is a little bright-red flag.

On one occasion I was hunting in the Snowy Mount-

ains, in Northern Montana, with S. K. Fishel, the government scout, and Richard Thomas, the packer, from Fort Maginnis. We had not been successful in finding game there, and on our way back to the post camped two days on the head of Flat Willow creek, near the foot of the mountains, to hunt antelopes. As night approached several small bands of them came toward the creek, but none came within range of our camp during daylight, and we did not go after them that night, but were up and at them betimes the next morning.

I preferred to hunt alone, as I always do when after big game, and went out across a level flat to some low hills north of camp. When I ascended the first of these I saw a handsome buck antelope on the prairie half a mile away. I made a long detour to get to leeward of him, and meantime had great difficulty in keeping him from seeing me. But by careful maneuvering I finally got into a draw below him, and found the wind blowing directly from him to me. In his neighborhood were some large, ragged volcanic rocks, and getting in line with one of these I started to stalk him. He was feeding, and as I moved cautiously forward I could frequently see his nose or rump show up at one side or the other of the rock. I would accordingly glide to right or left, as necessary, and move on. Finally, I succeeded in reaching the rock, crawled carefully up to where I could see over it, and there, sure enough, stood the handsome old fellow not more than fifty yards away, still complacently nipping the bunch-grass.

“Ah, my fine laddie,” I said to myself, “you’ll

never know what hurt you;" and resting the muzzle of the rifle on the rock, I took a fine, steady aim for his heart and turned the bullet loose. There was a terrific roar; the lead tore up a cloud of dust and went screaming away over the hills, while, to my utter astonishment, the antelope went sailing across the prairie with the speed of a greyhound. I sprang to my feet, pumped lead after him at a lively rate, and, though I tore the ground up all around him, never touched a hair. And what annoyed me most was that, owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere, the smoke of each shot hung in front of me long enough to prevent me from seeing just where my bullets struck, and, for the life of me, I could not tell whether I was shooting over or under the game!

I went back over the hill to my horse, with my heart full of disappointment and my magazine only half full of cartridges. I loaded up, however, mounted, and, as I rode away in search of more game, I could occasionally hear the almost whispered "puff, puff" of Fishel's and Thomas's rifles away to the south and west, which brought me the cheering assurance that they were also having fun, and also assured me that we should not be without meat for supper and breakfast.

I soon sighted a band of about thirty antelopes, and riding into a coulee dismounted, picketed my horse, and began another crawl. In due time I reached the desired "stand," within about eighty yards of them, and, picking out the finest buck in the bunch, again took a careful, deliberate aim and fired, scoring another clear miss. The band,

instead of running away, turned and ran directly toward me, and, circling slightly, passed within thirty yards of me, drawn out in single file. It was a golden opportunity and I felt sure I should kill half a dozen of them at least; but, alas! for fleeting hopes. I knew not the frailty of the support on which I built my expectations. I fanned them as long as there was a cartridge in my magazine, and had to endure the intense chagrin of seeing the last one of them go over a ridge a mile away safe and sound.

I was dumb. If there had been anyone there to talk to, I don't think I could have found a word in the language to express my feelings. As before, the smoke prevented me from seeing just where my bullets struck the ground, but I felt sure they must be striking very close to the game. I sat down, pondered, and examined my rifle. I could see nothing wrong with it, and felt sure it must be perfect, for within the past week I had killed a deer with it at 170 yards and had shaved the heads off a dozen grouse at short range. I was, therefore, forced to the conclusion that I had merely failed to exercise proper care in holding. I returned to my horse, mounted, and once more set out in search of game, determined to kill the next animal I shot at or leave the country.

I rode away to the west about two miles, and from the top of a high hill saw another band of forty or fifty antelopes on a table-land. I rode around till I got within about two hundred yards of them, when I left my horse under cover of a hill and again began to sneak on the unsuspecting little creatures.

They were near the edge of the table, and from just beyond them the formation fell abruptly away into the valley some fifty feet. I crawled up this bluff until within about forty yards of the nearest antelope, and then, lying flat upon the ground, I placed my rifle in position for firing, and, inch by inch, edged up over the apex of the bluff until within fair view of the game. Again selecting the best buck—for I wanted a good head for mounting—I drew down on his brown side until I felt sure that if there had been a silver dollar hung on it I could have driven it through him. Confidently expecting to see him drop in his tracks, I touched the trigger. But, alas! I was doomed to still further disgrace. When the smoke lifted, my coveted prize was speeding away with the rest of the herd.

I simply stood, with my lower jaw hanging down, and looked after them till they were out of sight. Then I went and got my horse and went to camp. Sam and Dick were there with the saddles of three antelopes. When I told them what I had been doing, they tried to console me, but I wouldn't be consoled. After dinner, Sam picked up my rifle and looked it over carefully.

"Why, look here, you blooming idiot," said he. "No wonder you couldn't kill at short range. The wedge has slipped up under your rear sight two notches. She's elevated for 350 yards, and at that rate would shoot about a foot high at a hundred yards." I looked and found it even so. Then I offered him and Dick a dollar each if they would kick me, but they wouldn't.

Sam said good-naturedly: "Come, go with me

and get the head of the buck I killed. It's a very handsome one, and only two miles from camp."

I said I didn't want any heads for my own use unless I could kill their owners myself, but would take this one home for a friend, so we saddled our horses and started.

As we reached the top of a hill about a mile from camp a large buck that was grazing ahead of us jumped and ran away to what he seemed to consider a safe distance, and stopped to look at us. Sam generously offered me the shot, and springing out of my saddle I threw down my rifle, took careful aim and fired. At the crack the buck turned just half way round, but was unable to make a single jump and sank dead in his tracks.

Sam is ordinarily a quiet man, but he fairly shouted at the result of my shot. I paced the distance carefully to where the carcass lay, and it was exactly 290 steps. The buck was standing broadside to me and I had shot him through the heart. Of course, it was a scratch. I could not do it again perhaps in twenty shots, and yet when I considered that I shot for one single animal and got him I could not help feeling a little proud of it. As we approached the animal, not knowing just where I had hit him, I held my rifle in readiness, but Sam said:

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of his getting up. One of those Winchester express bullets is all an antelope needs, no matter what part of the body you hit him in."

This old fellow had a fine head, and we took it off, and now as I write it gazes down upon me with those large, lustrous black eyes, from its place on

the wall, as proudly and curiously as it did there on the prairie when I looked at it through the sights of my Winchester. His portrait adorns page 199 of this book, and though the artist has treated it with a master's hand, it does not possess the lordly beaming, the fascinating grace, the timid beauty that distinguished the living animal.

It was so late when we got this one dressed that we decided to return to camp at once.

The curiosity which is so prominent a feature in the antelope's nature costs many a one of them his life, and is taken advantage of by the hunter in various ways. When we reached camp that afternoon Dick told us how he had taken advantage of it. He had seen a small band on a level stretch of prairie where there was no possible way of getting within range of them, and having heard that if a man would lie down on his back, elevate his feet as high as possible, and swing them back and forth through the air, that it would attract antelopes, decided to try it. But the antelopes of this section had evidently never seen soap boxes or bales of hay floating through the air, and had no desire to cultivate a closer acquaintance with such frightful looking objects as he exhibited to their astonished gaze. And Dick said that when he turned to see if they had yet come within shooting distance they were about a mile away, and judging from the cloud of dust they were leaving behind them seemed to be running a race to see which could get out of the country first.

The next morning Sam and I went together and Dick alone in another direction. During the fore-

noon I shot a buck through both fore legs, cutting one off clean and paralyzing the other. Sam said not to shoot him again and he would catch him, and putting spurs to his horse was soon galloping alongside of the quarry. He caught him by one horn and held him until I came up. The little fellow pranced wildly about, and bleated pitifully, but a stroke of the hunting knife across his throat soon relieved his suffering.

We then got the head from the buck Sam had killed the day before, and returned to camp about 11 o'clock a. m.

In the afternoon we rode out together again, and had not gone far when we saw five of the bright little animals we were hunting, on a hill-side. They were too far away for anything like a sure shot, but were in such a position that we could get no nearer to them. They stood looking at us, and Sam told me to try them. I had little hope of making a hit, but dismounting took a shot off hand, holding for the shoulder of a good sized buck. When the gun cracked there was a circus. I had missed my aim so far as to cut both his hind legs off just below the knee. The buck commenced bucking. First he stood on his fore feet, got his hind legs up in the air and shook the stumps. Then he tried to stand on them and paw the air with his fore feet, but lost his balance and fell over backward. He got up, jumped first to one side, then to the other, then forward. Meantime Sam rode toward him, and he tried to run. In this his motions were more like those of a rocking horse than of a living animal. The race was a short one. Sam soon rode up to him, caught him

by a horn and held him till I came up and cut the little fellow's throat. Then Sam said that was a very long shot, and he would like to know just what the distance was. He went back to where I stood when I shot, stepped the distance to where the antelope stood, and found it to be 362 paces.

We rode on a mile further and saw a young antelope lying down in some tall rye-grass. We could just see his horns and ears, and though he appeared to be looking at us he seemed to think himself securely hidden, for he made no movement toward getting up. I told Sam to shoot this time, but he said, "No, you shoot. I live in this country and can get all the shooting I want any time. You have come a long way out here to have some fun. Turn loose on him." And slipping off my horse I knelt down to get a knee rest, but found that from that position I could not see the game at all, and was compelled to shoot off hand again. Raising up I drew a bead on one of the horns, and then lowering the muzzle to where I thought the body should be, pressed the trigger. There was a lively commotion in the grass, but the buck never got out of his bed. The ball went in at one shoulder and out at the opposite hip. On stepping the distance we found it to be only 125 yards.

And now, having in a measure wiped out the disgrace of the previous day's work and secured all the meat, skins, and heads that our pack-mules could carry, we returned to camp and the next day went back to Fort Maginnis.

These bright little creatures, though naturally timid, sometimes show great courage in defense of

their young. I once saw a coyote sneak from behind a hill toward a herd of antelope. Instantly there was a grand rush of all the adult members of the band, male and female, toward the intruder, and when they had gotten in front of the kids they stopped, with bristles erect, ears thrown forward, and heads lowered, presenting a most warlike and belligerent appearance. The coyote, when he saw himself confronted with this solid phalanx, suddenly stopped, eyed his opponents for a few moments, and then, apparently overawed at the superiority of numbers and warlike attitude of his intended prey, slunk reluctantly away in search of some weaker victim. When he was well out of sight, the older members of the band turned to their young, caressed them, and resumed their grazing.

The speed of the antelope is probably not excelled by that of any other animal in this country, wild or domestic, except the greyhound, and, in fact, it is only the finest and fleetest of these that can pull down an antelope in a fair race.

In the little village of Garfield, Kansas, there lived a man some years ago—the proprietor of a hotel—who had two pet antelopes. The village dogs had several times chased them, but had always been distanced. One day a Mexican came to town who had with him two large, handsome greyhounds. Immediately on riding up to the hotel he saw the antelopes in the yard, and told the proprietor gruffly that he had better put “them critters” in the corral, or his dogs would kill them. The proprietor said he guessed the “critters” were able to take care of themselves, especially if the dogs did not spring

upon them unawares. This aroused the Mexican's ire, and he promptly offered to wager a goodly sum that his dogs would pull down one or both of the antelopes within a mile. The challenge was accepted, the stakes deposited, the antelopes turned into the street, and the "greaser" told his dogs to "take 'em."

The dogs sprang at the antelopes, but the latter had by this time reached a vacant lot across the street. They started off down the river. For a distance of four miles the river bottom was an open prairie, and as level as a floor. As the quartette sped over this grand natural race-course, the whole populace of the town turned out *en masse* to see the race. Men and boys shouted, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Betting was rife, the natives offering two to one on the antelopes, the Mexican and the few other strangers in town being eager takers. It was nip and tuck, neither animals gaining nor losing perceptibly, and when at last the four went round a bend in the river four miles away, and were hidden by a bluff, the game was, as nearly as could be seen by the aid of good field-glasses, just about the same distance ahead of the dogs as when they left town.

Some hours later the dogs returned, so tired they could scarcely walk. The Mexican eagerly looked for hair on their teeth, and although he could find none, was confident that his dogs had killed the antelopes. A mounted expedition to search for the carcasses and settle the question was agreed upon, but as it was too near night to start when the dogs returned, it was arranged to go in the morning. But

when the parties got up the next morning they found the antelopes quietly grazing in the hotel yard. The Mexican left town in disgust followed by his lame, sore-footed dogs, and muttering that he "never seed no varmints run like them things did."

The antelope, one of the brightest and most graceful and beautiful of all our Western game animals, is fast disappearing from our broad plains, owing to the ceaseless slaughter of it that is carried on by "skin hunters," Indians, "foreign noblemen," and others who come to this country year after year and spend the entire summer in hunting. Hundreds of them are killed every summer by this latter class, and left to rot where they fall, not a pound of meat, a skin, or even a head being taken from them. I have seen with my own eyes this butchery carried on for years past, and know whereof I speak.

Nearly all the Territories have stringent laws intended to prohibit this class of slaughter, but in these sparsely settled countries the provisions for enforcing them are so meagre that these men violate them day after day and year after year with impunity. This is one of the instances in which prohibition does not prohibit. And what I have said of the antelope is true of all the large game of the great West. The elk, deer, mountain sheep, etc., are being slaughtered by the hundreds every year—tenfold faster than the natural increase. And the time is near, *very* near, when all these noble species will be extinct. The sportsman or naturalist who desires to preserve a skin or head of any of them must procure it very soon or he will not be able to get it at all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUFFALO HUNTING ON THE TEXAS PLAINS.



THE "Texas boom" was at its height in 1876, and there was a grand rush of emigrants of all nationalities and conditions of people to the then New Eldorado. Thousands of men went down there to make money. Many of them had not the remotest idea how this was to be done, but from the glowing stories afloat regarding the resources of that wonderful country, they felt sure it could be done in some way. The little town of Fort Worth was then on the frontier—that is, it was one of the most westerly towns having railroad communication, and was therefore one of the important outfitting points for parties going into the wilds. A great many were going further west, on all kinds of expeditions, some in search of minerals, some in search of choice lands, some to hunt the large game which was then abundant.

The village consisted of a public square, around and fronting on which were a row of cheap, one-story, log and frame buildings, most of which were occupied as saloons and gambling houses. But



AT BAY.

there were a few respectable general stores, half a dozen so-called hotels, shops, etc. The town was full to overflowing with gamblers, rustlers, hunters, cowboys, Mexican rancheros, northern sight-seers, adventurers, commercial travelers, etc.

All day and all night could be heard the call of the *croupier* at the gambling-table as he announced the numbers and combinations that the wheel or cards produced in the course of the manipulations to which his deft fingers subjected them.

Hot words often came from fortunate and unfortunate gamesters, and the short, sharp report of the six-shooter, the shouts of combatants, the groans of wounded or dying men, the clatter of heavy boots or spurs on the feet of stampeded spectators were sounds that, nearly every night, greeted the ears of the populace.

Mob law reigned supreme, and there was little effort on the part of the village authorities to punish offenders. Sometimes Judge Lynch's court was convened on short notice, and someone who had committed an unusually flagrant violation of the "law of honor" and had killed a man without due provocation, was hurriedly tried and strung up to the nearest tree.

One evening in the month of November, the excitement was varied by the arrival of a "bull-train"* of ten wagons loaded with buffalo skins. They drove to the warehouse of the largest trader in the

* What is known on the frontier as a "bull-train" is a number of ponderous wagons, drawn by from six to ten yoke of oxen each, used for hauling heavy freight across the plains.

place to unload, and were quickly surrounded by a crowd of eager inquirers who sought for news from the front.

Some inquired as to the nature of the country, some as to the progress of settlements, some as to friends who were at the front, and many as to the buffalo herd from which the five thousand skins brought in by this train had been taken.

"The main herd," said the wagon boss, "is two hundred miles west on the headwaters of the Brazos river."

"How large a herd is it?"

"Nobody knows that, for none of 'em has took time to ride to the west end of it."

"Are there many hunters there?" inquired a young St. Louis lawyer.

"Wall, you'd reckon," said the boss. "Tha's 'bout a hundred and fifty white hunters, and more'n a thousand red-skins."

"When do you start back?"

"To-morrow mornin', if I can keep my bull punchers from gettin' full of pizen."

The crowd gradually scattered, while a little knot of the more respectable element repaired to the hotel to discuss the question of organizing a hunting party to go to the buffalo range. In an hour they agreed to go, the time for the start being fixed for the morning of the second day following.

And then the busy notes of preparation were heard throughout the town. But few of the men who decided to go were prepared for such a trip, and it was necessary for most of them to buy or hire complete outfits. Horses were the first and most

important requisite. The corral (the frontier livery stable) was first visited, and spirited bidding was indulged in for the choicest animals. The stock here was soon exhausted, and the demand was not yet supplied. Then all the horses and ponies standing tied to the railing around the public square were inspected, and any that were for sale were tested. Word having been circulated that a hunting party was outfitting, a large number of ponies were brought in from neighboring camps and ranches. The party was soon creditably mounted, though the number had increased to double that originally planned.

Next, teams must be employed. A number of these were also found, and five were engaged, their owners agreeing to work for seven dollars a day "and found."

Guns and ammunition were also in demand, and enough were offered to arm a regiment. A number of hunters had recently come in from the front and were selling off their outfits. Every store and hotel had from one to half a dozen guns in pawn, and one dealer had a number of new ones. Anything in the shape of a rifle could be had. Old Kentucky muzzle-loaders, "five feet long in the barrel;" condemned army carbines of Spencer, Sharps, and other patterns; Springfield muskets; Henry and Winchester rifles; and a few of the old reliable Sharps "buffalo guns" of 45 and 50 calibre, and using 100 to 120 grains of powder. These latter were taken at good figures by the more knowing ones, and the best of the others selected by the less intelligent buyers until all were fairly well armed.

Then a guide was needed, and a Chicago newspaper correspondent, who was to be a member of the expedition, was deputed to employ one. As usual in frontier towns, there were plenty of them, each one of whom, in his own estimation, was the best in the whole country. Each claimed to know every foot of the ground in question, to be able to speak the language of every Indian tribe on the frontier, to be a crack shot and intrepid horseman, afraid of nothing, and ready for any undertaking, no matter how hazardous.

Inquiry among the more reliable citizens of the town as to who was best suited for the uses of the present enterprise resulted in the choice of a rather quiet and attractive-looking young man bearing the euphonious pseudonym of "Red River Frank." He was clad in the conventional buckskin suit, and his long glossy black hair hung in heavy curls down to his shoulders. He was six feet two inches in height, straight as an arrow, and had a deep, clear gray eye; rode a good sized spirited mustang, and sat in his saddle like a life-trained trooper.

At the time appointed for the departure, the party, which had now swelled to thirty-two men all told, assembled in the public square. The wagons were loaded with the tents, bedding, food, and other necessary provisions for the trip, which, it was arranged, should occupy about six weeks. At ten o'clock the party rode out of town on the road leading west, taking with them the hearty good wishes of the assembled throng. They crossed a narrow belt of timber and emerged upon a stretch of gently undulating prairie, which was densely cov-

ered with a luxuriant growth of gramma grass, and over which they traveled at a lively gait until after sundown before again reaching timber and water. Then they camped on a small creek where food, fuel, and good water were abundant. The tents were pitched, supper prepared and eaten, and then the party assembled around a large camp fire.

The lawyer arose, and requesting the attention of the men, said that, as they were going on a long journey into a wild country, which was infested with hostile Indians and lawless white men, where it might be necessary for this party to defend themselves and their property by force of arms, it was thought best to effect a permanent and binding organization, which would insure unity of action throughout the trip, and especially in the event of any such trouble as he had intimated might arise. He therefore nominated as chief executive officer of the expedition, Captain W. H. Enders, who, he said, had done good and faithful service during the late war; who, since the war, had traveled extensively in the West, and who was now engaged in cattle-raising in Kansas. Several men seconded the nomination, and Captain Enders was unanimously chosen by acclamation.

He arose and thanked his friends, modestly and gracefully, for this mark of their esteem and confidence, stating that he had no desire to exercise any arbitrary or unnecessary authority over them, but should only order them in so far as safety and success in their undertaking seemed necessary. He asked that all who were willing to stand by him and obey his orders to this extent should so pledge

themselves by rising to their feet. The entire party arose. Then their leader thanked them again, and their informal deliberation ended.

The captain detailed four men to act as a guard over the camp and stock during the night, each watching two hours and then calling up the one who was to relieve him, and this precaution was followed up throughout the expedition.

The men were tired from their long ride, and sought the comfort of their blankets at an early hour. As they had a ten days' journey before them to reach the buffalo range, it was agreed that they should start early each morning, and the camp fires were therefore ordered to be lit at four o'clock.

The journey was uneventful for several days. The road upon which the party had first traveled bearing off to the southwest, and the course of our party being due west, they left it. "Red River Frank" now sustained his good reputation as a guide by selecting with excellent skill and judgment the best portion of the country to travel in, avoiding the numerous swamps and sandy plains, finding safe and easy fords across the streams, and selecting good camp sites for each night.

They were now in a country where deer and turkeys were abundant, and their tables were bountifully supplied with fresh meat. They camped on the night of November 12 in a clump of tall cottonwood trees that skirted a small creek. Just at dusk a great rush of wings was heard in the air, and, looking in the direction from whence the sound came, a large flock of wild turkeys was seen sailing directly toward their camp, and, a moment later,

they lit in the trees amongst which our party was camped. Instantly every rifle was brought forth, and the whole camp was ablaze with burning powder. The smoke floated up amongst the dazed and panic-stricken birds, who fluttered wildly and aimlessly from tree to tree, knocking their wings against each other and the dead limbs, and making a most frightful noise.

The hunters scattered and tongues of flame shot up from every quarter. Volley after volley was fired. The roar of the rifles interspersed with the "thud" and "crash" of falling birds, the shouts of the excited throng, the neighing of terrified horses, the barking of dogs, turned the quiet camp of a few moments ago into a veritable pandemonium. The slaughter went on for, perhaps, twenty minutes, when the more humane became ashamed of themselves and quit. Finally they prevailed upon their friends to desist, and the dead game was gathered up. Sixty-three of these noble birds had met their death, and the survivors were allowed to sit quietly and watch the camp fires till morning, when they sailed away toward the east.

In the afternoon of that day, Frank and the journalist were riding in advance of the column across a level, monotonous stretch of country, where there was little to attract attention or excite remark. They had already become warm friends and talked confidentially on many subjects, but Frank had said nothing of his past history, yet his strange demeanor at times had excited in the mind of the newspaper man an anxiety to know what had moved this refined, generous, scholarly young

man to adopt a life so uncivilized as the one he was living.

“Frank,” he finally said, “I have no wish to question you on a subject that you may not wish to speak on, yet I have observed many traits in you that are not found in other men of your calling. I am of the opinion that you have been bred in a very different sphere of life from this in which you now live. If you have no objection, I should like to know what motive prompted you to adopt this wild life.”

He bit his lip and hesitated. Finally, after some moments, he said:

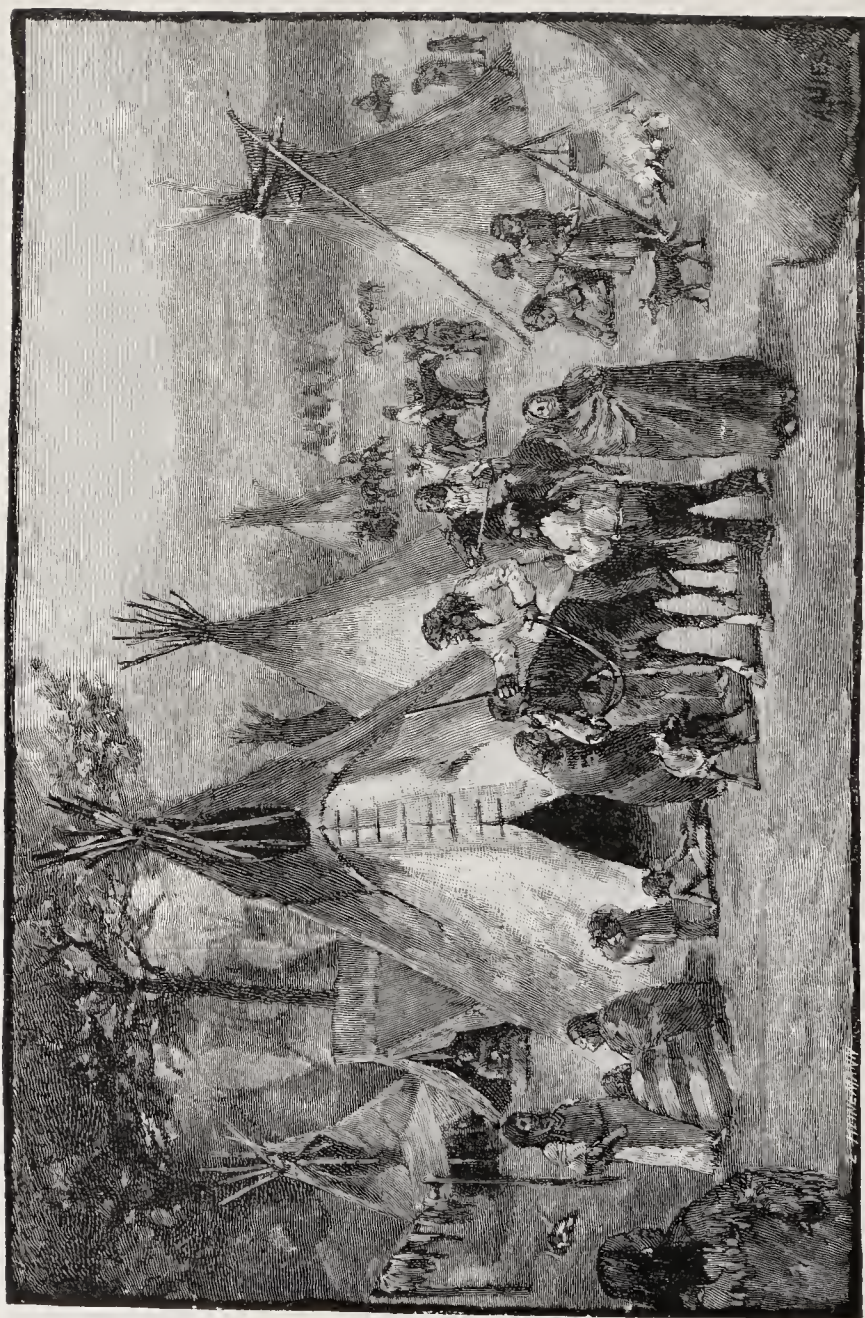
“Well, I’ll tell you how it came about, and I’ll make the story brief. It is similar to that of many another scout, in general, but different in detail, perhaps, from any of them. I was born and bred in an Eastern city, and was being educated for the ministry. My father failed in business and I was compelled to leave school. He gathered what little was left of his shattered fortune, and with his family emigrated to the far West. There he engaged in farming on what was then the frontier, but before we had been there six months we were awoken one morning at daylight by the yells of savage Indians, and, looking out, beheld them all around us. They were Comanches.

“Our house was burned. My father was tomahawked and scalped before our eyes, and my mother, my sister (who was older than I), and myself were carried into captivity. I was fortunate enough to escape. I returned and organized a pursuing party, but our efforts were fruitless, and a few months

later I learned from a half-breed that death had relieved the sufferings of my mother and sister. That was twenty years ago. I was fifteen years old then, and from that day to this I have been on the trail of that tribe. I boast of nothing, but each year I feel better satisfied with my work. I hope that, in time, I may feel content to return East and engage in some lawful and more congenial pursuit."

At that instant a deer bounded up out of the tall grass a hundred yards ahead and went prancing away to the left. Frank caught his rifle from the sling at his saddle bow and sent a bullet through its head.

Early the next morning the hunters came upon fresh buffalo signs, and in the afternoon a few stragglers were seen. One was killed in the evening, and on the creek where they camped that night fresh Indian camp signs were found. A small herd of buffalo came to the creek to drink, a mile below, just after sundown, and various facts indicated that they were near the main herd. All through the next day they were in sight of small bands, and several hunting parties were sighted, some white and some red. The feed was getting scarce, owing to its having been eaten down by the game, and at two o'clock the party camped on Willow creek, a small tributary of the Brazos river. The main herd was yet about ten miles away, but the hunters could not consistently go any nearer for a permanent camp, and decided to make it here. Two white hunters visited them in the evening, and told them that a party of ten Comanches were camped on Turtle creek seven miles further west. At this intelligence



NATIVE BUFFALO HUNTERS.

Frank's face darkened and his eye gleamed, but he said nothing. Soon after dark, however, he was missing, and did not turn up again till near noon the next day. He had a different horse from the one he rode away; not so good a one, it is true, and there were two bullet holes in his coat. He was reticent and uncommunicative as to where he had been, but wore a very pleased expression on his countenance, and was occasionally seen to smile when not talking with anyone.

The majority of the hunters mounted and rode southwest early in the morning. Seven men in one party sighted a herd of buffaloes numbering about 200, and dismounting, when within a mile, cached their horses in a coulee, and began a cautious advance.

They found a deep and crooked ravine into which they crawled, and in which they were able to approach to within about 400 yards of the nearest animals. A gentle breeze blew from the game toward the hunters, and taking advantage of the most favorable point, they crawled up the steep bank to where they could command a good view of the game. The "tenderfeet" in the party were in favor of firing a volley, but an old hunter who had led them advised them to fire singly, and at intervals of a minute or two, this plan being much less likely to frighten the game. He cautioned them to take very careful aim, to make every shot count, and to wound as few animals as possible. One slightly wounded animal, he said, would create more uneasiness among the herd than ten dead or fatally wounded ones.

Several of this party were good marksmen, and

had good strong-shooting, long-range rifles. Though they shot heavy charges, yet, the wind in their favor, at this long distance, the animals would scarcely hear the reports. The leader advised them to shoot only at animals broadside, and gave them careful directions as to elevation and where to aim. Evans opened the fire with a sixteen-pound 50-calibre Sharp's. Immediately after the report the emphatic "thud" of the bullet came back and a large cow was seen to drop on her knees; get up again, stagger away a few rods and lie down.

"Good," said the old hunter. "Now, Pete, you go."

"Pete fired, and an old bull whisked his tail, walked sullenly away, turned around a few times, and fell dead. Another complimentary remark from the old hunter, and then he said:

"Now I guess I'll try one."

He fired, but to his great chagrin did just what he had cautioned the others not to do, broke a fore leg below the knee. This cow commenced to bellow and "buck," and in an instant the whole herd was in commotion.

"Stop her, somebody, stop her, or she'll stampede the hull bizness!" he said, as he pushed another bullet into his muzzle loader. By this time she had stopped broadside, for a moment, at the edge of the herd, and the journalist, at the order of the boss, drew a bead on her. The "spat" of the heavy bullet told of a palpable hit." She no longer felt like running, but was not yet down and it took two more bullets to lay her out. The next shot was a clean miss, so far as it concerned the animal shot at, but it wounded

one somewhere in the herd. Then there was more commotion and it was evident the "stand" was at an end.

"Give it to 'em, everybody," the old hunter now said, and a fusillade followed that soon put them under full speed.

The hunters now mounted their horses and made a "run" on the band that resulted in some very exciting sport and the death of three more buffaloes. This over, they returned to the scene of the first firing and galloped the seven animals killed "on the stand." Then they mounted their tired beasts again and were on the point of starting for camp when they heard strange noises, and looking toward the west beheld a great black surging mass, waving and rolling up across the prairie, half hidden by great clouds of dust which were only occasionally blown away by the brisk autumn wind. It was the great herd of buffalo, and they had been stampeded by the Indian hunters. The roar of the hoofs upon the dry earth was like the low and sullen thunder. The vanguard of the herd was yet more than a mile away, but the dark line stretched to right and left almost as far as the eye could reach, and our hunters saw that instant and precipitate flight was necessary in order to save their lives. They specially chose the northward as offering the shortest and best direction by which to escape the coming avalanche, and sinking the spurs deep into their terror-stricken beasts, they flew with the velocity of an arrow across the wild prairie. A mile was covered in a few seconds, and yet they were not past the herd, which was rapidly closing in upon them.



THE FIRST RUN.

They turned their horses' heads partly in the direction the buffaloes were going and, urging them to their utmost speed, finally passed the outer line of the herd just as the leaders passed by. Then, having reached a place of safety, they dismounted, and throwing their bridle reins over their arms commenced to load and fire into the herd with all possible rapidity, nearly every shot killing or disabling an animal. It took nearly half an hour for the rolling, surging, angry horde to pass the point where our hunters stood, and as the rear guard came in sight there came a new and still more terrible scene in the great tragedy.

More than a hundred Indians were in hot pursuit of the savage beasts. They were mounted on wild and almost ungovernable bronchos, who were frothing at the mouth, charging and cavorting amongst the fleeing game. The white foam dropped in flakes and bubbles from all parts of their bodies. Their nostrils were distended, their eyes flashed fire, and they seemed as eager as their wild masters to deal death to the buffaloes. The savage riders seemed beside themselves with mad, ungovernable passion.

Their faces were painted in the most glaring colors, their bright and many-colored blankets fluttered in the wind secured to the saddle only by an end or a corner, their long black hair streaming back like the pennant at the mast head of a ship, and their deep black eyes gleamed like coals of fire in a dungeon. Arrow after arrow flew from deep-strung bows and sunk to the feathered tip in the quivering flesh of the shaggy monsters.

Ponderous spears were hurled with the power and precision of giants and struck down the defenceless victims as a sturdy woodman strikes down the frail sapling in his path.

“Crack!” “crack!” came from rifles, and “ping!” “ping!” from carbines and revolvers. Hundreds of shots were fired by those who carried firearms, and before these murderous weapons, the poor bison sank like ripened grain before the reaper’s blade.

One young warrior, more ardent and fearless than the rest, had forced his high-strung steed far into the midst of the solid phalanx, where the horse was finally impaled upon the horns of a monster bull. He and his rider were tossed like sheaves of wheat into the air; then both sank to earth, and were instantly trodden into the dust.

At last the great storm had passed, and our friends watched until it faded away in the distance and finally disappeared from their view.

Then came the squaws, the boys, and the old men, to dispatch the wounded and to skin and cut up the dead. These were strewn all over the prairie, and not a tithe of them were, or could be, saved by all the people, white and red, assembled there.

Our hunters returned to camp at sunset, where they met those of their companions who had been out during the afternoon, and over the evening camp fire, each related the thrilling incidents which he had witnessed, or in which he had participated during the day.

On the following morning they again started out in several parties of five or six each and going in various

directions. Frank and the newspaper man started with three others, but soon separated from them to go after a small band which they had sighted about two miles south of camp.

When within a proper distance, they dismounted, picketed their horses in a swale, and stalking to within about a hundred yards opened fire. A young cow dropped at the first shot, to all appearances dead, and the remainder of the band scurried away, one old bull being badly wounded. The hunters started to run to the top of a ridge, over which the game had gone, to get another shot. As they passed the cow the guide called to his companion to look out for her, as she was only "creased" and liable to get up again and charge them. They had gone but a few rods, when, sure enough, she did spring to her feet and make a dash at Frank. He turned to shoot her, but his gun missed fire, and as he attempted to throw out the cartridge, the action failed to work, and his gun was, for the moment, disabled. By this time she was almost on him, and as his only means of escape, he sprang into a "washout" (a ditch that had been cut by the water, some ten feet deep), the sides of which were perpendicular.

He called loudly for help, but his friend had not seen the charge, and was by this time a hundred yards away. He turned and saw the cow, almost blind with rage, rapidly jumping back and forth across the washout, in a mad effort to get at the guide, but she seemed unwilling to jump down into it. She was shot through the throat, and the blood, flowing from her in torrents, had deluged poor

Frank, until he looked as if he had been at work in a slaughter-house. The scribe ran back, killed the cow, and drew his friend from his sanguinary retreat.

The guide then repaired his gun, and mounting their horses they pursued the wounded bull. They soon found him at bay, and riding up close to him, commenced firing at him with their revolvers. Quick as a flash of lightning he made a frightful charge at the journalist, who, taken by surprise, was unable to avoid the rush. Both horse and rider were dashed to the earth. The horse was so badly injured as to be unable to rise, and as the burly antagonist made another rush at him, the man was enabled to seek safety in flight, and before the bull again turned his attention to the fugitive, the rapid and well-directed fire of the scout had brought the shaggy beast to the earth.

The horse was fatally injured and had to be shot, so our friends, with one horse between them, took turns riding and walking to camp.

This day's killing by the party was large, and supplied all their wants as to meat, skins, and sport. The next few days were devoted to jerking meat, dressing and drying skins, and preparing for the return journey, and in ten days from the date of their arrival on the hunting ground, the teams were all loaded up, camp was broken, and the homeward march was begun, which progressed uneventfully from day to day, and was made in safety in about the same time occupied in going out.

Twice during the hunt the party were alarmed by the discovery of Indians lurking about their camp,

late in the night. The guards discovered them in both instances, and fired on them, when they beat a hasty retreat and disappeared in the darkness. It was not known that their object was anything worse than pilfering, and yet there was little doubt that had they found the party all off guard and asleep, a massacre would have resulted. But, true to their aboriginal instincts, they did not wish to engage in a fight with a formidable foe, whom they found ever ready for such an emergency.



PROWLERS.

Such scenes and such sport as this party enjoyed were common almost anywhere on the great plains west of the Missouri river up to a few years ago. Herds of buffalo extending over a tract of land as large as one of the New England States, and numbering hundreds of thousands of heads, might be found any day in what was then "buffalo country." An army officer told me that, when crossing the plains in 1867 with a company of cavalry, he encountered a herd that it took his command three days to ride through, marching about thirty miles a day.

When two of our transcontinental railways were

first built it was no uncommon thing for herds of buffalo to delay trains for several hours in crossing the tracks, the animals being packed in so close together that the train could not force a passage through them.

But, alas, those days are passed forever. This noble creature, provided to feed the human multitude who should people the prairies, is to-day practically extinct; slaughtered and annihilated by that jackal of the plains, that coyote in human shape, the "skin hunter." Hundreds of thousands of buffaloes were annually killed, their skins sold at from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half each, and the meat which, when properly taken care of, is equal, if not superior, to the finest domestic beef, was left to rot on the ground.

There are scarcely a hundred buffaloes left on the continent to day in their wild state. A very few stragglers are known to be in the Panhandle of Texas, a small bunch in the Yellowstone National Park, and a few in the British Northwest, but they are being remorselessly pursued by large numbers of hunters, and it is safe to say that a year hence not one will be left in the whole broad West unless it be those in the park, and they will escape only in case they stay within the park limits where they are protected by United States soldiers. Should they ever stray beyond the bounds of the park they will all be killed in less than a week.

Several small bunches have been domesticated by Western cattlemen, and it is hoped the species may, by this means, be saved from total extinction. They are being successfully cross-bred with domes-

tic cattle, and an excellent strain of stock is thus produced, but the grand herds that for ages roamed at will over the great plains are a thing of the past.



CHAPTER XXV.

HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.



HERE is, perhaps, no large mammal in this country of which the scientific world and the reading public in general knows so little as of the Rocky Mountain goat (*Aplocerus Montanus*). There are several reasons for this. First, its limited range. It is confined to a small area of the Rocky Mountains, principally west of the main divide; to Western Montana, Eastern Idaho, the Cascade Range in Washington Territory, a small portion of British Columbia, and to Alaska. Secondly, its habitat is the tops or near the tops of the highest and most rugged peaks and cliffs, where none but the hardest and most daring hunter may venture in pursuit of it, and so comparatively very few are ever killed and brought into the settlements. Third, it can not be successfully domesticated. Its favorite food is so different from that generally growing in or near any settlement, the atmosphere it breathes, the mean temperature in which it lives, and the ground, or rather rocks, on which it is accustomed to walk, so widely different from those surrounding any human habitation, that the few

young that have been captured and brought down to the settlements have soon died. So that none of them are found in parks and zoological gardens, as are specimens of nearly all other large wild animals.

There are fewer mounted skins of this animal in Eastern museums than of any other species indigenous to this country, and hence the public and naturalists have had fewer opportunities to study and become familiar with it than with other wild mammals. Yet it is one of the most beautiful and interesting of all our American quadrupeds, and probably no sportsman or naturalist has ever yet mustered courage and hardihood enough to go where he could kill a Rocky Mountain goat without feeling amply repaid for all the labor and hardship encountered by being able to behold this mystic creature in his lofty mountain home. In view of the limited facilities people have had for studying this animal a somewhat minute description of it may not be amiss here.

In size it is but a trifle larger than the Merino sheep, which, in fact, it closely resembles in many respects. The form of its body is robust, fore parts rather thicker than hinder parts, with a slight hump over shoulders, similiar to that of the American bison. Its color is entirely white, or, in some instances, of a light creamy shade. Hair long and pendant. A beard-like tuft of hair on the chin. Long coarse hair, more abundant, on shoulders, neck, and back. Under and intermixed with this long hair there is a close coat of fine, silky, white wool, equal in fineness to that of the Cashmere goat. Hair on face and legs short and without wool. Horns

(which are present in both sexes) jet black, small, conical, nearly erect, polished, and curving slightly backward; ringed or wrinkled at the base, much like those of the chamois. Muzzle and hoofs also black. False or accessory hoofs present. Dentition: Incisors, 8 lower; canines, none; molars, 12 upper, 12 lower; total 32. The mountain goat brings forth two or three young at a time, usually late in May or early in June. Slightly gregarious, being frequently found in small bands in winter, but in summer season not more than a single family is usually seen together, and in summer and fall the older males may frequently be found entirely alone. The nose is nearly straight, ears rather long, pointed, and lined with long hair. Tail six to eight inches long, clothed with long hair. Legs thick and short. Hoofs grooved on sole and provided with a thick spongy mass of cartilage in centre, projecting below the outer edges of hoof, enabling the animal to cling firmly to steep or smooth rocks. The dimensions of one adult male specimen measured are as follows: Length from tip of nose to root of tail, 3 feet 7 inches; length of tail, 7 inches; length of head, $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches; length of horns, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; diameter of horns at base, 1 inch. Its estimated gross weight is 130 pounds.

The food of the mountain goat consists principally, in summer, of the leaves of the alder and of various mountain shrubs, and in winter of mosses and lichens that grow on the rocks.

Aplocerus Montanus is much more closely allied to the antelope than to the domestic goat, and has few characteristics in common with the latter

genus. He is an agile, fearless climber, and appears to delight in scaling the tallest, grandest, and most rugged crags and cliffs to be found in the ranges which he inhabits, not so much in quest of his favorite food, for this grows abundantly lower down, but apparently from a mere spirit of daring; from a desire to breathe the rarest and purest atmosphere obtainable, and to view the grandest scenery under the sun without having his vision in the least obstructed by intervening objects. These forbidding and almost inaccessible crags are the favorite, and nearly the exclusive, haunts of this strange creature, and the hunter who follows it thither must indeed be a daring mountaineer. The goat is frequently found at altitudes of 10,000 to 14,000 feet, where the atmosphere is so rare as to render it difficult indeed for man to climb, yet this fearless creature nimbly leaps from crag to crag, over deep yawning chasms, with no more fear than the domestic lamb feels when bounding over the greensward in an Eastern farm-yard.

The hunter literally takes his life in his hand when pursuing the goat, for he must pass over many places where a misstep or a slip of a few inches would plunge him over a precipice, where he would fall thousands of feet, or be hurled into some narrow and deep fissure in the rocks whence escape would be impossible.

Over such rugged and perilous ground he may climb, hour after hour, until he has passed the highest ranges of the elk, the mountain sheep, and all the other game, for the mountain goat, "the American chamois," as he has been aptly termed, ranges

higher than any of them. He may toil on until he is far above timber line, and is working his way over and around vast drifts and beds of perpetual snow and ice. Finally he sights his game—a fine handsome specimen—standing fearlessly on some jutting crag, deliberately feeding on some tender lichens or, perhaps, peering proudly out over the lower world. The hunter now changes his course until he can conceal himself behind some neighboring rock, and then crawls stealthily and cautiously up to within rifle range of the game. Then, peering cautiously from behind his cover, he takes careful aim and fires. He is a dead shot and the rifle ball pierces the heart of the quarry, but to his dismay it makes a convulsive bound and down it goes over the precipice, rebounding from crag to crag, until it finally reaches a resting place hundreds of feet below. It may go to where he can never reach it, or may land where he can recover it on his return down the mountain side; but if the latter, it may be torn to fragments and scattered here and there until the hide is useless, the horns are broken off, the skull crushed so that the head is unfit to mount, and the flesh so bruised and mangled that he can scarcely save enough of it to make him a dinner.

A few years ago an officer of the United States army and a party of friends were hunting goats in the Bitter Root Mountains, near Missoula, Mont. They followed two—a male and female—to the top of a rough and dangerous peak, when the game, before they could get a shot at it, started down the opposite side and took refuge from the hunters under a shelving rock. Here it was, owing to the

nature of the rocks and ice, absolutely impossible for the hunters to follow them on foot, but the intrepid officer, not to be baffled in the pursuit, tied a long rope securely around his body, just under his arms, laid down, and grasping his rifle slid quietly down, on a bed of ice, some sixty or seventy feet, while his companions held on to the other end of the rope and controlled his perilous descent. Finally, when he had gone far enough to be able to see the game, he signaled his friends, who stopped him, and raising on his elbows he fired and killed both goats, and was then drawn up again in safety. Such, however, was the nature of the rocks between him and the carcasses that it was utterly impossible to reach them after he had killed them, and he was compelled reluctantly to abandon them. Several members of the party tried to reach them from other points, but were unable to do so, and they were all obliged to return empty-handed to camp.

In another instance this same officer, upon crawling out on the edge of a shelving rock and looking down over a precipice hundreds of feet below, saw two goats near the base, but they were actually inside of a perpendicular line running down from the edge of the rock he occupied, and he was therefore unable to bring his rifle to bear upon them without projecting his body out over the edge of the rock further than was safe. After discussing the matter for some minutes, one of his friends offered to hold his feet and thus enable him to extend his head and shoulders far enough out to get his aim. By this means both of the goats were killed, but a party

had to go around and ascend the mountain from the other side in order to secure them.

The same party, while climbing the rugged and almost perpendicular face of Little Mountain to bring down some goats they had already killed, came suddenly upon a large buck in a narrow V-shaped fissure in the rock, from which there was no escape but by the opening at which they had entered, and across this they formed a skirmish line. The goat climbed upon a narrow projection on one of the walls of the fissure just out of reach of the tallest man in the party, and as they had no rifles with them (having left them below to lighten the labor of the ascent), they tried to dislodge him by throwing rocks at him, but their footing was so insecure and there was such great danger of their falling that they could not hurl these with sufficient force to bring him down though several of them hit him. If they had had a rope they could easily have lassoed him, but there was no such thing at hand. They finally decided to leave one of the men to guard their prisoner, and on their return to camp another man took a rifle, went back, killed the goat, and the two bore him triumphantly down to camp. The gentleman says: "Had I not been an eye witness, and had I subsequently been shown the place where the goat stood thus at bay, I could scarcely have believed it possible for anything larger than a fly to have found footing there."

Fortunately, however, the successful hunting of the goat is not always thus perilous, for though he habitually selects for his home the roughest and most inaccessible peaks to be found in the mount-

ains, yet he sometimes ranges on more favorable ground, and if the sportsman be so fortunate as to find him there he may be killed and saved. They range somewhat lower in winter than in summer, but never even then venture down into the cañons or valleys, as do all the other large mountain animals. They only come down upon the lower peaks and ridges, and remain about the rocky walls, which are so precipitous that the snow can not lie on them to any considerable depth. Their power of climbing over and walking on these almost perpendicular rock walls is utterly astounding. They will walk along the side of an upright projecting ledge that towers hundreds of feet above and below them where a shelf projects not more than four or five inches wide. They will climb straight up an almost perpendicular wall, if only slightly rough and irregular, so that they can get a chance to hold on with their spongy hoofs here and there. And they seem to select these difficult passes in many instances when a good, easy passage could be had to the place to which they are bound by going a little further around. They seem to delight in scaling a dangerous cliff as a courageous boy does in climbing the tallest tree. I once saw where a goat had walked straight up over a smooth flat slab of granite ten feet wide, that laid at an angle of about fifty degrees, and that was covered with about two inches of wet snow and slush. I could not climb up it with moc-casins on my feet, and no dog could have followed him there. This faculty is accounted for by the peculiar shape and quality of their hoofs before described.

The skin of the Rocky Mountain goat has never had any regular commercial value. The stiff, coarse, brittle hair that is mixed with the wool renders them unsuitable for robes or rugs, and this hair can not readily be plucked out. The only demand for them is for mounting. Very few white hunters and none of the Indians understand how to skin and preserve them properly for this purpose, and this fact, taken in connection with that of the rough and dangerous nature of the ground they inhabit, makes it difficult to secure good skins, or even heads for mounting.

The flesh of the goat is edible, but in the adult animal is dry and tasteless. When kids of less than a year old can be obtained, their flesh is tender and toothsome. They are not hunted, therefore, for meat, for in the ranges where they are found, deer, mountain sheep, or elks can be obtained much lower down and are much more desirable for the table.

During a sojourn of a month in the Bitter Root Mountains, near Missoula, Mont., last fall I had some very exciting, not to say dangerous, experiences in hunting this animal. We were camped in Lost Horse Cañon, through which flows a typical mountain stream. The walls on both sides are very abrupt and from three to four thousand feet in height. That on the north is covered from bottom to top with great masses of granite that have been broken loose from the cliffs at the top by earthquakes, the action of frost, or other agency, and have tumbled down, breaking into irregular-shaped fragments, of all sizes, lodging and piling on top of each other in such a manner as to form a gigantic sort of pavement from

the top of the mountain to the foot. There were narrow strips of the mountain side that had escaped these fallen masses. Here the outcropping granite remained in its natural shape—irregular ledges with small patches of earth intervening. Pines, hemlocks, cedars, and various kinds of shrubs grew in these places as far up the mountain side as the timber line.

I ascended this north wall one morning and after a weary and toilsome climb of about two miles, and when in snow about six inches deep, I came upon the track of a very large goat. It was some hours old, but he had been feeding deliberately along the mountain side, and as they are not rapid travelers in any case, I knew he was not a great distance away. I took up the trail and followed it. It led over a succession of these vast rock piles, which, owing to their being covered with snow, made the traveling doubly dangerous. A slight misstep at any point, or an unfortunate slip would be liable to let my foot drop in between two of these rocks and throw me in such a way as to break a leg, an arm, or possibly my head. The greatest care was therefore necessary in picking my way over this dangerous country, and I was frequently struck with the wise provisions which Nature makes for fulfilling her ends when I saw where the animal I was pursuing had bounded lightly from rock to rock over chasms many feet in width; or where he had walked up the sharp edge of some slab of granite not more than three or four inches wide and lying at a high angle; or where he had walked up over a flat slab of it, tilted so steep that no other large animal in the mountains could have followed him. There were

many of his passages in which I could not follow, but I had to make slow and tortuous detours, coming upon his trail again beyond these most dangerous points.

Had he traveled straight ahead I could never have overtaken him, but the time he consumed in frequently stopping to nip the tender leaves of the mountain alder or the juicy lichens that grow upon the rocks proved fatal to him, and finally, after a chase of probably two miles and when near the top of the peak close to timber line, I came in sight of him. He was truly a beautiful creature. There he stood, unconscious of approaching danger, looking calmly out across a neighboring cañon as if enjoying the grand scenery about him. Occasionally he turned to take a mouthful of some delicate mountain herb that stood near him. The pale creamy white of his fleece contrasted delicately and beautifully with the green of the cedars, the golden autumn-colored leaves of the shrubs, the dull gray of the granite rocks, and the pure white of the early autumn snow. The sunlight glistened upon the polished black of his proudly curved and beautifully rounded horns, and his large black eyes gleamed as with conscious innocence and pride. I contemplated his majestic mien for several minutes before I could nerve myself to the task of taking his life, but finally the hunter's instinct conquered my more delicate feelings. I put my rifle to my shoulder, pressed the gently yielding trigger, and in an instant more his life blood crimsoned the driven snow.

After making temporary disposition of his remains, I returned as rapidly as possible to camp to get my

photographic outfit and some help to carry him in, for we were short of meat at the time. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I reached camp, and, eating a hasty lunch, I started back up the mountain with three of my friends.

When we again reached the carcass it was five o'clock, and our work must be done hastily in order to get down the mountain as far as possible before dark. To add to the discomfort of our undertaking a drizzling rain set in just as I was ready to make the views. I exposed a couple of plates, however, which fortunately turned out fairly. We then set to work to skin him as rapidly as possible, and as soon as this was accomplished we started on our return to camp, two of the men taking the two hind quarters of the animal, another my camera, and I the skin and head. With these loads, weighing from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds each, besides our rifles, and considering the difficult and dangerous nature of the ground we had to travel over and the fact that it was already beginning to grow dark, we had, indeed, a perilous journey before us. Climbing over these rock piles when covered with snow was difficult enough work in daylight, but to attempt it in the darkness and now that it was raining heavily, the snow having become wet and slushy and the rocks more slippery than before, it was doubly perilous.

Our course lay diagonally down and along the side of the mountain, and as long as the light was sufficient to at all see where we were stepping we made fair progress. Frequently, however, someone would slip and fall, but fortunately without receiving any serious injury. We were often compelled to hold to

some shrub or tree and let ourselves down over projecting rocks several feet, where we could not possibly have stood up without such aid.

Finally, when we were yet less than half way down the mountain side, it became pitch dark. Here we sat down to rest. The rain was falling in torrents, and but for the snow on the ground we could not now have seen a step ahead of us. We had entered one of those more favored strips of land where the falling rocks had not covered the ground entirely, and where there was a considerable growth of timber, both large trees and underbrush. I was in favor of going straight down through this into the creek bottom where we could at least walk in safety, even if our progress should be slower. One of my friends—Mr. Overturf—agreed with me, but the other two—Mr. McWhirk and Mr. Hinchman—preferred to continue over the rocks in a direct line to camp. We therefore decided to separate, Frank and I going straight down through this strip of timber and over the smoother ground, and the other two following the more direct course.

We two reached the foot of the mountain in about an hour more; not, however, without encountering serious difficulties in grasping and finding our way down over precipitous rocks and earth, hanging on to one limb or shrub until we came in reach of another, and thus letting ourselves down safely. We were then about a mile and a half from camp. The creek bottom was densely timbered. There was a dim game trail leading through it up to our camp, but it was impossible to follow it in the darkness, and, in fact, it required the closest attention of experi-

enced wood-men and hunters to follow it in daylight. We were therefore utterly at sea. We were safe, however, and we heaved a sigh of relief when we found ourselves on level ground, for none of us had relished the idea of having a bone broken in that country, so far from medical aid and home comforts.

Great snow slides had for ages been coming down these mountain sides bringing their débris, such as rocks, and logs, and whole trees with them. These had frequently gone some distance into the creek bottom, breaking and felling all the trees in their path. Tornados had raged through the cañon, also, breaking and lopping trees in various directions, so that we now encountered a body of woods through which the most expert woodsman could not possibly travel more than a mile an hour in daylight. Add to this the cimmerian darkness in which we were now groping (for there was no snow here in the bottom of the cañon) and the reader may well imagine that our progress was slow and tedious in the extreme.

We sat down and held another consultation. I favored building a fire and staying there till morning, but Frank preferred pushing on to camp, so I acquiesced. We soon found, however, that it was utterly impossible for us to get through these wind-falls in the darkness and with our heavy loads, and decided as a last resort to get into the bed of the creek and wade up it. We were already wet to the skin from head to foot, and this wading could be no worse than clambering over logs and through jungles of wet underbrush. We soon reached the creek and our hearts sank within us as we listened to its tumult-

uous roar and looked upon its angry bosom, for here we were enabled to see slightly, owing to the faint light admitted through the narrow opening in the trees overhead, how rough and boisterous it was! Its bed was a succession of bowlders from the size of a man's head to that of a small house, and its waters, coming direct from the snow, were ice cold. Yet to camp here was to suffer all night from wet and cold, and we preferred to push on.

By keeping near the shore we could nearly all the time have brush to hang to and steady ourselves, but where there were none of these in reach our rubber boots slipped on the smooth wet rocks, and several times we fell into the icy flood up to our chins. Once, in particular, I fell in water nearly three feet deep, dropped my gun and it went to the bottom. I fished it out, however, staggered to my feet, and struggled on.

After nearly two hours of this terrible trudging, wading, and staggering, we at last reached camp at eleven o'clock at night and triumphantly deposited our burdens within the tent.

Our two friends, from whom we had separated *en route*, had arrived only half an hour ahead of us, and notwithstanding the rain, which still fell heavily, Dr. Hale, who had remained in camp, had a great log-heap fire blazing in front of the tent. A pot of coffee steamed by the fire, and a sumptuous supper of broiled bear steaks, baked potatoes, and hot biscuits awaited us, but I was too tired to eat. I drank a pint of hot coffee, put on dry flannels, crawled into my blankets, and slept soundly till morning.

As further illustrating the habits of the mountain goat and the perils attending its capture, I may be permitted to narrate the experience of Mr. Westlake, a ranchman in Eastern Idaho, who attempted to procure a pair of skins for a friend in the East a few years ago. He employed a Flathead Indian as guide and assistant, who claimed to know the country thoroughly in which they purposed hunting, and to have had considerable experience in hunting goats. Mr. Westlake provided himself with a good saddle-horse and one pack-horse, a rifle, camp outfit, including a small tent, and provisions for himself and the Indian for twenty days. The Indian was fairly mounted on a small but tough Indian pony and well armed. They set out on September 2, and traveled across the country to the Clearwater river, up which they rode several days, over a very difficult and tedious trail, and when well up toward the head of the stream they reached the mouth of one of its tributaries which debouches from a deep and rugged cañon. Up this they decided to go, for it was their intention to reach the Bitter Root Mountains, one of the best known ranges for the goat.

This cañon proved, like many others in that region, almost impassable for man or beast, and it was with the utmost difficulty and by the endurance of untold and incredible hardships that they were able to make seven or eight miles a day. They encountered plenty of game in the cañon, however, among which were elks, bears, and mule-deer, and the creek which ran through the cañon yielded them an abundance of trout, so that they fared sumptuously so far as food was concerned.

Finally, after several days in this cañon, they reached the head of it and came out on a high plateau which was covered with heavy pine timber interspersed with beautiful parks or meadows and thickets of aspen and alder. Numerous springs boiling up here coursed down into the cañon from which they had just emerged, and fed the creek which ran through it. Pressing forward across this formation for a distance of about ten miles, they reached the base of one of the great snow-capped peaks, near the top of which they expected to find the particular game of which they were in search. But this mountain was so precipitous and so rough that it was impossible for them to get their horses up it in any way. They discussed various plans of accomplishing their object. It was highly dangerous to leave their horses here alone, lest the bears or mountain lions, which were so numerous in the vicinity, should stampede and run them off. It was impossible for either man to go alone and bring down two of the skins and heads suitably prepared for mounting, as they, with the other load which it was necessary to take along, would be more than any one man could carry. It would take two days to make the ascent, have a few hours for hunting, and return to where they then were, and in order to pass the night at all comfortably in that high altitude a liberal supply of blankets must be carried.

They therefore decided, as the only feasible plan, to make camp where they were and start up early the next morning, leaving their horses behind. They made all possible preparations that night, and the next morning arose at four o'clock. By sunrise

they had breakfasted, and with their packs, consisting of two pairs of blankets each and a two days' supply of cooked food, they started. They did not dare picket or hobble their horses, as either would give the wild beasts a chance to attack and kill them, and could only trust to luck, an abundant supply of good grass and water, and the well-known attachment which nearly all Western horses feel for a camp, to keep them there until their return.

After a hard day's climb they came upon abundant signs of goats about the middle of the afternoon, and, preparing a temporary bivouac under a shelving rock, they deposited their loads, made a pot of coffee, ate a hearty dinner, and started out to look for the game. They had not gone far when Mr. Westlake sighted a large, handsome male goat standing on the top of a cliff, and approaching within easy rifle range he fired and killed it. It fell some twenty or thirty feet, and lodged behind a projecting slab of granite. It was secured after considerable hard work, hastily skinned, and the skin and some of the best cuts of the meat carried to their temporary camp. Night was now approaching, and the hunters set about preparing a supply of wood. There were numerous dead pine and cedar trees, of stunted growth and peculiar shapes, standing and lying among the rocks, and a generous supply was soon provided. Next, a large quantity of cedar boughs were cut, brought in and spread under the overhanging rock, to a depth of a foot or more. On these the blankets were spread, and the hunters had a bed which many a tired lodger in Eastern city hotels might well envy them. By building a rousing fire

in front, which was reflected against the rock wall behind them, and by occasionally replenishing it during the night, they slept comfortably, though the temperature ran several degrees below zero.

Early the next morning both men started out in search of a female goat to complete their undertaking. Nearly two hours had been spent in hunting, when the Indian found a fresh track in the snow some distance above their temporary camp. He followed it until it led in among a forest of rent and jagged cliffs of granite, and Westlake, who was some distance away, seeing by the Indian's motions that he was on a trail, started toward him. When within a few feet of where he had last seen the Indian he heard the report of his rifle, and a shout announced that his shot had been successful. Mr. Westlake followed on into the chasm from whence the report came and saw the Indian attempting to scale the side of a nearly perpendicular wall of rock, stepping cautiously from niche to niche and shelf to shelf; holding on with his hands to every projecting point that afforded him any assistance. He finally reached the top of the ledge, and reaching over caught hold of the now lifeless body of the goat that he had killed, and drew it toward him. But when it swung off from the top of the ledge its weight and the consequent strain on his muscular power was greater than the Indian had anticipated, and before he had time to let go of the carcass and save himself his slight hold on the rock was torn loose, and uttering a wild shriek he fell a distance of nearly sixty feet, striking on a heap of broken rocks! He was instantly killed.

Here was a sad blow to poor Westlake. His only companion, his faithful guide, and the only human being within fifty miles of him, lay a corpse at his feet. He had no means whatever of getting the body back to their camp, much less of returning it to the unfortunate red man's friends. He had not even a tool of any kind to dig a grave with, and the only thing he could do in that direction was to build a wall of rocks around the body, lay some flat slabs across the top, and then carry and lay on top of these a number of the largest and heaviest rocks he could handle, to protect it from the ravages of wild beasts. When this sad duty was completed he returned with a heavy heart to their temporary camp, and with as much of their luggage as he was able to carry started down the mountain. Arriving about noon at the tent, he was horrified to find the tracks of a large bear in and about it, the greater portion of his supplies eaten up or destroyed, and his horses nowhere in sight. A hasty examination showed that the bear had passed through the little park in which they had last been grazing—evidently early that morning—that they had taken flight and fled in the direction of the head of the cañon up which they had come. Westlake followed them several miles until convinced that they had really started on their back trail, and then he returned to camp. By this time night was again approaching and it was with a heavy heart that he prepared to pass it there, all alone, and still further depressed with the thought that he had now a journey of a hundred miles or more before him, to the nearest settlement, which he must undoubtedly make on foot.


He ate his supper alone and in sadness, and as the camp fire blazed in front of his tent it cast fitful shadows into the gloom, which was unbroken by any sound save the occasional sighing of the wind through the pine trees or the cry of some wild animal. He finally retired to rest, but his sleep was broken by troubled dreams. As the sun arose he prepared a hasty meal, which was eaten in silence, and with a pair of blankets, a few pounds of flour, salt, and coffee, and his rifle, he started, leaving his tent standing and all else in it as a monument to the memory of his friend and a landmark to future hunters and mountaineers to locate the scene of his great misfortune. He traveled seven days before seeing the face of a human being or sleeping under a shelter of any kind, when he finally reached a ranch where his horses had preceded him and had been corralled to await an owner.

It is fortunate that all goat hunters do not meet with such disasters as did poor Westlake and his young friend, or the noble sport would have still fewer votaries than it now has.

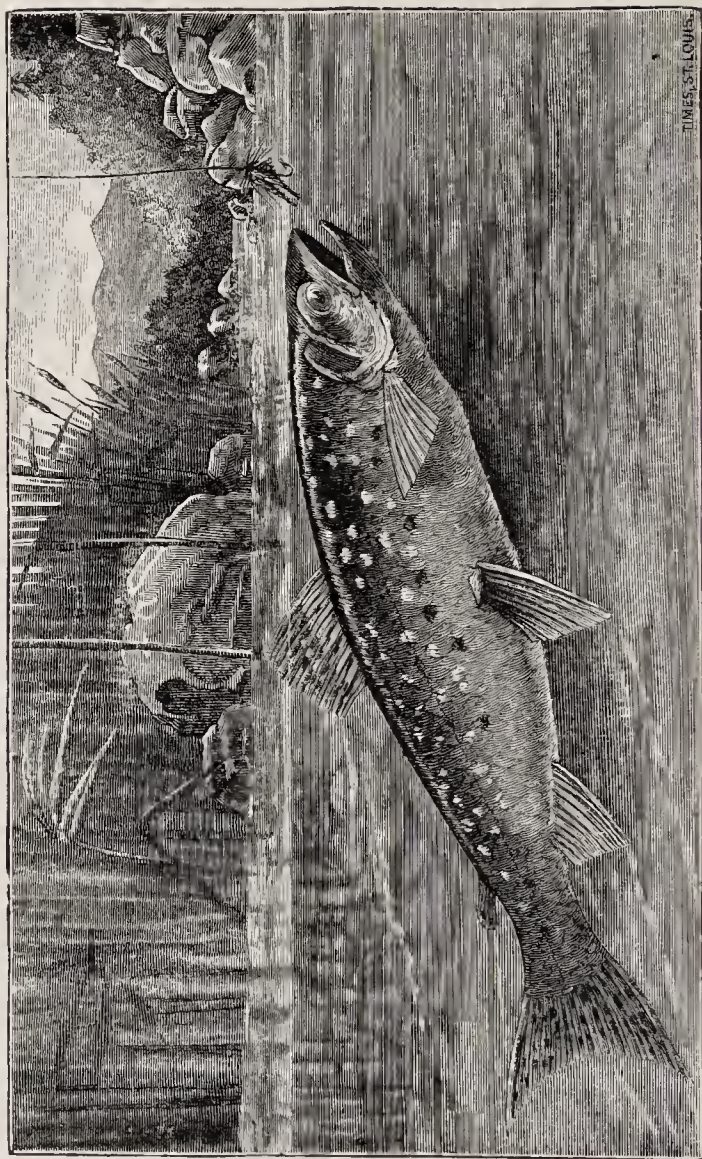


CHAPTER XXVI.

TROUTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

N SEPTEMBER, 1884, I joined a party of genial sportsmen at Fort Missoula, Mont., for a month's outing in the Bitter Root Mountains. Our special mission was to hunt large game; but while perfecting arrangements for the trip, which occupied two days, and during the mornings and evenings of the several days occupied in traveling up and down the river to and from the hunting grounds, those of us who had our fishing tackle with us turned what would otherwise have been long hours of impatient waiting into merrily-fleeing moments, by luring the grand mountain trout (*Salmo purpuratus*) with which this river abounds from their crystalline retreats and transferring them to our creels and our camp table.

The Bitter Root is a typical mountain stream, rising among the snow-clad peaks in the vicinity of the Big Hole basin and flowing with the mighty rush imparted to it by a fall of 200 to 300 feet per mile, fed by the scores of ice-cold brooks that tumble out of the high ranges on either side from its source to its mouth. After traversing a distance of perhaps 200 miles, it empties its pure waters into the Hellgate river, just west of Missoula.



THE RISE.

TIMES, ST. LOUIS.

Its valley is two to four miles wide, and the lower portion of this is occupied by numerous ranches. The soil is tilled by well-to-do farmers or "ranchmen," to speak in the vernacular of the country, so that the angler, while within a mile or two of rugged mountain peaks, is still in the midst of civilization, where his larder may daily be replenished with nearly all the varieties of good things that grow on any New England farm. The banks of the stream are fringed with stately pines and cottonwoods, and in places with thickets of underbrush.

From a tiny brook at its source the stream grows rapidly to a veritable river of thirty to fifty yards in width as it passes on toward its destination. It sweeps and whirls in its course, here running straight and placidly for a hundred yards, then turning abruptly to right or left and returning almost parallel to itself, forming "horse-shoe bends," "ox-bow bends," compound S's, right angles, etc.

In many cases it tumbles down over a long, steep pavement of granite boulders, working itself into a very agony of bubbles and foam, and when the foot of this fall is reached it whirls and eddies in a great pool ten or twenty feet deep and covering half an acre of ground, almost surrounded by high-cut banks, and seeming to have lost its way. It eventually finds an exit, however, through an opening in the willows and masses of driftwood, and again speeds on.

In many of these large, deep pools whole trees, of giant size, brought down by the spring freshets, have found lodgment beyond the power of the

mighty current to drive them further, and underneath these drifts the angler is liable to hook a lusty trout that will make short work of his tackle if he be not very gentle and expert in manipulating it.



SOLID COMFORT.

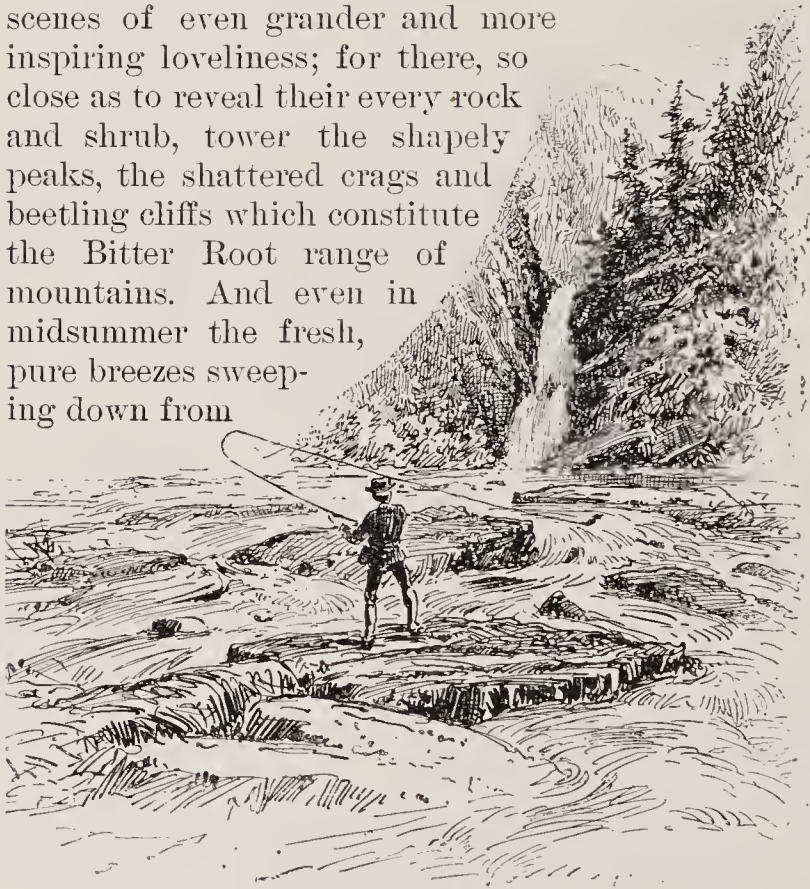
This river may be fished from a canoe or boat, if it be manned by a master of the art of fresh-water cruising; but no amateur oarsman or canoeist should

ever attempt it or he will surely come to grief. It may also be fished from the bank or by wading; and I have even known it to be fished from the hurricane-deck of a cayuse, so that all lovers of the gentle art may be accommodated.

A large bump of caution would also be a good thing for the man to take along who essays to wade it, for he will find places—slippery places—where even the wicked can not stand; for over the surface thereof flows such a mighty torrent of waters that his pride will surely have a fall, even if he do not; and if he get out with a dry thread on his back he will regard it as a miracle and not owing to any skill or strength of his. I think a day on that stream will take the conceit out of any living man and show him what a poor, weak worm he is, *if* he get into some of the places I have been in. He will find himself in positions from whence he would give half his worldly possessions to be delivered; where he would forgive his bitterest enemy the meanest thing he ever did if he were only there and would cast him a friendly line. The bed of the stream is composed of glacial drift, all the rapids being paved with bowlders varying in size from an inch to two or three feet in diameter. These are worn smooth by the action of the water and coated with a light growth of fungus, so that they furnish a very precarious footing at best, and when the power of the raging torrent is brought to bear against one's nether limbs, he is, indeed, fortunate who is not swept into the pool below.

On the riffles or more placid portions of the stream wading is not attended with so much danger or diffi-

culty. And while the angler beguiles the hours in dalliance with these beauties of the river, gazing into its crystalline depths and toying with its poetic denizens, a glance to east or west reveals to him scenes of even grander and more inspiring loveliness; for there, so close as to reveal their every rock and shrub, tower the shapely peaks, the shattered crags and beetling cliffs which constitute the Bitter Root range of mountains. And even in midsummer the fresh, pure breezes sweeping down from



MID RUSHING WATERS.

these snow-clad summits fan his parched brow and render existence, under such circumstances, the realization of a poet's dream.

On a bright, cheery September morning, Private Westbrook, of the Third Infantry, and myself left

camp as soon as the sun had expelled the frost from the vegetation. On the way down we caught a number of grasshoppers—the orthodox bait in this region—to fall back on in case of necessity; for there are days when the mountain trout, as well as his cousin, the brook trout of the East, declines the most seductive fly on the bill of fare, and will have nothing but his favorite every-day diet.

Arriving at the river, Westbrook skirmished through the brush until he found an alder about an inch and a quarter in diameter at the ground and ten or twelve feet high. This he cut, trimmed up, and attached his line, a number two Sproat hook and a split shot, put on a “hopper,” and was ready for business. I remonstrated gently with him on the heathenish character of his tackle, but he said, pleasantly and politely, that it was the kind that generally got to the front when trout-fishing was the business in hand. He said the fancy rods and reels and flies were all well enough for those who wanted to use them, but he preferred something with which he could round up his fish and corral them without losing any time. He said it was all right for any gentlemen to spend half an hour monkeying a trout after he had hooked it, if he wanted to, but for his part, he never could see much fun in that sort of fishing. He thought it was decidedly more interesting to yank a fish in out of the wet the instant he bit, and then lay for another.

He walked boldly out into the stream, waded down a little way below the ford, on a riffle, till he reached a point where the water was about two

feet deep and where it rolled sullenly and gloomily over a series of large boulders.

Here he made a cast, and his bait had barely touched the water when there was a vicious rush, a swirl and a dash downstream, but the cruel pole was brought to bear in the opposite direction. Then there was a flop, a splash, a hop, skip and a jump, and a three-pound trout took a header and went down into the soldier's haversack.

The bait was renewed, another cast made, and the act was repeated on a half-pounder. Then another weighing one-and-a-half pounds and a couple of about a pound each followed in rapid succession, when this portion of the stream failed to yield, and Westbrook moved on down. I followed along the bank and watched him for half an hour before attempting to rig my tackle at all. To watch the play of the various emotions on his hard, brown, honest face; to study the effect of the intense enthusiasm which possessed him; to note the utter disregard of personal safety and comfort with which he would plunge into the surging rapids and eddies up to his waist, or even to his arm-pits, wherever he thought he could catch a trout by so doing, was a genuine treat.

Finally I went back to the ford, jointed up my rod, put on a gray professor, and walking down the bank to a sudden bend in the river where the current had cut a deep hole near the bank, I made a cast. The fly dropped on the riffle just above the eddy, and as it floated gracefully on the little wavelets down and out upon the bosom of the deep-blue miniature ocean, it turned hither and thither with the

capricious currents that played there, for perhaps five minutes. I was just in the act of reeling up for another cast, when a gleam of silvery light flashed upon my vision, flecked with settings of jet and gold. There was a mighty commotion upon the surface and a monster trout leaped full into the air as he seized the feathered bait and then shot down, down into the crystal fluid, leaving the water in the vicinity of his exploit bubbling, effervescing, and sparkling like the rarest old champagne. For the nonce I was paralyzed with the suddenness and viciousness of his coming and going, and my reel was singing merrily when I awoke to a realization of what it all meant.

Then I thumbed the cylinder and checked him in his wild flight, but he continued to fight his way clear down to the lower end of the pool, a distance of twenty yards. Then he turned and came toward me with the speed of an arrow, but the automatic reel took up the slack as rapidly as he gave it. When within twenty feet of me he turned out into the stream, and as I checked him he again vaulted into the air and the sun-light glistened on his beautifully-colored sides and fins as he struggled to free himself. Finding this impossible he started for the bank, where brush and roots projected into the water; but by a vigorous and fortunate sweep of the rod I was enabled to check him again. Again he sounded and again rushed up, down, and out into the river, but the steel was securely set, and he was compelled at last to succumb. Gradually I reeled him in, and as I brought him up to the bank he turned on his side exhausted. He weighed two and



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

(266)

three-quarter pounds and measured seventeen inches in length.

I took two others, nearly as large, out of the same hole, and then proceeding down fifty yards, I saw a large cottonwood tree lying in the middle of the stream where it had lodged and been securely anchored, probably a year or two before. The current had scooped out a great cavity about its roots and I felt sure there must be a giant old trout lying amongst them, but I could not reach it with a cast from the shore. To attempt to wade to it I saw would be hazardous, for the channel between me and it was waist deep and ran with all the velocity of a mill tail. But what danger will not an enthusiastic angler brave when in pursuit of a trout? I started in, and when half way to the trunk, would gladly have retreated, but was actually afraid to attempt to turn in the midst of this current, so I pressed forward, finally reached the trunk of the tree and climbed upon it. I made a cast up near the root and looked a handsome fellow, but after playing him until I had him completely under control and almost ready to land, the hook, which had been but slightly caught, tore out and he drifted down the river on his side.

Another effort secured a two-pounder, and failing to get any further encouragement, I climbed into the icy torrent and with great difficulty again reached the shore.

A little further down I saw another very deep pool, into which a small, green cottonwood tree had lately fallen and hung by its roots to the bank. I felt sure of making a good catch here, for the hole was ten

or twelve feet deep, and the driftwood that had lodged about this tree afforded excellent cover for the wary old fellows that always seek such secluded and impregnable strongholds. The fly settled gracefully on the surface at the upper end of the pool, and as it floated listlessly down toward the drift, Westbrook, who had come down and was fishing from the bank opposite, said:

"You'll get a good one there, sir. That's a splendid hole for a big old fellow."

"I think so; but he seems backward about coming forward."

"Maybe that blasted bird has scared him," said he, referring to a coot that floated unconcernedly and even impudently about the pool, eyeing us without a symptom of fear, but evincing the liveliest curiosity as to who and what we were.

I reeled up and made another cast farther out on the pool. As the fly fell, Mrs. Coot swam up to it as if inclined to pick it up. I almost hoped she would, for I should really have enjoyed yanking her a few times. But she thought better of it, and turned away. After exhausting all my ingenuity on this pool, and finding it impossible to induce a rise, I laid down my rod, picked up a rock, and threw it at the ill-omened bird, whom I blamed for my lack of success.

Westbrook took his cue from this and also sent a rock after her. Both made close calls for her, but she only scurried about the livelier, making no effort to get away. She, however, swam behind a projection in the bank, so that I could not see her, and I

told Westbrook to continue the attack and drive her out.

He picked up another boulder as large as a league baseball and hurled it at her, when the dullest and most "thudful" sound I ever heard, accompanied by a faint squawk, came from behind the bank.

"Well, bleach my bones if I haven't killed her!" said Westbrook, as he threw down his hat and jumped on it.

Sure enough, he had made a bull's-eye, and a mass of feathers floated off downstream, followed by the mortal remains of the deceased. And now the trout were jumping at these stray feathers, and returning to the siege, we each caught a good one at the lower end of the pool.

We had now about as many fish as we cared to carry to camp, and started back up river. On our way we met Lieutenant Thompson, of the Third Infantry—also a member of our party—who had left camp about the same time we did, and we stopped and watched him fish awhile. The lieutenant is a veteran fly-fisherman, and it is a pleasure to see him wield his graceful little split bamboo rod, and handle the large vigorous trout found in this stream. I had my camera with me and exposed a plate on him in the act of playing a two-pounder while holding a string of six others in his left hand, and though I did not give it quite enough time, it turned out fairly well. He had also filled his creel, and on our return to camp we hung our total catch, with several others that General Marcy had taken, on a pair of elk horns and got a good negative of the whole outfit.

Trout grow to prodigious sizes in the Bitter Root, as well as in several other streams in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and Washington Territory. The Indians frequently spear them through the ice, or take them in nets, some of these weighing ten to twelve pounds each. But these large ones rarely rise to the fly. However, Colonel Gibson, of the U. S. A., commanding at Fort Missoula, took one on a fly that weighed nine pounds and two ounces, and other instances have been recorded in which they have been taken by this method nearly as large. They have frequently been taken on live bait, and have been known to attack a small trout that had been hooked on a fly, before he could be landed.

While I was hunting in the Bitter Root Mountains in the fall of '83, a carpenter, who was building a bridge across the Bitter Root, near Corvallis, conceived the idea of fishing for trout with a set hook. He rigged a heavy hook and line, baiting with a live minnow, tied it to a willow that overhung one of the deep pools, and left it over night. By this means he secured three of these monster trout in a week, that weighed from nine to eleven and a half pounds each.

The supply of trout in the Bitter Root seems to be almost unlimited, for it has been fished extensively for ten years past, and yet a man may catch twenty-five to fifty pounds a day any time during the season, and is almost sure to do so if he is at all skillful or "lucky." I know a native Bitter Rooter who, during the summer and fall of '84, fished for the market, and averaged thirty pounds a day all through the season, which he sold

in Missoula at twenty-five cents a pound. Of course, the majority of the ranchmen along the stream do little or no fishing, but the officers and men at Fort Missoula do an immense amount of it, as do the residents of the town of Missoula; and visiting sportsmen from the East take out hundreds of pounds every season. But the stream is so large and long, and its net-work of tributaries so vast, and furnish such fine spawning and breeding grounds, that it is safe to say there will be trout here a century hence. The heathen Chinnee has never been permitted to ply his infamous dynamite cartridge here, or in any of the streams of this vicinity, as he has long been doing in Colorado, Nevada, and elsewhere, and this fact alone would account for the unimpaired supply in these streams.

The reproductive power of the mountain trout is equal to all the tax likely to be levied against it here by legitimate sportsmen, and if dynamiting and netting are prohibited hereafter as heretofore, no fear need be felt as to the future supply.

The market fisherman of whom I spoke was a faithful devotee to the fly, and never would use any other lure. A white or gray hackle was his favorite. He used a stiff, heavy pole, however, about ten feet long, cut from the jungles that grow on the river bottom, and a heavy line, a foot shorter, with double gut for attaching the fly. He fished from the shore or waded, as was necessary to reach the best water. He cast with both hands, and the instant the fly touched the water he would raise the tip so that the line would just clear, and then trail or skitter the fly gently, but rapidly, toward him. Thus, the

line being taut, when the fish arose to the fly he would simply hook himself. Then he was ignominiously "yanked," and either landed high and dry on mother earth or in the ranchman's gunny-sack.

Although devoid of sport and requiring little skill, it was the most effective method of filling a "bag" that I have ever seen practiced. I have seen him take ten to twenty-five trout in an hour's fishing and not miss a single rise. I had this man with me on a hunting trip, and whenever we came within two miles of a trout stream our table was sure to be supplied with an abundance of fish.

I visited Fort Maginnis in September, 1883, and during my stay, Capt. F. H. Hathaway kindly invited me to spend a day trouting with him on Big Spring creek, a beautiful stream that flows out of the Snowy Mountains about twenty-five miles from the post. We left the captain's quarters at noon, comfortably seated on his buckboard, while Sam, Fishel, and Dick Thomas rode their horses and drove a pack-mule, which carried a part of our provisions, the remainder being carried on the buckboard.

We covered the twenty-five miles by six o'clock, camping at the base of the Snowies, within two miles of the source of the creek, which source is a cluster of large cold springs. We pitched our tent on the bank of the creek, where it murmured sweet music in its course over the rugged bottom and lulled us into quiet and refreshing sleep with its rhythmical sounds. When we awoke the next morning the foot-hills all about us glistened with frost, and the high peaks, three or four miles away, were draped

in a mantle of spotless white, which the storm-king had spread upon them a few days ago.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, a few mosquitoes began to sing about our ears as soon as the sun came up. Fishel, who was full of droll good nature, observed them.

"Well, look here," he said, as he broke the ice in the water pail and dipped out a basinful to wash in, "I'll be doggoned if here aint a lot of these measley mosquitoes buzzing around here with buffalo overcoats on."

The keen mountain air at this low temperature, and the grand scenery with which we were surrounded, combined to sharpen our appetites, and our breakfast beside a rousing camp-fire was enjoyed as only a meal can be enjoyed amid such surroundings. As soon as the sun had risen high enough to banish the frost and warm the air slightly, the grass all about us was set in motion by thousands of grasshoppers who gamboled playfully, in order, apparently, to warm up their benumbed limbs and get an appetite for breakfast. All hands then turned out and harvested a goodly supply of them, for we had been advised that the trout in that stream would not take a fly so late in the season.

Then we proceeded to business; the captain and Dick fishing up the stream and I down, while Sam took his rifle and went across the hills in search of game. The stream, where we started in, was not more than three to four feet wide and two feet deep in the deepest holes, yet at the first cast I hooked a trout that after a few vigorous plunges took the barb off my hook and departed. I put on a new

one and had better luck next time, for in another hole a few rods farther down I took one that weighed a pound and a half.

In the meantime the captain shouted to me, and looking up the stream I saw him displaying one of about the same size. We each followed our courses and did not meet again for some hours, when the captain came down to see how I was getting on. He had eight and I had six, the average weight of which was over a pound each. He relieved me of my load and returned to camp, and from that time on did but little fishing himself, preferring, in the fullness of his generous nature, to devote the most of his time to accompanying me, showing me the most favorable points, exulting in my success, and in every way possible promoting my comfort. Whenever he left me for a short time he would send one of his men to take my fish to camp, dress them, and do anything and everything else possible for me.

I fished down the creek nearly two miles during the day, going over parts of the stream two or three times, not ceasing from the fascinating sport long enough to even eat a lunch that I carried in my pocket. Nor did I turn my steps toward camp until it became so dark that the fish would no longer rise. Then, when I started campward, I met Dick coming with an extra saddle horse which the captain had kindly sent for me to ride.

After supper came the always charming social intercourse around the camp-fire, the exchange of personal notes of the day's sport—the experience meeting, so to speak. No one had misgivings to

record so far as the fishing was concerned. Each had enjoyed his full measure of the grand sport, as was evidenced by the display of the several strings of salmon-colored beauties which hung around the camp-fire. There was not a fingerling in the entire catch. No one had caught a trout during the day of less than four ounces in weight, and very few of that size had been taken. The majority of them ranged between half a pound and two pounds, and the numbers were only limited by the amount of work each had done. My friends, being residents and accustomed to this kind of sport whenever they choose to enjoy it, had not cared to fish all day, and consequently had not taken so many as I, but had taken all they wanted.

The only man in the party who had anything to regret in the day's experience was Sam. He had started a large bull elk early in the morning and had followed him several miles, but had not been able to get a favorable shot, though he had twice caught sight of him. We all sympathized deeply with him in his misfortune, for Sam is an expert shot with the rifle, and if he had ever drawn a bead on the game we should have had elk steak on our table at the next meal, sure.

We broke camp early the next morning and prepared to start for home, but decided to fish down the creek till near noon before leaving it. We drove down about a mile, when I alighted and started in, the others distributing themselves at other points along the stream. The trout rose as rapidly and gamily as on the previous day, and I soon had a load in my creel that pulled down uncomfortably.

Among them was one old nine-spot which turned the scales at two and a quarter pounds after having been out of the water over two hours. He measured seventeen and a half inches in length.

The captain told me of a certain deep hole where he said an old pioneer made his headquarters, who had taken off two hooks and leaders for him on two different days during the summer. When I reached the hole I recognized it in a moment by the captain's description. It was in a short bend or angle of the creek. On the opposite side from where I stood, and on the lower angle of the square, the channel had cut a deep hole under an overhanging bank, which was covered with willows. These drooped over the water and shaded it nicely. There was a slight eddy there and the surface of the water was flecked with bits of white foam which came from the rapids just above. What a paradise for a wary old trout!

I stopped about forty feet above the hole and put on one of the largest hoppers in my box; then I reeled out ten or fifteen feet of line and cast into the foot of the rapid. As the current straightened out my line I reeled off more of it and still more until it floated gently and gracefully down into the dark eddy, and when within two feet of the edge of the bank there was a whirl, a surge, a break in the water, as if a full-grown beaver had been suddenly frightened from his sun bath on the surface and had started for the bottom. I saw a long, broad gleam of silvery white, my line cut through the water, and the old-timer started for his bed under the bank.

I struck at the proper instant, and, bending my little split bamboo almost double, brought him

up with a short turn. He darted up the stream a few feet, and again turning square about started for his den. I snubbed him again. This time he shot down the creek, and, turning, made another dive for his hiding place. Again I gave him the butt, but this time he was determined to free himself, and with a frantic plunge he tore the hook from his mouth and disappeared in his dark retreat.

My heart sank within me, when I realized that he was gone. He was truly a monster, fully two feet long, and I think would have weighed four pounds or over. I reeled up and made two or three more casts in the same hole. His mate, a comely-looking fellow, but not nearly so large, came out once and smelt of the bait but declined to take it. He had evidently seen enough to convince him that it was not the kind of a dinner he was looking for. I fished down the creek for an hour and then returned and tried the old fellow again, but he had not yet forgotten his recent set-to with me, and refused to come out. I presume he is still there, and will probably reign for some years to come, the terror of tackle owners, unless someone gets a hook firmly fastened in his jaw, and has tackle sufficiently derrick-like to land him; and whoever that lucky individual may be, I congratulate him in advance. My tackle would have held him if I had been fortunate enough to get the proper *cinch* on him, and the only thing I have to regret in thinking of the trip, is that I was not so fortunate.

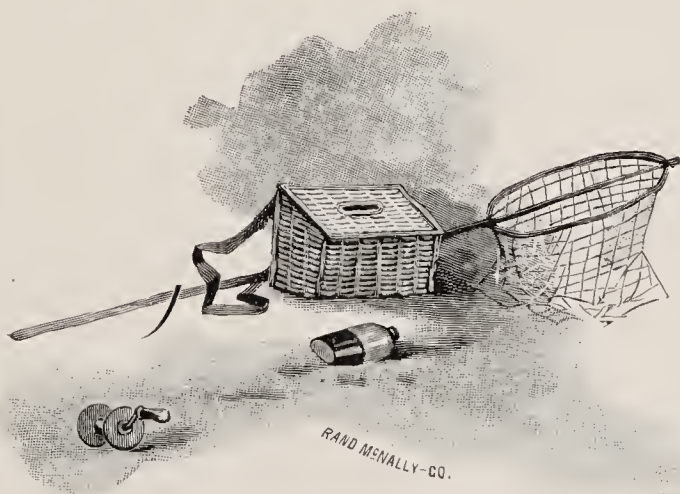
We had enough, however, without him. We took home forty-eight trout that weighed, when dressed, sixty pounds, and of all the many days I have spent

fishing in the many years long gone, I never enjoyed any more intensely, never had grander sport than in these two days on Big Spring creek.

It has been stated that the mountain trout lacks the game qualities of our Eastern brook trout. I have not found it so. They are quite as gamy, as vicious in their fighting, and as destructive to fine tackle as the brook trout, the only perceptible difference being that they do not fight so long. They yield, however, only after a stubborn resistance, sufficiently prolonged to challenge the admiration of any angler. I have caught a number of two and three pounders that required very careful and patient handling for twenty to thirty minutes before they could be brought to the landing net.


There are various other streams along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad which afford almost equally as fine sport as the Bitter Root, and some of them that are even more picturesque and beautiful. In fact, nearly every stream reached by the road, between Billings and Puget Sound, teems with these graceful beauties. By leaving the road at almost any point on the Rocky Mountain or Pend d'Orielle Divisions and pushing back into the mountains twenty to one hundred miles, the enterprising angler may find streams whose banks have seldom been profaned by the foot of a white man; where an artificial fly has seldom or never fallen upon the sparkling blue waters, and yet where millions of these beautiful creatures swarm, ready to rush upon anything that reaches the surface of their element bearing the least resemblance to their natural food, with all the fearless enthusiasm of

untainted and unrestrained nature. In these wilder regions the tourist will also find frequent use for his rifle, for elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, and other large game may yet be found in reasonable quantities in all such undisturbed fastnesses.



CHAPTER XXVII.

DEER HUNTING IN WISCONSIN.



NORTHERN WISCONSIN is one vast and almost unbroken deer range. It is penetrated by several railroads, along the immediate lines of which are a few small farms and some fair-sized towns and villages; but on going a few miles back from these roads, in almost any direction, one passes the confines of civilization and enters a wilderness that is broken only by the numerous logging camps, and these as a rule are occupied only in winter. Thousands of acres of these pine lands have been chopped over, and the old slashings, having grown up to brush, brambles, and briars of various kinds, furnish excellent cover and feeding grounds for *Cervus Virginianus*.

True, it is difficult to see the game at any great distance in these thickets, unless the hunter take his stand on a high stump or log and wait until the deer come in sight. This is a favorite and very successful method of hunting with many who know how to choose location and time of day. But adjacent to these slashings are usually large tracts of open woods, frequently hardwood ridges, through which

the game passes at intervals while moving from one feeding ground to another. In such localities a deer may be seen at a considerable distance, and shots are often taken at 150 to 200 yards.

I remember one of my first trips to these hunting grounds, many years ago, before I knew how to sneak on the game, and before I had gained sufficient control of my nerves to be able to stop a deer while vaulting over a fallen tree trunk, turning suddenly from left to right and *vice versa*, as a wary old buck will frequently do when fleeing from a hunter. I stopped at a hotel in Merrill, on the Wisconsin Valley Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and, having learned something of the nature of the surrounding country by a hasty tramp in the afternoon, I got up the next morning and started at four o'clock to what seemed to be a favorable piece of ground. By daylight I was on the margin of a large slash that, since being chopped off, had burned over and then grown up to brush and weeds. There were many blackened trunks of trees lying everywhere, and some still standing that had been scorched and roasted in the great conflagration that had swept over the country, but had not been entirely consumed. These latter, stripped of bark and limbs, looked like gloomy monuments placed there to mark the resting places of their hapless fellows, and the whole aspect of the landscape in the gray of dawn was weird and chilly in the extreme. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, and by listening intently I could hear the rustling of dry leaves and the occasional snapping of twigs in various directions, that indicated the

near presence of the game and set my blood tingling and my nerves twitching.

So soon as there was sufficient light to show the front sight of my rifle against a gray stump fifty yards away, I started to move, as cautiously as I knew how, toward a clump of wild-cherry bushes that I had seen moving and from which came slight but suspicious sounds. When within thirty yards of it I stepped on a stick that snapped, and simultaneously with the sound a monster buck leaped high in the air, and landing twenty feet away, uttered a shrill whistle and stopped, with his head thrown up, to try and locate the danger. I brought my rifle to my shoulder with a convulsive jerk, pointed it at him and fired without thinking of the sights, and of course scored an ignominious miss.

Well, I wish every friend I have on earth could have been there at that moment. That whole tract of country, as far as I could see, seemed alive with deer. Thrash! Crash! Bumpety-bump! Phew! Phew!

There was jumping, thrashing through the brush, whistling, flipping and flapping of white flags, and the air seemed full of glistening gray coats. The buck I had shot at sailed away, and was soon followed in his flight by a doe and two fawns. A doe and fawn went in another direction, three fawns in another, two does and a buck in another, and so on *ad infinitum*.

I stood there, like a mile-post by the roadside, until they had all vanished, forgetting that I had other cartridges in my belt. Finally I recovered consciousness and began to wonder where some of

those deer would stop. If I could only get another chance such as I had on that buck, wouldn't I down him in fine style? I would plant a bullet in the center of his shoulder next time sure. No dime-novel scout was ever more unerring in his aim than I would be if I could only get another aim. I started on toward the top of a ridge, over which one of the large bucks had disappeared, and on reaching it I saw him, or some other one, just behind an oak grub on the opposite side-hill. I raised my rifle and took careful aim this time, but was so nervous that I could not hold the bead on him, and when I pulled he made another series of those daring leaps that soon carried him out of sight. I fired a second shot at him as he went, but with no better result than the first.

I now crossed over to the farther edge of the slash, and, seeing no more game, started through a body of large pines to an old burn that I had been told lay a mile to the east. I was walking hurriedly through this green timber, not expecting to see game, and stepped upon a large log, when a doe and two fawns, that had been lying down in the top of a fallen tree, jumped and ran across in front of me, offering an excellent opportunity for a good shot to have killed all three of them. I slung lead after them at a lively rate, firing five or six shots before they got out of sight, but did no further harm than to accidentally clip an ear off one of the fawns close down to its head.

After they were gone I went and picked up this trophy and stopped to meditate on my ill-luck, or want of skill. I then remembered that though I had

striven to hold the front sight on one or the other of the deer at each shot after the first, I had entirely forgotten to look through the notch in the rear sight. Chagrined and mortified beyond all power to describe, I trudged along and finally reached the burn I was in search of. The sun was now high in the heavens and shining brightly, so that the game was no longer on foot, but had sought the seclusion of various bits of dense cover and lain down. My only chance for a shot was, therefore, in walking them up, which I proceeded to do. The brush was dense all over this burn, so that I could rarely see twenty yards in any direction, yet I hoped against hope for another chance. I was desperate over the disgraceful failures I had made, and yet I knew I could shoot. I had killed quantities of small game with the same rifle I was then using and had killed one deer years ago with an old muzzle loader. I could always depend upon making a good fair score at the target at 200 yards, or even longer ranges, and yet I had shot away a dozen cartridges this morning at deer, some of which were standing within a few yards of me, and had not stopped one of them. I was furious, and determined that the next shot should tell.

I walked down an old logging-road several hundred yards, hoping that some belated traveler might be found crossing or walking in it, but, failing in this, I turned out and walked along the crest of a ridge, looking down both sides of it. Struggling through briars and brush, making a good deal of noise, unavoidably, I still failed to jump a deer until I left the ridge and started toward a "draw" in which

was a small meadow or slough. When half way down the hill I came to a large stump, about four feet high, from which a tree had been cut when the snow was deep. I climbed upon this to take a look at the surrounding country. As I did so, a large buck that had been lying just below it, sprang from his bed and bounded away through the brush, showing here and there a flash of his white flag and a gleam of his majestic antlers, but not enough of his body to shoot at. I was perfectly cool now. My nervousness had all disappeared. In short, I was mad. I stood watching his course and awaiting developments with all the confidence and coolness of a veteran, instead of the novice I really was. He ran down the long hill, across the swale, and up the hill on the opposite side, and, on reaching the top of it and coming out upon open ground, turned broad-side and stopped to look at me, doubtless deeming himself perfectly safe at that great distance. Standing erect on that high stump I was clear above the surrounding underbrush and had a fine view of the magnificent quarry. His head was thrown high up and well back; his ears erect, nostrils distended, and even at that distance I imagined I could see the defiant gleam of his jet black eye. His glossy coat glistened in the brilliant autumn sunlight, and his spreading antlers and powerful muscular development characterized him as a giant among his kind. As I raised my rifle slowly to my shoulder, I felt that at last I had perfect control of my nerves and that I was in some measure to redeem myself from the ignominy of past failures. I had elevated my rear sight for 250 yards, and as I looked through

the delicate notch in it and saw the little golden front bead glimmer on the buck's shoulder, the muzzle of the rifle was as steady and immovable as if screwed in a vice. There was no tremor, no vibration now; and holding well up to the spine and showing the full size of the bead, to allow for the distance, I pressed the trigger.

At the report the deer bounded into the air as if a dynamite cartridge had exploded under him, and, lowering his head to a line with his body, started to run. There was none of those lofty, airy leaps now, no defiant waving to and fro of the white flag. That emblem was closely furled. His pride was broken and his sole object in life seemed to be to get out of the country as soon as possible. The course he had taken lay along the top of the ridge and I had a fine view of the run from start to finish. He at once began to waver in his course, turning slightly from left to right and from right to left. He stumbled and staggered like a blind horse. He ran crashing and smashing into the dead top of a fallen tree, breaking the dry limbs, some of them three or four inches in diameter, as if they had been rye straws. When he had gone as far into this labyrinth of branches as he could get, he sank to the ground as if exhausted, but suddenly rose again, extricated himself by a few desperate struggles to the right, and sped on. He ran squarely against a good-sized sapling with such force as to throw him prostrate upon his side. Still, his great vitality was not spent, and, struggling to his feet, he dashed on again. Next he ran against a log that lay up from the ground some three feet and was set back upon his

haunches. He quickly recovered, took it in good shape, and now dashed into a clump of oak grubs that still held their dry leaves. Tearing and forcing his way through these, he forged ahead with all his remaining strength and plunged headlong into another fallen tree-top. In this he struggled, trying to force his way out until he sank upon the ground from sheer loss of blood and expired. From where he stood when I shot, to where he finally fell was about 300 yards.

I stepped the distance from where I stood to where the deer was when I fired and found it to be 267 yards. Taking up his trail, I found the ground copiously sprinkled with blood where he came down at the end of his first jump, and the leaves and brush were crimsoned with it from there to where he gave up the struggle. On coming up to him I found that my bullet had drifted slightly to the left, owing to the force of a strong wind which was blowing at the time, and cut his throat almost as neatly as I could have done it with my hunting-knife. The œsophagus was entirely severed and the thorax nearly so. His body was sadly bruised and lacerated by the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, and I concluded that he must have gone stone blind when the bullet struck him. In no other way can I account for his strange conduct. I saved his head and had it mounted as a memento of one of the most remarkable scratch shots I ever made.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THREE OF A KIND.



EARLY autumn's frosts had tinged the foliage of the birch, maple, oak, and elm trees, that intermingle in the great pine forests, with a thousand rich colors and shades of gold, brown, olive, pink, and crimson, while the pines, the hemlocks, the firs, and the cedars still wore their dark mantels of perennial green, and all Nature was clad in her sweetest smiles.

A solitary woodpecker, perched on the topmost branch of a dead giant of the forest, reaching out far above the surrounding network of leafy branches, from which he might survey the surrounding country, sounded his morning reveille and awaited the coming of his mate. The dry leaves with which mother earth was carpeted, rustled now and again to the bound of the saucy red squirrel, the darting hither and thither of the shy wood-mouse, or the tread of the stupid, half-witted porcupine. The chill October wind soughed through the swaying tree-tops, laden with the rich ozone that gives life, health, and happiness to all animate beings that are permitted to inhale it.

On such a morning, and amid such a scene of natural loveliness, I left the train at Junction City,

on the Wisconsin Central Railway, started on a three-mile jaunt to a logging camp, for a day or two on a deer roundup. I reached my destination at nine o'clock. The men had long since gone to their work, but the "boss" had returned to camp to attend to some business in hand, and, welcoming me with the generous hospitality that is always shown by these sturdy sons of the forest to strangers, bade me make myself at home as long as I cared to stay. To my inquiry as to the presence of game in the vicinity, he said there was plenty of it, and that the men saw one or more deer nearly every day while going to or returning from their work, which was only a mile away.

I lost no time in getting out and entering an old slashing to the east of the camp where the foreman said signs were plentiful. I had not gone more than half a mile, when, turning to the left, on an old logging road, I saw several fresh tracks of deer that had been feeding there that morning. It was now eleven o'clock in the forenoon and I had no hope of finding the game on foot at that late hour, but depended entirely upon jumping a deer from its bed and upon having to risk, in all probability, a running shot. I moved very cautiously, however, and was on the *qui vive* for any straggler that might perchance be moving. Every foot of ground that came within the scope of my vision was carefully scanned and every sound or movement of leaf or shrub, no matter how slight, received the most careful attention, during long and frequent pauses, before proceeding on my way.

I followed the road through various turns, along

the bed of a slight ravine, and as I rounded one of its abrupt bends that gave me a view of a considerable expanse of hill-side, I stopped again to reconnoitre. The ground was covered with a dense growth of weeds, raspberry briars, and wild-cherry bushes that had sprung up since the timber had been cut off, all of which had been stricken by recent frosts, and dried by subsequent sun and wind. In these dry weeds I saw a slight movement, and on careful examination was able to distinguish a faint outline of a doe, standing partially behind a large stump, a hundred yards away. Her head and shoulders were entirely hidden by the stump, and I had to step back some distance before I could get sight of a vital part to shoot at. As her shoulder came in view I knelt on my right knee, rested my left elbow on my left knee, and, drawing a fine bead on her shoulder, fired. She dropped in her tracks. My aim was a little higher than I intended, and the bullet, passing through her shoulder blades high up, severed the spine between them on its way, killing her as suddenly as if it had entered the brain. At the report of the rifle a young buck bounded out of the brush near by and waved me a vaunting farewell as he disappeared over the ridge, not giving me even a fair running shot. I dressed the doe and went back to camp for dinner, the welcome notes of the huge old tin horn, floating in musical cadence through the forest, summoning me at that moment to that much needed repast.

After dinner I went out on another old unused logging road, leading to the south, and, following it a few hundred yards, branched off to another which

led to the southwest. A number of fallen trees, lying across these, gave me frequent opportunities to mount their prostrate trunks and look over large tracts of surrounding country. In thus sauntering and looking I had spent an hour or more when, on passing an unusually dense clump of tall dry weeds that stood near the road, I was startled by a sudden crashing and rattling among them, and an instant later two large does broke cover at the farther side and started across a narrow open space. But before they reached the farther side of it the voice of my Winchester express was reverberating among the lofty pines, and a cloud of smoke hung between me and where I had last seen them. I sprang to one side to avoid this, but they had both disappeared in the thicket, and I could still hear one of them crashing away toward the green woods. I felt sure that I had hit the other, and, going to where I had last seen her, I found blood, hair, and several small bits of flesh on the ground and the neighboring weeds. Following the trail a distance of fifty feet, I found her lying dead with her throat cut, and, in fact, a considerable portion of it shot away. The express bullet, driven by a heavy charge of powder, has such a high velocity that when it strikes flesh it invariably makes a big hole in it. One hind leg was also broken squarely off at the knee and the bone protruded through the skin.

I stood pondering and puzzling over this strange phenomenon. How in the name of wonder could one bullet break her hind leg and cut her throat? I stooped down and examined the wound. To my surprise, I found that it had not been made with a

bullet at all. The joint was dislocated and the skin torn away until the disjointed member hung only by a narrow segment. Then the mystery was deeper than ever. What could possibly have caused this violent and terrible wound? It had been made after I shot, for at that time the agile creature was bounding over logs and through clumps of brush with all the grace and airiness of her sylph-like nature. I turned, took up her back track, and, following it thirty or forty feet, came to a fallen tamarack sapling about six inches in diameter, that laid up about a foot from the ground. The track showed that the poor creature, in one of her frantic leaps, just after being hit, came down with her fore feet on one side of this pole and her hind feet on the other; that one hind foot had slipped on the soft earth and slid under the pole to her knee, and that the next bound had brought it up against the pole in the form of a lever—much as a logger would place his handspike under it in attempting to throw it out of his way—and the pole, being far too long and heavy to yield to her strength, the leg had been snapped short off.

I describe this incident merely as one of the many strange and mysterious ones that come under the observation of woodsmen, and not with any desire to give pain to sensitive and sympathetic readers.

The beautiful animal did not suffer long from this hurt, however, for she was dead when I reached her, within perhaps three or four minutes after I fired the fatal shot. I saved her head and had it mounted and it hangs beside that of the buck whose taking off has been described and whose throat was also

neatly severed by the bullet. They were two remarkable shots.

After dressing this deer I returned to the old burn in which I had killed the doe in the morning, and took a stand on a high, flat-top stump, which commanded a good view of a large tract of surrounding country. I felt certain that the young buck that was with her when I killed her would come back toward night to look up his companion, for he probably did not realize that she was dead. I stood within thirty yards of her carcass and for an hour kept a close watch in every direction, turning slowly from one position to another, so that any game that came in sight could not detect the movement and would, if seeing me at all, consider me one of the numerous old high stumps with which the landscape was marked. Toward sundown a large, handsome buck came out of the green woods half a mile away, walking deliberately toward me. I could see only a proud head and spreading antlers, and an occasional glimpse of his silvery-gray back as he marched with stately but cautious tread through the dry weeds. He stopped frequently to look and listen for danger, or the coy maidens of his kind, of whom he was in search. Oh, how I longed for a shot at him! With bated breath and throbbing heart I watched his slow progress across the open country. But, alas! the wind (what little there was) was wrong. When within about 200 yards of me he scented me and bounded squarely sidewise as though a rattlesnake had bitten him, uttering at the same time one of those peculiarly thrilling whistles that might have been heard in the stillness of the

evening a mile or more. He struck a picturesque attitude and scanned the country in every direction, trying to locate the danger but could not. After a few seconds he made another high bound, stopped, and whistled again. I stood perfectly still, and he could make nothing animate out of the inanimate objects about him. He leaped hither and thither, snorted, whistled, and sniffed the air as we have seen a wild colt do when liberated in a pasture field after long confinement in his stall.

Although still unable to satisfy himself as to the whereabouts of his foe, he finally seemed to decide that that was not a healthy neighborhood for him, and, taking his back trail, started to get out of it by a series of twenty-foot leaps. I was tempted to hazard a shot at him, but could see such a small portion of his body when standing that the chances were against making a hit. Besides, as already stated, I felt sure of a shot at shorter range by keeping still. I watched and listened closely in every direction. The sun had gone down. Night was silently wrapping her somber mantle over the vast wilderness, and the only sounds that broke the oppressive stillness were the occasional croakings of the raven as he winged his stately flight to his rookery, and the low, solemn sighing of the autumn breezes through the pine tops. I was benumbed with cold, and was tempted to desert my post and make a run for camp. I raised my rifle to my shoulder to see if I could yet see the sights, for stars were beginning to sparkle in the firmament. Yes; the little gold bead at the muzzle still gleamed in the twilight, with all the brilliancy of one of the

lamps of heaven. I turned to take a last look in the direction of the carcass of my morning's kill, and—imagine my astonishment if you can—there stood the young buck, licking the body of his fallen mate! How he ever got there through all those brush and weeds without my hearing or seeing him will always remain a profound mystery to me. But a ball from my express entering his shoulder and passing out at his flank laid him dead by the side of his companion, and completed the best score I ever made on deer—three in one day—and I had fired but three shots in all.



CHAPTER XXIX.



R. George T. Pease lives in a log shanty, in the heart of the great Wisconsin pine woods, five miles west of Wausaukee station, on the Milwaukee & Northern Railroad. A beautiful little lake stretches out in front of his door, in which numerous black bass make their home, and several brooks meander through the wilderness not far away, all of which abound in the sprightly, sparkling brook trout. Deer roam over the hills far and near, and when the first "tracking snow" comes, in the van of icy winter, their hoof-prints may be found within a hundred yards of the cabin any morning. Pease is a genial, kind-hearted old man, in whose humble quarters the true sportsman is always welcome. Reared in these woods, and bred in the pure atmosphere that abounds here, a hunter by trade and from necessity, he is a simple, honest child of nature. With the exception of four or five years spent in the service of his country, during the war of the Rebellion, he has lived and hunted in this region since the days of his boyhood, and his gray hairs bespeak for him the respect men always feel for the honest old woodsman.

I spent several days hunting with him in November, 1885, and the intervening nights—or a large

portion of each—in talking with him. I learned in that short time to esteem and value him as one of the best guides and hunters I ever knew, and one of the truest friends I have. Although he has been hunting so many years and has always been a close observer of the habits of game; although thoroughly posted on woodcraft in all its details, he is not egotistical as are so many old woodsmen. He never intrudes his opinions on any subject unless asked for them; never dictates what anyone under his guidance shall do. He modestly suggests, and if you do not agree with him, defers cheerfully to your judgment.

He is intelligent, well-informed generally, full of interesting reminiscences of his life in the wilderness, and relates many thrilling episodes in his experience in hunting deer, bear, wolves, etc. He told me that once, when hunting on the Menominee river, he saw a doe lying down, and raised his rifle to shoot her. But before firing he noticed that she had seen him and was struggling to get up. As she did not succeed in this, he concluded that she must have been wounded, and started toward her. She kept struggling, but was unable to rise, and on going to her he found that she had lain down near a large hemlock root, that had curved out of the ground, forming an arch or loop three or four inches high. One of her hind legs had slipped under this root to the knee, and when she had attempted to get up she had probably been thrown violently on her side, dislocating the hip joint and thus rendering it utterly impossible for her to draw the imprisoned leg from under the root. He said the poor creature had appar-

ently been in this pitiable plight several days; that she was starved and emaciated almost to a shadow, and had tramped and pawed a hole in the earth more than a foot deep, over the entire space reached by her fore feet. Had she not been discovered, the poor creature must soon have died from starvation. As it was, she was so weak that when he released her leg from this strange trap she was unable to stand, and he reluctantly killed her, as the speediest, most humane, and, in fact, the only means of ending her misery.

I reached the old man's cabin at about noon. We hunted diligently all the afternoon, and though we saw plenty of fresh tracks everywhere in the newly-fallen snow, neither of us could get sight of a deer, and when we met at the shanty at dark and exchanged notes, Pease was sorely disappointed. The next forenoon was a repetition of this experience, and when we met again at the cabin for dinner, both empty-handed, his disappointment was intensified into despondency. We separated after the noon meal, and when we came in at night, I looked even more dejected and disgusted than ever, and asserted, with a good deal of emphasis, that I did not believe the "blasted" country was any good for game; that I thought he or someone had hunted the deer and shot at them until they were so wild that no man could get within 500 yards of one. He insisted that such was not the case; that he had been killing plenty of deer that fall, and that others had killed a few in the neighborhood, but not enough to spoil the hunting, as I claimed. He said

our want of success utterly astonished him; that he was truly sorry; that he could not account for it, and that we should surely make a killing on the morrow.

"Have you seen any fresh tracks to-day?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, plenty of them; haven't you?"

"Well, yes, two or three; but I think the deer that made them were ten miles away when I got there."

"Why," said he, "when I started out this afternoon I skirted along that big swamp, where you hunted in the morning, and I saw where four deer had crossed your track since you went along. One of them was an awful big buck. I took up his trail and followed it in hopes of overtaking him and getting a shot. He roamed and circled around among the hills and through the swamps for, I reckon, more than five miles. I walked just as still as I possibly could, for I knew we were mighty nigh out of meat, and I am gettin' mighty tired of bacon anyhow. But somehow that buck heard me or smelt me, or something, and the first and last I saw of him was just one flip of his tail as he went over a ridge about three hundred yards away. I sat down on a log and waited and studied a long time what to do or where to go next; and finally I concluded I'd just come in and get supper ready by the time you got here. Set up, sir, and have a cup of coffee and some of these baked potatoes and some of this bacon. It ain't much of a supper, but maybe we'll feel a little better after we eat it, anyway."

I surrounded one side of the rough pine table suddenly, and when I got my mouth so full I couldn't

talk plain, I said, in a careless, uninterested sort of a way:

"I saw where you sat down on that log."

"Did you?"

"Yes; I sat down and rested there, too. I was just about as tired and as disgusted and as mad as I am now; but after sitting there ten or fifteen minutes, I trudged along through that maple thicket just below there, and when I got through it I saw a big buck smelling along on a doe's track, up on the side-hill, and I killed him and then started on after the doe, and——"

Pease had dropped his knife and fork and was looking at me with his mouth half open and his eyes half shut.

"What did you say?" he inquired in a dazed, half-whispered tone.

"I say I killed the buck and then started——"

"You killed a buck?"

"Yes."

"When?" he gasped, with his mouth and eyes a little wider open.

"This afternoon," said I, calmly and complacently.

"Where?"

"Why just below that thicket; just below where you sat down on the log."

The old man sat and gazed at me for two or three minutes while I continued to eat as if nothing unusual had happened.

"Are you joking?" he said at last.

"No; I'm telling you the straight truth. The liver and heart are hanging out there on the corner of the cabin; go out and look at them."

“Well, I’ll be dad blasted!” shouted the old man, as he jumped up and grasped me by the hand. “Why on earth didn’t you say so when you first came in? What did you want to deceive me for? Why did you want to do all that kicking about the hunting being so poor?”

“Oh, I just wanted to have a little fun with you.”

Throughout that evening Pease was one of the happiest men I ever saw. He seemed, and, in fact, said he was, twice as proud to have me, his guest, kill a deer as he would have been to have killed it himself.

He chatted cheerfully until eleven o’clock before showing any signs of sleepiness. This was about all the game I cared to kill, so I asked Pease to go into the station and get a team to come out and take my meat in. In order to pass the forenoon pleasantly, I took my rifle and started into the woods again. I went at once to the buck I had killed, reaching the carcass shortly after sunrise. I cut down a jack pine, and, trimming off the boughs, made a bed. Then I laid down, took out a book and commenced to read, while waiting for the team and for any deer that might happen along.

But I had not read half a dozen lines when I heard a slight rustling and cracking in the frozen snow, and, looking in the direction of the noise, I saw a young spike buck walking slowly and deliberately down the hill not a hundred yards away. I caught up my express and made a snap shot at him, but in my haste and surprise missed him clear. At the report he stopped, threw up his head and

presented a beautiful picture, as well as a fair, easy target.

"Now, my lad," I said to myself, "you are my meat sure."

I was so confident of success this time that I scarcely took any aim at all. Again I scored an inglorious miss and the deer started away on a series of long, high bounds. I threw in another cartridge, held ahead of him, and as he struck the ground the second time I pulled for the third time. Then there was a circus of a kind that a hunter rarely sees. The buck fell to bucking, bleating, and kicking. His hind feet would go into the air like a couple of arrows and with such force that they would snap like a whip cracker. Then he would rear on his hind feet and paw the air; then jump sidewise and backward. He threw himself twice in his gyrations, and each time was on his feet again almost before I could realize that he had gone down. This gymnastic exhibition lasted perhaps two or three minutes, during which time I was so paralyzed with laughter that I could not have shot within six feet of him if I had tried. Besides, I wanted to see the performance out. Finally the buck recovered his wits and skipped out. I followed and found that he was discharging blood at such a rate that he could not go far. He went into a large thicket. I jumped him three times before I could get a fair shot at him, and could hear him wheeze every time I came near him. Finally I saw him lying a few yards away, but his head was still up and I sent a bullet through his neck. On examination I found that my first shot had cut the point of his breastbone

off and had ruptured both his œsophagus and trachea. I dragged him out and laid him by the side of the big buck, and when Pease came in with the team an hour later he said :

“ Well, I’ll be dad blasted if he hain’t got another one.”

I shall always remember that hunt as one of the pleasantest of my life, considering the length of time it occupied.



CHAPTER XXX.

COWBOY LIFE.



THE workings of the law of evolution are plainly discernible in the development of the "cowboy," a certain prominent and now well-defined character of the far West—one that was made necessary by, and has grown out of, the vast cattle interests which have, in the past two or three decades, spread over that mystic region. His counterpart is scarcely to be found anywhere else in the civilized world, for the very good reason that such a species of manhood is not required anywhere else. True, cattle-raising is carried on extensively in many States of our Union and in various other countries, but nowhere under the same conditions and on the same plan as in the West; hence, though herders, drovers, and the like are employed elsewhere, there is no locality in which a class of men endowed with such characteristics and requiring such peculiar tastes and faculties are to be found as are combined in the cowboy of our Western plains. The life he leads and the services he is required to perform call into the business young men possessing tastes and traits different from those of average human nature, and such as are not found in men following any other

vocation, as a class. It is an occupation that entails, generally speaking, a life of isolation from society, and in many cases from civilization. It is one in which home comforts must be dispensed with; it is one requiring its devotees to live on plain food, in log huts, and to sleep in blankets at best; it is one in which there is often intense hardship and suffering, and which exposes its disciples to dangers of various kinds.

When all these facts and peculiarities of the calling are considered we must readily perceive that men of ordinary tastes and inclinations would not seek to engage in it. Cowboys are not "native and to the manor born." They do not follow in the footsteps of their fathers as do young men on Eastern farms. The business is yet too young in our Western Territories to have brought about this state of affairs, though it will come to exist in future. But at present cowboys are all exotics, transplanted from Eastern soil. Let us consider, then, what manner of boy or young man would adopt such a calling. Certainly not he who considers a well-spread table, a cozy, cheerful room, a good soft bed, and neat, tasty clothing essential to his health and happiness; nor he who is unwilling to sever his connection with the social circle or the family group; nor he who must have his daily paper, his comfortable office chair and desk; his telegraph and other commercial facilities and comforts; nor yet he who, when he travels, must needs ride in a comfortable carriage on the highway, or a Pullman coach on the railway. But the young man who is willing to engage in the occupation of "rustling cattle"

on the plains, who is willing to assume the title of "cowboy," must be he who, although he may love all these luxuries, and may perhaps have been accustomed to enjoy them, has in his nature enough of romance, enough love for outdoor life, enough love of sport, excitement, and adventure, enough enthusiasm for the wild freedom of the frontier, to be willing to deny himself all these luxuries and to allow such pleasures as the ranch and range can afford, to compensate for them.

The love of money can not enter largely into the consideration of the question, for while the work is often of the hardest kind a man can endure and the hours of labor only limited by the men's power of endurance, the wages usually paid are low. From \$25 to \$35 a month is the average rate of wages for all good men on the range except the foreman, who commands from \$60 to \$75 a month, according to his ability, the number of men he is to have charge of, and the responsibility of his position generally. Ambition to succeed to this dignity, or a desire to learn the cattle-growing business with a view of engaging in it on their own account, may induce some boys to engage as herders, but the young man who deliberately chooses this occupation is usually one with a superabundance of vim, energy, and enthusiasm; one who chafes under the restraints of society, who is bored and annoyed by the quiet humdrum life of the Eastern village, city, or farm house; one who longs to go where he can breathe fresh air, exercise his arms, legs, and lungs, if need be, without disturbing the peace; one who, in short, requires more room to live in than his birthplace affords.

Many a cowboy of to-day was, in his childhood or youth, the street gamin, the newsboy, the "hard nut" at school; the dare-devil of the rural districts; the hero of daring exploits; the boy who did not fear to climb to the top of the highest tree to punch a squirrel out of his hole; who led the raid on an orchard or watermelon patch on a dark night; who at college was at the head of all wild, reckless frolics, and was also well up in his classes; who led the village marshal or the city policeman many a wild-goose chase and caused them many a sleepless night by his innocent though mischievous pranks. He is the boy who was always ready for a lark of any kind that could produce excitement, fun, or adventure without bringing serious harm to anyone. He was not the vicious, thieving, lying, sneaking boy, but the irrepressible, uncontrollable, wild, harum-scarum chap who led the gang; the champion of the weak; the boy who would fight "at the drop of the hat" in defense of a friend of his own sex or of even a stranger of the opposite sex. These are the boys of ten, twenty, or thirty years ago whom to-day you may find riding wild cayuses on the cattle ranges of the boundless plains.

As a class, they have been shamefully maligned. That there are bad, vicious characters amongst them can not be denied, but that many of the murders, thefts, arsons, and other depredations which are committed in the frontier towns and charged to cowboys, are really committed by Indians, bummers, superannuated buffalo hunters, and other hangers on, who never do an honest day's work of any kind,

but who eke out a miserable, half-starved existence by gambling, stealing, poisoning wolves, etc., is a fact well known to every close student of frontier life. And yet, crimes and misdemeanors are occasionally committed by men who are, for the time



THE "WOOLLY COWBOY"

being at least, regularly employed in riding the range. Fugitives from justice, thieves, cut-throats, and hoodlums of all classes from the large cities have drifted West, and have sought employment on the ranges because nothing better or more congenial offered; but such are seldom employed, and if employed at all, are generally discharged as soon as their true character is learned and their places can be filled by worthier men.

Neither do I wish to defend the "fresh" young man from the East who goes West to "paralyze" the natives, who gets a job on the ranch, makes a break for "loud togs," arms, and knives, large nickel-plated spurs, raises a crop of long hair and "catches on" to all the bad language of the country, fills up on bad whisky at every opportunity and then asserts that "he's a wolf, it's his night to howl."

Nor do I wish to defend the swarthy, loud-oathed, heavily-armed "greaser" of Mexico and the Texan ranges, who accounts himself a "cowboy" *par excellence*, but who much prefers the filthy atmosphere of the gambling den, or the variety dive of frontier towns, to the pure air of the prairies. These are the exceptions, and fortunately are in a "distinguished minority," and it is but just that all such swaggering humbugs should be loaded with the obloquy they deserve, and should be appropriately branded, even as their master's beasts are branded, that all the world might know them, wherever found, for the infamous humbugs that they are. My purpose here is to champion the frank, honest, energetic, industrious young fellows who engage in this calling from pure motives, most of whom have fair educations, and some of whom are graduates of Eastern colleges—who are brimful of pure horse-sense, and who are ambitious to earn an honest living, and to make themselves useful to their employers in every possible way, aside from their ability to snare a bullock. Many of these are Nature's noblemen, and their good qualities shine through their rough garb, as the sunlight of heaven shines through a

rift in a dark cloud. Their hearts, though encased in blue flannel or water-proof canvas, are as light as the air they breathe; their minds as pure and clear as the mountain brooks from which they love to drink; their whole natures as generous and liberal as the boundless meadows upon which their herds graze, and their hospitality only limited by the supply of food and other comforts they have with which to entertain a visitor. Strangers are always welcome at their shacks, and no matter at what time of day or night you arrive, you and your horses are promptly taken care of, you are invited to stay and eat, to sleep if you will, and are promptly given to understand that the best the ranch affords is at your command. I have known many of these men intimately, and have never known one who would not cheerfully share his last ounce of food, his last dollar, or his only blanket with a needy stranger; or who would not walk and allow an unfortunately dismounted traveler to ride his horse half way to camp, or the ranch, even though that might be a hundred miles away. They invariably refuse all remuneration for services or accommodations of such nature, and if it be pressed upon them, the stranger is liable to be told in language more expressive than elegant they don't make their living by taking care of tenderfeet.

As a class, they are brimful and running over with wit, merriment, and good humor. They are always ready for any bit of innocent fun, but are not perpetually spoiling for a fight, as has so often been said of them. They are at peace with all men, and would not be otherwise from choice. As a rule, if a

man quarrel with one of them, he forces the war and is himself to blame. Their love of fun often leads to trouble, though generally because the victim of it does not know how, or is not willing, to either "chip in" or excuse himself. They are fond of "piping off" anything that is particularly conspicuous, or *vice versa*, no matter to whom it belongs, and they dislike to see snobbish airs assumed in their country, though such might pass current in any Eastern city.

I once saw a dude step out of a hotel in Cheyenne, wearing a silk hat, cut-away coat, lavender pants, high pressure collar, scarlet velvet scarf, patent leather shoes, etc. Several cowboys were riding through the street and spied him.

"Say, Dick," said one of them, "what de ye s'pose it is?"

"Let's tackle it and see," said Dick; "it looks alive."

"Pard, hadn't you better put them togs on 'ice?" queried another of the party. "They're liable to spile in this climate."

The youth was highly offended, gave them a haughty, withering look, and without deigning a reply of any kind turned to walk back into the hotel.

"Let's brand it," said Dick, and as quick as a flash a lariat fell about the dude, closed round his slender waist, and he was a prisoner. The boys gathered round him, chaffed him good-naturedly, took his hat and rubbed the nap the wrong way, put some alkali mud on his shoes, and then released him, bidding him "go in and put on some clothes." A little good-natured repartee on his part, or an invita-

tion to drink or smoke, or a pleasant reply of any kind, would have let him out without any unpleasant treatment; but he scorned them, and they considered it a duty to society to post him on how to act when away from home.

A friend relates having seen an eccentric individual, with a long plaid ulster, walking along the principal street in Miles City, and as the sun came out from behind a cloud and commenced to beam down with a good deal of force, he raised a green umbrella. A "cow puncher" rode up and, pointing at the umbrella, asked:

"What is she pard? Fetch her in and put a drink in 'er."

The man was both scared and mad. He thought he had been insulted by one of those "notorious, ruffianly cowboys." He called "police." But the police was not at hand, and in the disturbance that followed his umbrella was spirited away, he knew not whither or by whom, and his plaid ulster was somewhat damaged by contact with mother earth. All he would have had to do to preserve the peace and his self-respect, would have been to answer the fellow good-naturedly in the first place, either declining or accepting his invitation, and he could have gone on his way unmolested; but he brought a small-sized riot on himself by assuming a dignity that was out of place in that country and under such circumstances.

In common with all other human beings, the cowboy requires and must have amusement of some kind, and his isolated condition, depriving him of the privileges of theatres, parties, billiards, and

other varieties of amusement that young men in the States usually indulge in; of the refining and restraining influences of the female sex, it is but natural that his exuberance of spirit should find sport of other kinds. His only sources of amusement on the ranch are his rifle, revolver, bronco, lariat, and cards, and in course of time he tires of these and seeks a change. He goes to town and meets there some of his comrades or acquaintances, and they indulge in some wild pranks, which to Eastern people, and especially those who happen to fall victims to their practical jokes, appear ruffianly. Their love of excitement and adventure sometimes gets the better of their judgment, and they carry their fun to excess. They corral the crew of a train which has stopped at the station, and amuse themselves and the passengers by making the conductor, brakeman, baggageman, engineer, and fireman dance a jig to the music of six-shooters. In one instance they boarded the train and made the Theo. Thomas orchestra (which happened to be aboard) give them an extemporaneous concert. They have even been known to carry their revels to a still worse stage than this, and to resort to acts of real abuse and injury against defenseless people. But such acts on the part of genuine cowboys are rare. They are usually perpetrated by the class, already mentioned, of "fresh" young chaps or objectional characters who drift into the business from other than pure motives, and frequently by pretended cowboys who are not such in any sense of the term. But by whomsoever perpetrated, such acts are highly offensive to and vigorously condemned by the respectable element in the business, both

employers and employés. Much odium has attached to the fraternity by such conduct, and much more by reason of crimes committed by others and charged to this class, so that the cowboy is in much worse repute among Eastern people than he would be if better known by them. And notwithstanding all the hard things with which these men have been charged, I had much rather take my chances, as to safety of life and personal property, in a country inhabited only by them than in any



ON THE TRAIL.

Eastern town or city with all their police "protection." When sojourning in cattle countries, I have left my camp day after day and night after night, with valuable property of various kinds lying in and about it, without any attempt at concealment. I have left my horses and mules to graze, wholly unguarded, several days and nights together, and though on my return I may have seen that my camp had been visited, probably by several men, not a thing had been disturbed, except that perchance some of them had been hungry and had eaten a meal

at my expense. It is the custom of the country to leave camps and cabins at any time, and for as long a time as necessary, without locking up or concealment of any kind, and instances of stealing under such circumstances are almost unheard of, while he who would leave personal property similarly exposed within the bounds of civilization would scarcely hope to find it on his return.

An incident may serve to illustrate how suddenly Eastern people change their opinions of cowboys on close acquaintance. I was going west a few years since on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and stepping off the train at Dickinson, Dak., met Howard Eaton, an old-time friend and fellow hunter, a typical cowboy, who has charge of a ranch and a large herd of cattle in the "Bad Lands" on the Little Missouri river. He was dressed in the regulation costume of the craft—canvas pants and jacket, leather *chaparejos*, blue flannel shirt, and broad-brimmed white felt hat. His loins were girt about with a well-filled cartridge-belt, from which hung the six-shooter, which may almost be termed a badge of the order. Large Mexican spurs rattled at his heels as he walked. He had ridden thirty-five miles under the spur, arriving at the station just in time to catch the train, and having no time to change his apparel, even if he had wished to do so. He was going some distance on the same train, and I invited him into the sleeper. As he entered and walked down the aisle the passengers became suddenly alarmed at the apparition—imagining that the train had been corraled by a party of the terrible cowboys of whom they had heard such blood-curdling tales,

and that this was a committee of one sent in to order them to throw up their hands. They looked anxiously and timidly from the windows for the rest of the gang and listened for the popping of revolvers, but when I conducted him to our section and introduced him to my wife they began to feel easier. He remarked casually that he was hungry. We had a well-filled lunch-basket with us, and, ordering a table placed in position, my wife hastily spread its contents before him. He ate as only a cowboy can eat, especially after having lately ridden thirty-five miles in three hours. Our fellow passengers became interested spectators, and after our friend had finished his repast we introduced him to several of them. They were agreeably surprised to discover in conversation his polished manners, his fluent and well-chosen language. His handsome though sunburned face, and his kind, genial nature revealed the fact that his rough garb encased the form of an educated and cultured gentleman; and before we had been an hour together they had learned to respect and admire the wild, picturesque character whom at first they had feared.

The skill which some of these men attain in their profession challenges the admiration of everyone who is permitted to witness exhibitions of it. As riders they can not be excelled in the world, and I have seen some of them perform feats of horsemanship that were simply marvelous. A cowboy is required to ride anything that is given him and ask no questions. A wild young bronco that has never been touched by the hand of man is sometimes roped out of a herd and handed over to one of the

boys with instructions to "ride him." With the aid of a companion or two he saddles and mounts him, and the scene that ensues baffles description. A bucking cayuse must be seen under the saddle, under a limber cowboy, and on his native heath, in order to be appreciated at his true worth. His movements are not always the same—in fact, are extremely varied, and are doubtless intended to be a series of surprises even to an old hand at the business. The bronco is ingenious—he is a strategist. Sometimes the first break a "fresh" one makes is to try to get out of the country as fast as possible. If so, the rider allows him to go as far and as fast as he likes, for nothing will tame him quicker than plenty of hard work. But he soon finds that he can not get out from under his load in this way, and generally reverses his tactics before going far. Sometimes he stops suddenly—so suddenly as to throw an inexperienced rider a long ways in front of him. But a good cowboy, or "bronco buster," as he would be termed while engaged in this branch of the business, is a good stayer and keeps his seat. The horse may then try to jump out from under his rider—first forward then backward, or *vice versa*. Then he may spring suddenly sidewise, either to right or left, or both. Then he may do some lofty tumbling acts, alighting most always stiff-legged; sometimes with his front end the highest and sometimes about level, but usually with his hinder parts much the highest and with his back arched like that of a mad cat. He keeps his nose as close to the ground as he can get it. Sometimes he will utter an unearthly squeal that makes one's blood

run cold, and will actually eat a few mouthfuls of the earth when he gets mad enough. Sometimes he will throw himself in his struggles, and again as a last resort he will lie down and roll. This must free him for a moment, but the daring and agile rider is in the saddle again as soon as the beast is on his feet. Then the horse is likely to wheel suddenly from side to side and to spin round and round on his hind feet like a top; to snort and bound hither and thither like a rubber ball. During all this time the valiant rider sits in his saddle, loose-jointed and limp as a piece of buckskin, his body swaying to and fro with the motions of his struggling steed like a leaf that is fanned by the summer breeze. He holds a tight rein, keeping his horse's head as high as possible, and plunges the rowels into his flanks, first on one side and then on the other, until frequently the ground is copiously sprinkled with the blood of the fiery steed. The duration of this scene is limited simply by the powers of endurance of the horse, for in nearly every instance he will keep up his struggles until he sinks upon the ground exhausted, and, for the time being at least, is subdued. Then he is forced upon his feet again and may generally be ridden the remainder of that day without further trouble.

He is awkward, of course, but rapidly learns the use of bit and spur, and soon becomes useful. Many of these ponies, however, are never permanently subdued, and will "buck" every time they are mounted. Others will, all through life, start off quietly when first mounted, but suddenly take a notion to buck any time in the day. This class is

the most dangerous, for the best rider is liable to be caught at a disadvantage when off his guard and thrown, and many a poor cowboy has been crippled for life, and many killed outright by these vicious brutes.

I have seen "pilgrims" inveigled into riding "bucking cayuses," either for the sake of novelty, or because they wanted a mount and there was no other to be had; but in every instance the trial of skill between the man and the pony was of short duration. For an instant there would be a confused mass of horse, hat, coat-tails, boots, and man, flying through the air. The horse, on his second upward trip would meet the man coming down on his first; the man would see whole constellations—whole milkyways of stars; the horse would meander off over the prairie free and untrameled, and as we would gather up the deformed and disfigured remains of the pilgrim and dig the alkali dirt out of his mouth, ears, and eyes, he would tell us, as soon as he recovered sufficiently to be able to speak, that in future he "had rather walk than ride."

But, fortunately for the poor cowboys, there are many of these ponies who are not vicious, and let us do full honor to the genuine, noble cow-horse who is so sure and fleet of foot that he will speedily put his rider within roping distance of the wildest, swift-est, longest-horned Texan on the range. Such a horse always knows when the *riata* falls right for head or heels, and if it does not will never slacken his speed, but keep right on until his rider can recover and throw again. But when it does fall fair, he puts it taut, wheels to right or left as directed by a gentle

pressure of his rider's knee, takes a turn on it or gives it slack as may be required to down the beef, and, when this is accomplished, stands stiff-legged, firm, and immovable as a rock, holding him down by the strain on the rope, and watching, with eyes bulged out and ears set forward like those of a jack rabbit, every struggle of the captive bullock, and stands pat even when his rider dismounts and leaves him to brand the steer. When this is done, and his



"SNARED."

rider remounts he is ready to repeat the operation on another animal.

I have frequently known a cowboy to rope a wild cow, throw her and milk her while his horse held her down at the other end of a forty foot rope. Such a horse is worth his weight in gold to a cattleman, and his kind-hearted and appreciative rider would go supperless to bed any night, if necessary, in order that his faithful steed should be well fed and made comfortable in every possible way.

The skill that some of these men attain in the use the lariat is also most marvelous. An expert will catch a steer by the horns, the neck, the right or

left fore foot or hind foot, whichever he may choose—and while running at full speed—with almost unerring certainty. I have even seen them rope jack rabbits and coyotes after a long run, and there are well authenticated instances on record of even bears being choked to death by the fatal noose when wielded by a daring “knight of the plains.”

At a “tournament” in a Black Hills town some months ago, a cowboy caught, threw, and securely tied a wild steer in fourteen minutes from the time he was let out of the corral. A similar exhibition of skill, but on a bronco instead of a steer, which lately took place in a New Mexico town, is thus described by an eye witness.

“After an hour of discussion and pleasant wrangling, the judge, himself a fine rider, called out the name of an Arizona cowboy, a champion puncher and rustler from Apache County; at the same moment, a wild-eyed bronco was released from the pen and went bounding and bucking over the miniature plain. According to the rule, the Apache County man had to saddle his own bronco, rope the fleeing horse, and tie him for branding in a certain time. Being a “rustler,” he rustled around so lively that before the bronco was two hundred feet away, he had saddled and bridled his own animal, swung himself onto it, and was off, gathering up his lariat as he went. The other bronco, seeing the coming enemy, doubled his pace, dodging here and there, but at every turn he was met by his pursuer, who was evidently directed by his rider’s legs, and in an incredibly short space of time the fugitive was overhauled; the rope whistled through the air,

and dropped quickly over the bronco's head, notwithstanding the toss he had made. The instant it fell, the pursuing bronco rushed and headed off the other, winding the rope about his legs; then suddenly sitting back upon his haunches he waited, with ears back, for the shock. It came with a rush, and the little horse at the other end of the rope, as was the intention, went headlong onto the field, the cowboy's bronco holding him down by the continual strain that he kept up. The moment the horse went down the cowboy vaulted from the saddle, untying a rope from his waist as he ran, and was soon over the prostrate animal, lashing the hoofs with dextrous fingers, so that it could have been branded then and there. This accomplished, up went his hands as a signal to the judges, who now came galloping over the field, a roar of cheers and yells greeting the Apache County man, who had done the entire work in twelve minutes, thereby securing the prize of sundry dollars."

These men use large, heavy, strongly-built saddles, and by setting the cinch up tight and taking a turn or two of the rope around the saddle horn they will snake a large animal, either dead or alive, any desired distance. I once got one of them to drag a large bear that we had killed out of a thicket into an open space, so that we could photograph him.

Few men take more chances or endure more hardships than cowboys. In addition to the dangers they have to contend with from riding vicious horses and from riding into stampeding herds of wild cattle, in both of which lines of duty many of them are crippled and some killed outright, it is frequently

necessary for them to lay out on the open prairie for several days and nights together, perhaps in cold, rough weather, with no other food or bedding than they can carry on their saddle.

The slang of the fraternity is highly amusing to a stranger. It is decidedly crisp, racy, and expressive. Words are coined or adopted into their vernacular that will convey their meaning with the greatest possible force and precision. In addition to the few illustrations already given in this sketch there are many others that would be utterly unintelligible to an Eastern man unless translated. For instance, when they brand an animal they put the "jimption" to him; when they want a hot drink they say "put some jimption in it"; when they warm up a horse with the spurs or quirt they "fan" him; when they throw lead from a six-shooter or a Winchester after a flying coyote they "fan" him. And "goose hair"—ever sleep on goose hair? This is a favorite term for any kind of a "soft snap." When they want to ridicule a tenderfoot, and especially one who is fond of good living, they say "he wants a goose-hair bed to sleep on"; when a cowboy is in luck he is described as having "a goose-hair pillar," or as "sleepin' with the boss," or as "ridin' ten horses," etc. Altogether, cowboys are a whole-souled, large-hearted, generous class of fellows, whom it is a genuine pleasure to ride, eat, and associate with, and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the hard things that have been said of them have come from men who never knew, intimately, a single one of them.

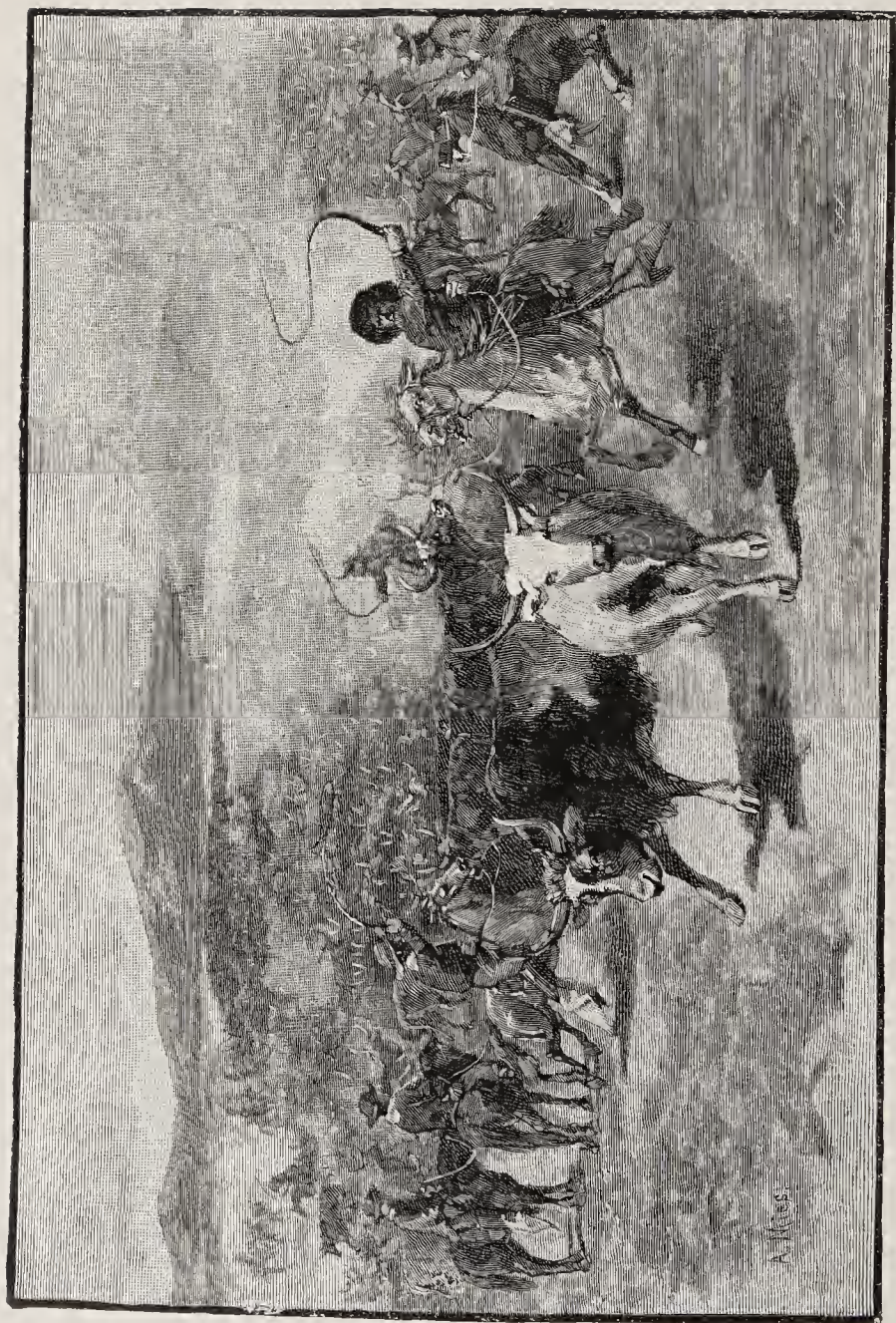
I contend that a year spent on the hurricane deck

of a cow-pony is one of the most useful and valuable pieces of experience a young man can possibly have in fitting himself for business of almost any kind, and if I were educating a boy to fight the battles of life, I should secure him such a situation as soon as through with his studies at school. A term of service on a frontier cattle-ranch will take the conceit out of any boy. It will, at the same time, teach him self-reliance; it will teach him to endure hardships and suffering; it will give him nerve and pluck; it will develop the latent energy in him to a degree that could not be accomplished by any other apprenticeship or experience. I know of many of the most substantial and successful business men in the Western towns and cities of to-day who served their first years on the frontier as "cow punchers," and to that school they owe the firmness of character and the ability to surmount great obstacles that have made their success in life possible.

I claim that the constant communion with Nature, the study of her broad, pure domains, the days and nights of lonely cruising and camping on the prairie, the uninterrupted communion with and study of self which this occupation affords, tends to make young men honest and noble—much more so than the same men would be if deprived of these opportunities, confined to the limits of our boasted "civilization," and compelled to constantly breathe the air of adroitness, of strategy, of competition, of suspicion and crime. I claim that in many instances a man who is already dishonest and immoral may be, and I know that many have been made good and honest by freeing themselves from the evil influences of

city life, and betaking themselves to a life on the plains; by living alone, or nearly so, and habitually communing with themselves, with Nature, and with Nature's God. If every young man raised in town or city could have the advantages of a year or two of constant study of Nature, untrammelled by any air of vice, and at the proper time in life, we should have more honest men, and fewer defaulters, thieves, and criminals of every class.





A BEEF-GATHERING SOREE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MONTANA ROUNDUP.



DESCRIPTIONS of cattle roundups in the far West have been written, and yet many of the characteristic scenes that the spectator at one of these semi-annual "beef-gathering parties" will observe have not been described. There is so much to interest and excite the denizen of the States who first attends a roundup on the great plains that I am tempted to speak of some of the more prominent points in this "greatest show on earth," for the benefit of such as have not had the pleasure of witnessing it.

The interests of cattlemen in general are so closely linked, and there is such urgent need of a concert of action among them, that in all Western cattle-growing districts they have organized into local or general associations, in which the most perfect harmony and good fellowship exists, and in which the interests of every individual member are closely guarded and fostered by the organization as a whole. These associations meet in the spring and fall of each year and fix the dates for holding the roundups, usually prescribing the general boundaries in which each local outfit shall work. The spring roundup, which is the one now under considera-

tion, is held in the latter part of April or early part of May in Wyoming and Montana, and earlier or later in other States and Territories, according to the nature of the climate, weather, etc. A roundup district is usually limited to the valley of some large stream, or its boundaries are designated by other prominent and well-known landmarks.

From five to fifteen miles, or even more, each way from the ranch, are claimed by each owner or company as a range, though no effort is made usually to keep the stock within these boundaries. They are allowed the freedom of the hills and table-lands in every direction, the foreman merely being required to know about where to find them when wanted, and to prevent them from going, for instance, west of the Tongue and north of the Yellowstone rivers or south into Wyoming.

As a typical spring roundup, let us observe the one recently conducted on the Powder river in Montana, for it furnished, perhaps, as many interesting episodes and incidents as are usually seen at one of these entertainments. This stream rises in the Big Horn Mountains in Northern Wyoming and flows northeast through Southern Montana to the Yellowstone, into which it empties its wealth of crystal fluid just east of Miles City. Up to a few years ago its valley and adjacent table-lands were peopled only by roving bands of Sioux, Cheyenne, Pegan, or Crow Indians, while vast herds of buffaloes and antelopes grazed upon its nutritious grasses. The lordly elk and the timid, agile deer roamed at will through the groves of cottonwood and box-elder that fringe its banks, and the howl of the coyote

made night musical to the ear of the savage in his wigwam. But how changed the scene of to day! An iron railroad bridge, that of the great Northern Pacific, spans the stream near its mouth, over which roll trains of palace coaches at short intervals, while commercial freights *en route* from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or *vice versa*, pass over it almost every hour. From the mouth of the stream to the foothills of the mountain range, amid whose snow-capped peaks it rises, is now a well-beaten road over which supplies for the various ranches in the valley are carried, and over which the gallant knights of the plains—the cowboys—dash to and fro in the performance of their various duties.

At intervals of ten to fifteen miles along the valley, the traveler passes ranches, the headquarters of the wealthy cattlemen whose herds roam all over the valleys, the hills, and table-lands for many miles in every direction, designating the companies or individual owners merely by the brands their herds bear (which is the custom of the country). We shall encounter on our way the "MC" outfit, whose herd numbers fourteen thousand head; the "WL" brand, six thousand head; "70L," one thousand head; "S-I," twenty-five thousand head; "N," twenty-five thousand head; "≡," five thousand head; and many other smaller and some larger herds. The buildings and improvements consist generally of substantial, roomy log houses, stables for the horses, corrals or strong yards in which large herds of cattle may be confined for branding, etc. The Montana Stock Growers' Association has also built public branding-pens at intervals of four

to six miles along the river. The owners of the stock seldom live on the ranches themselves, many of them being residents of Eastern cities, and others having their homes in the railroad towns within convenient distance of the ranches. The occupants of the "shack," as the ranch house is called, are the foreman, the cook, and a sufficient number of cowboys or herders to look after and handle the stock properly. Some of the choice bits of natural meadow are fenced and hay cut on them, and each ranch has more or less hay land about the heads of creeks on its range, for it is necessary to make hay enough each season to feed at least the calves and some of the weaker cattle through the severe blizzards that so frequently occur in winter. The cattle belonging to each of these ranches are allowed to range almost at will over the adjacent hills and table-lands, though the limits proper of each range are supposed to extend ten to fifteen miles in each direction from the ranch house.

The Montana Stock Growers' Association, at its meeting in March, designated the seventh day of May as the day for beginning the roundup in the Powder river district this year, and selected a foreman to take charge of it who had seen many years of service in the saddle, who has a happy faculty of controlling the men under his charge perfectly, and yet of putting himself on free and friendly terms with them all. He can throw a *riata* with such precision as to take a steer by the head or by either foot he wishes in almost every instance, and beasts as well as men soon learn to obey his wishes.

Anyone who has only seen the great plains late in

summer or in the autumn, after the grass has become sere and yellow and the foliage along the streams has faded, can have little idea of the pristine beauty presented by such a valley as that of the Powder river in early spring time, when the earth is carpeted with verdure, the river banks lined with newly-clothed trees and shrubs, and the meadows blooming with flowers, the beauty and brilliancy of which can not be excelled anywhere. The winter snows have melted; the spring rains have come and gone, leaving the earth fresh and moist; the climate is mild and delightful. Under all these charming conditions who would not enjoy the scene unfolding before our eyes as we mount our spirited broncos and ride out to the place of rendezvous which has been appointed near the mouth of the river, and where the clans are already gathering. Temporary camps have been established by those who have arrived in advance of us, around which groups of cowboys are lounging. A band of horses and ponies which they have liberated is contentedly grazing on the river bank, and several small bands of cattle may be seen in various directions, most of them at considerable distances away, for they are wild and avoid the presence of human beings. A cloud of dust is faintly visible on top of the divide nearly three miles to the south, and on examining it carefully with our glasses we find it is being raised by a jolly band of five cowboys, who are riding like mad, each leading four or five horses. Looking away to the north we see a mess-wagon, or "chuck outfit," approaching, drawn by four horses, and from the slow and labored gait at which they toil along they doubt-

less bring abundant store of good things. Behind this, two riders are driving ten head of loose horses. And these small detachments continue to come in from every point of the compass all the forenoon, until, when all the ranches in this roundup district have furnished their levies, the force numbers one hundred and thirty-five men and about twelve hundred horses. Each rider has his "string" of horses, numbering from five to seven, and changes two or three times a day, riding one horse twenty to forty miles, and sixty to seventy-five miles a day is considered a fair day's work for a man. The reserve herd is placed in charge of a herder or "wrangler," who is required to keep them under perfect control, and to be able to produce such of them as are wanted on short notice, the *riata* being frequently used in taking them out of the herd. The foreman has arrived and takes charge of the entire outfit, placing it on a thoroughly effective and working basis for the morrow.

At 3.30 o'clock in the morning the men are called. They are out of their blankets and dressed in less time than it takes an Eastern man to rub his eyes and yawn; each catches and saddles his horse; breakfast is hastily eaten, and at the first dawn of day, they ride out in twos or fours in every direction. These men present a decidedly picturesque, not to say brigandish, appearance as they dash out across the prairie; their red, blue, and gray flannel shirts, canvas pants, leather *chaparejos*, broad sombreros, colored silk handkerchiefs knotted around their necks; well-filled cartridge-belts, from which hang their six-shooters; their high-top cowhide boots

and large Mexican spurs, making up a *tout ensemble* that a band of Texan rangers might envy. Their work, their fun, their excitement now begin, for small bunches of cattle are sighted in every direction, which are to be rounded up and driven along, and there is no time to lose. As they dash hither and thither after the fleeing, scurrying creatures, the proverbial good nature, high spirits, and enthusiasm of these "knights of the plains" find vent in a series of hoots, yells, jokes, "ki-yis," bits of song, and grotesque slang expressions, many of which are strikingly expressive when understood, but which would be utterly unintelligible to a fresh tenderfoot. The majority of these Western cattle are almost as wild as the native buffaloes whose place they have usurped, having never been subjected to the dominion of man, and rarely, in fact, have they ever come face to face with him. At the first approach of the riders, therefore, they throw up their heads and tails, look wild, sniff the air, and then turn and run like a herd of antelopes. But by fast riding and skillful maneuvering they are soon rounded up and herded. It is a bit of the true spice of life for these dare-devil riders to find a vicious, rebellious, "alecky" youngcritter who concludes that he won't be rounded up; and no sooner has the belligerent shaken his burly head, pawed the earth a few times, turned tail to his pursuers, broken through the skirmish line and sailed away across the prairie, than three, four, or perhaps half a dozen cayuses, who are also now in their elements, are headed for him. Lariats are loosened from the saddle horn, spurs rattle as they pierce the flanks of the already

willing and eager steeds, and there ensues a wild, headlong, reckless race that can have but one result. The steer may be fleet of foot, and may lead, through a half-mile dash, but sooner or later is headed off and turned. He may make a fresh break in another direction, but his pursuers are down on him again like a pack of hungry wolves on a stray sheep. And now, as the riders close in on him, they belabor him unmercifully with their heavy coils of rope, or with rawhide "quirts" carried for this purpose. If particularly wild, obstinate, or obstreperous, he still keeps breaking away, and refusing to come into camp. A *riata* glistens in the sunlight, whistles through the air and falls over his head. Another follows and puts a foot in the stocks. Taking two or three turns of the lariat around the horn of the saddle, the men ride in opposite directions till the ropes come taut, the steer is fairly lifted from the earth and falls with a dull and thudful sound that may be heard a hundred yards. Then another rope is thrown over his head, the spurs are put to the faithful ponies, they are transposed for the time into draft horses, and the luckless victim is ignominiously "snaked" toward the herd, while the other boys "bang" him with coils of rope from behind. A few yards of this mode of travel is usually sufficient to tame the wildest long-horn Texan on the range, and a few vigorous bellows soon announce an unconditional surrender. The ropes are then taken off, he is let up, and it is short work to put him in the herd.

The valiant riders scour the country hither and thither, far and near, "gathering beef" from east, west, north, and south. Every hoof found, regard-

less of the brand it bears, or whether it bears any, is picked up by this human cyclone and carried along. Toward noon the herds already gathered are driven into the branding pens, where they are corraled. The calves are snatched out and the "jimption is socked to 'em," as the boys express it. So with any yearlings or older stock that have escaped the branding-iron in former seasons. One or more irons for each owner are kept hot, and when a roper has "downed" an animal he or the foreman calls for the iron wanted, and setting his foot upon the victim's neck places the red-hot device on its ribs, and throws his weight upon it, leaving a deep, indelible, and time-enduring trade-mark which even he who runs may read. Its ears, dew lap, or the loose skin on its jaw are then slit and it is turned loose again.

When a band is branded it is turned out; the party who brought it in change horses, and away they go for another run. No special branders are now provided, every man in the outfit, the cook and wrangler excepted, being required to "swaller dust" and "wrestle calves" in the pens. Near the middle of the day each squad comes in after finishing their catch, make a run on the mess-wagons and devour the substantial provender with which they are loaded, with appetites born only of the labor and excitement in which they are engaged.

The afternoon is usually devoted to branding the last bunches brought in, and to "cutting out," returning or throwing over such stock as does not belong to any of the ranchmen in this district. Strays are frequently picked up whose brands show them to be a hundred miles or more from home. When a num-

ber of these are collected they are cut out and a squad of men drive them onto their proper ranges. This process is called "throwing over."

The cooks, teamsters, and wranglers usually move camp up the river every morning to the next branding-pen, or to some other spot designated by the foreman, to which rounders bring their cattle during the day. A portion of the stock collected, called the "cavoy," is carried along with the camp all the time and herded by the "holders," but large numbers after being branded are bunched and again thrown off onto the range each day. Thus the outfit moves slowly up the stream, making a clean sweep of everything to the middle of the divides on the east and west, until the Wyoming roundup on the same stream is met coming down. And now, having completed the work in hand, the outfit breaks up, and the men return to the respective ranches on which they are employed or go to other roundups where their services are needed.

The object of the fall roundup is to gather in and cut out the fat steers and drive them to the railroad stations for shipment to Eastern markets. The work being almost entirely on adult animals is even more laborious and hazardous than that of the spring, where the majority of animals actually handled are calves. Hard riding, vigorous "cutting," and daring dashes into headstrong, panic-stricken, stampeding herds are necessary here, and roping and dragging out by main strength are hourly occurrences. Branding-irons are also carried along, and any calves missed on the spring roundup, or dropped after it, are subjected to

the fiery ordeal, just as their brothers and sisters were at the Mayday party.

Stray cattle, either calves or adults, bearing no brand and found alone or herded with others already branded, but whose parentage can not be definitely determined, are called "Mavericks," and in some districts are sold at auction and the proceeds given to the school fund. In others, they become the property of the man or company upon whose range they are found. This privilege, however, is seriously abused by dishonest ranchmen and cattle thieves, who infest every Western cattle-growing district. These men ride out over the ranges at times when they are not likely to be observed, carrying their branding-irons along, and rope and brand every animal they can find that does not already bear a brand. In some cases these are allowed to remain where found, for the time being, but are usually driven onto the range claimed by the pirate who does the work. In other instances, these men first drive the unbranded stock onto their own ranges, and then, under cover of the Maverick law, openly claim and brand it as their own. Many large herds have been accumulated almost wholly by this system of thievery, and there are wealthy cattlemen in the West to-day who never bought or honestly owned a dozen head of the thousands that bear their brand. A certain cowboy, when asked by an Eastern man what constitutes a Maverick, replied: "It's a calf that you find and get your brand on before the owner finds it and gets his on."

But it is risky business, this cattle stealing, and many a man who has been caught at it has been left

on the prairies as food for the coyotes, or has ornamented the nearest cottonwood tree until the magpies and butcher birds have polished his bones.

Branding is a decidedly cruel proceeding, and would doubtless come under the bane of Mr. Bergh's displeasure were he here to witness it. Yet it seems a necessary evil, there being no other known means of marking cattle so effectually and indelibly.

Parties of ladies frequently go out from the towns or cities to see the roundup, not knowing or thinking of the painful features of it. They enjoy the ride across the prairies and through the valleys. The beautiful scenery, the grotesque "Bad Lands," the red, scoria-capped hills, the beautiful green meadows, and the fringes of green trees that mark the meanderings of the streams, all delight and interest them; they enjoy the displays of horsemanship given by the valorous cowboys as they wheel and cavort hither and thither in pursuit of scurrying bands of cattle; they enjoy the stampeding and wild flight, the "knotting" and "holding" of the large herds, all so skillfully and cleverly performed; they enjoy the sight of the thousand and more loose horses, grazing and scampering over the plains; they enjoy the fresh, pure air, the wholesome noon repast in the shade of the great cottonwood trees, and many other pleasant phases of the affair. But when the fire is lit and the murderous irons inserted in it; when the captive creatures are dragged forth lowing, murmuring, and bellowing; when the red-hot iron is pressed into their quivering, smoking sides until the air is laden with the odor of burning hair and roasting flesh, and the poor creature writhes and strug-

gles in its agony, the roundup is robbed of its romance, and the ladies are ready to start for home at once.



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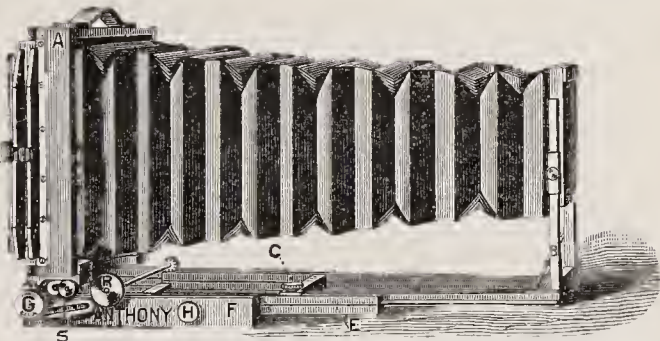
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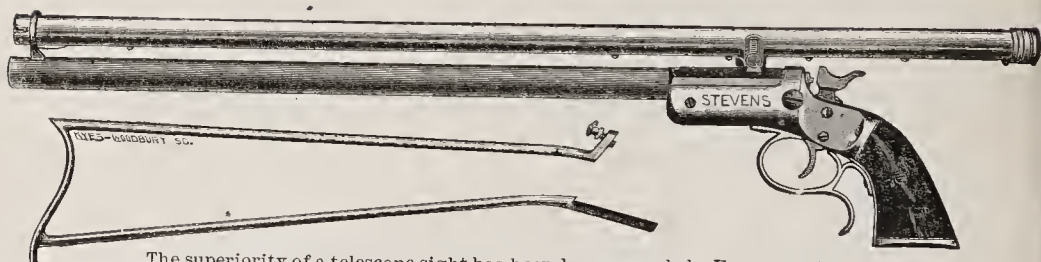


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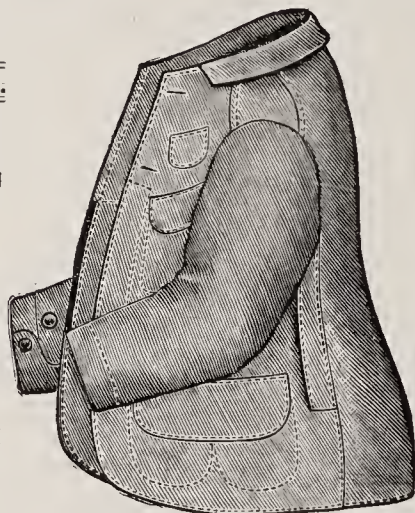
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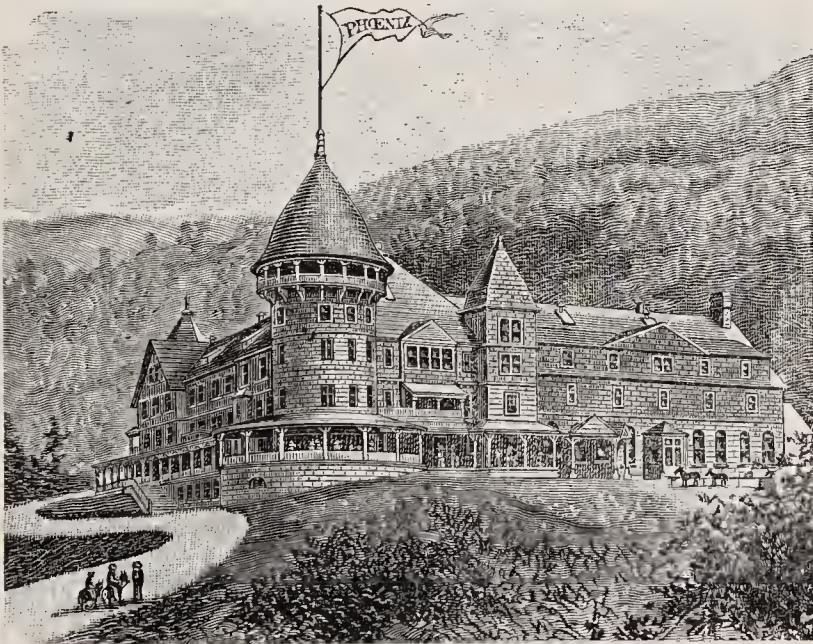
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